

SCREENLAND

March
25c



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By

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Stunning**

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AT LAST—the lipstick every woman wants—the new *Kissproof* encased in Catalin Stone.

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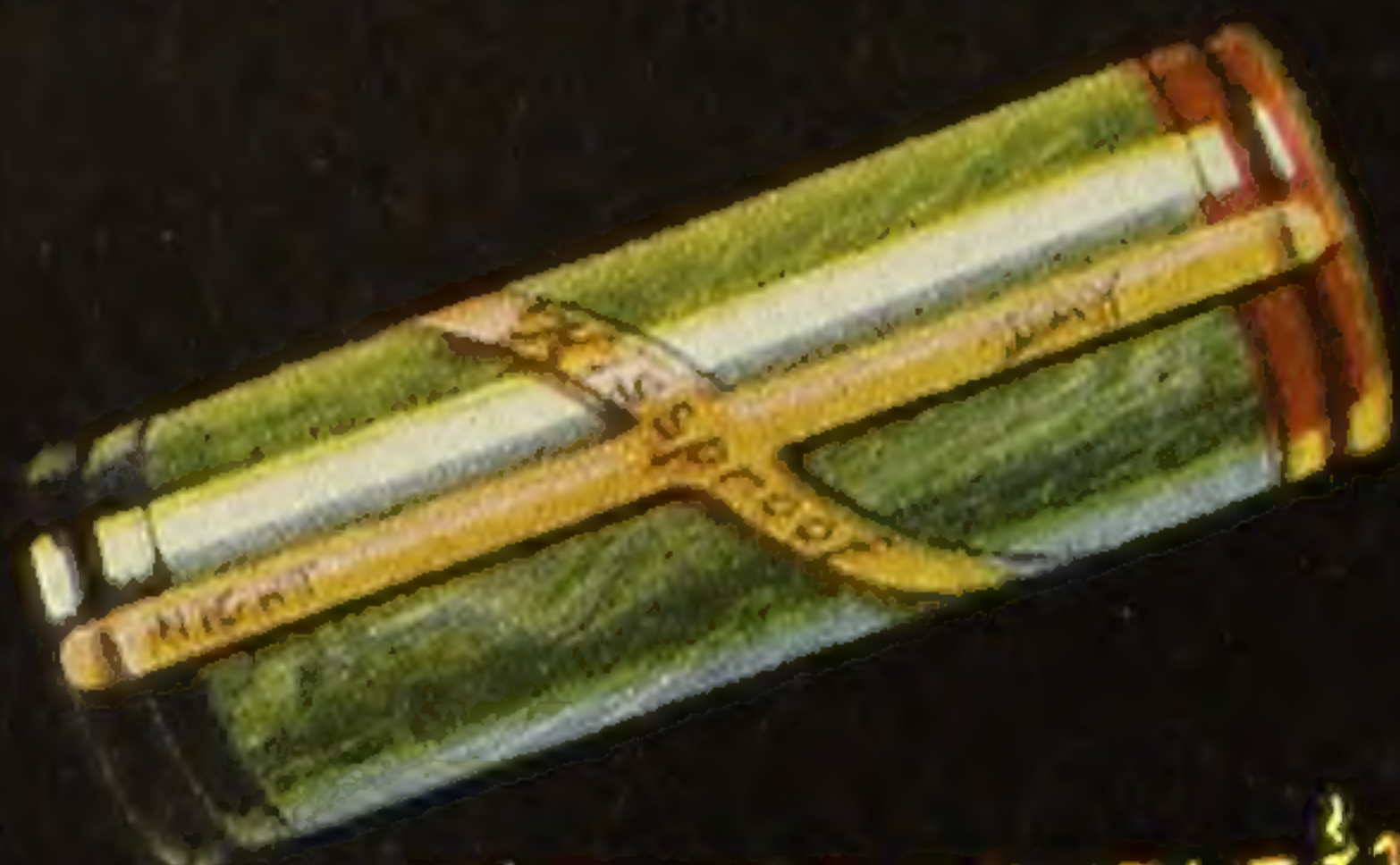
Only *Kissproof* is licensed to manufacture lipstick cases from this wonderful new Catalin Stone. See the new *Kissproof* today. You'll want one.



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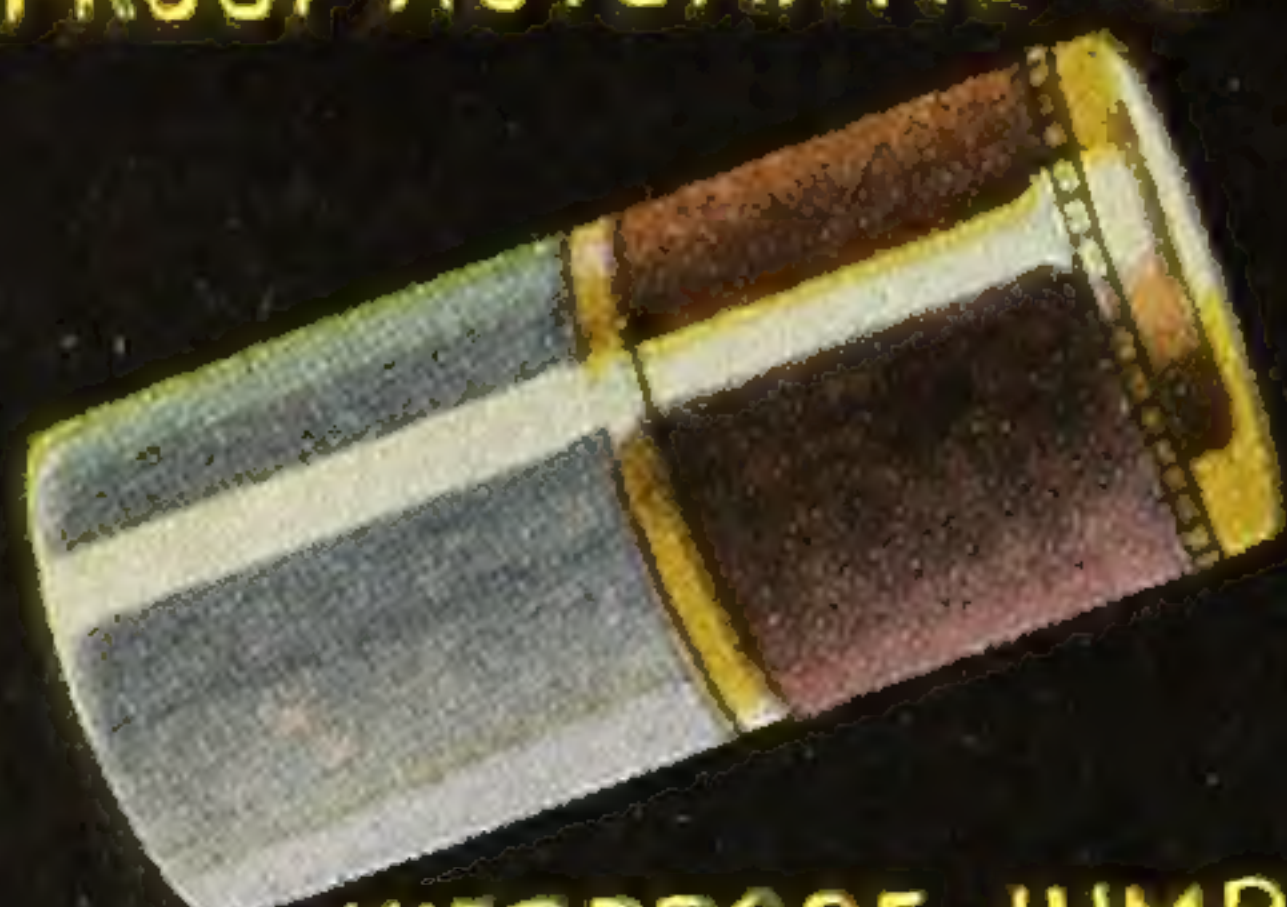
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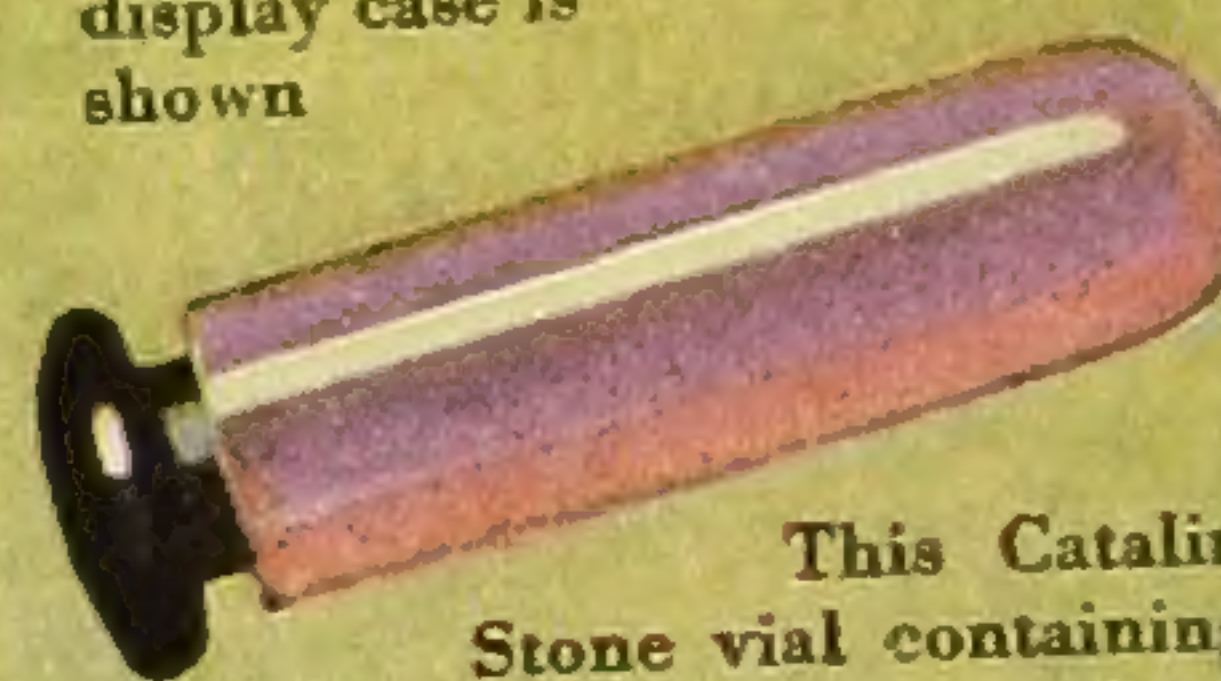


Choose your new *Kissproof* lipstick from the superb *Kissproof* display case illustrated above. You will find it at all good drug stores and toilet counters. It offers you *Kissproof* in all shapes, designs, sizes, and prices. Remember: the genuine is always stamped *Kissproof*—insist on it.

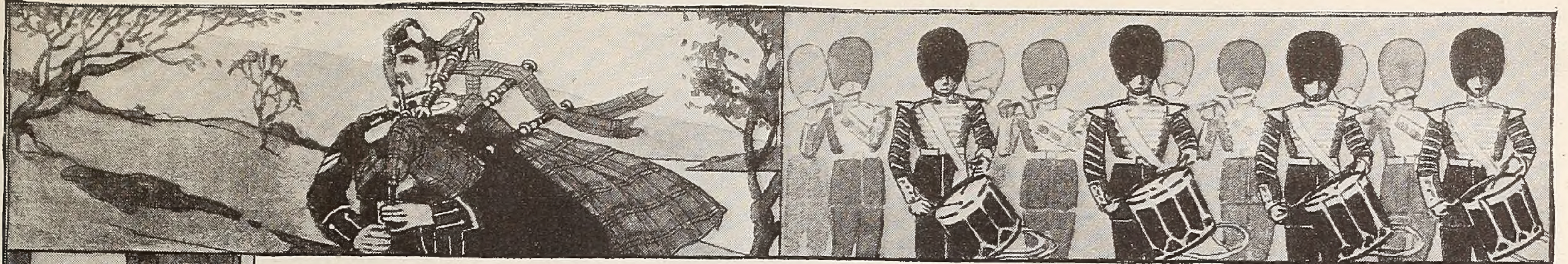
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With every purchase of the new *Kissproof* lipstick at counters where the *Kissproof* display case is shown



This Catalin Stone vial containing a generous quantity of the lovely new *Kissproof* perfume will be given to you absolutely free. Ask for it. If your favorite toilet counter cannot supply you, send direct (money or stamps) for any of the lipsticks shown above and we will include the perfume vial free.



Now YOU CAN HEAR *the PULSE-BEAT of the WORLD* 4 TIMES EVERY WEEK

NOW Fox Movietone News, pioneer talking newsreel, brings you the sights and sounds of the entire world in four separate and complete issues weekly.

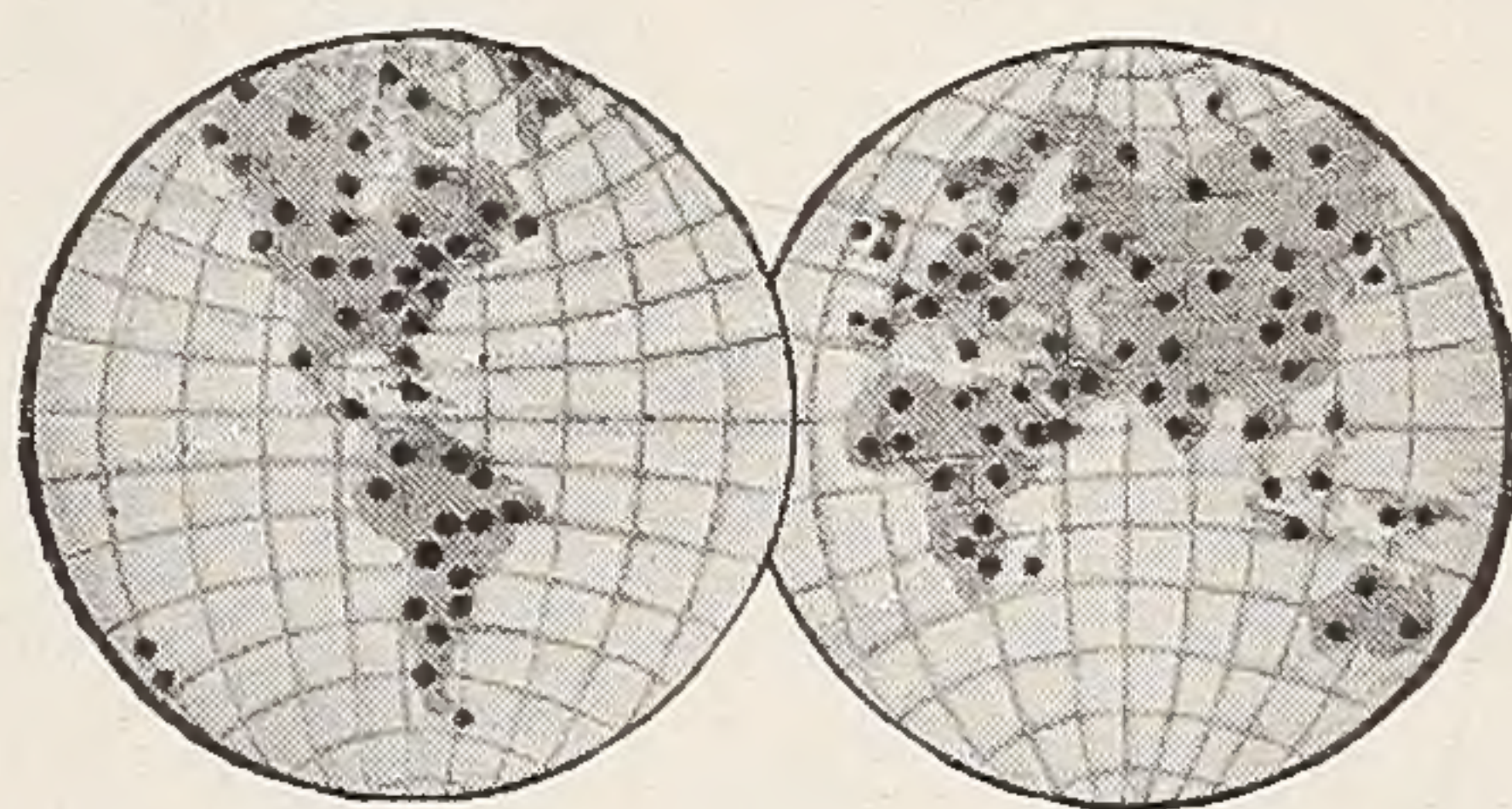
If it isn't FOX, it isn't MOVIE TONE NEWS!

If it isn't Fox, it isn't the talking newsreel whose amazing record of achievements includes bringing to America the royal

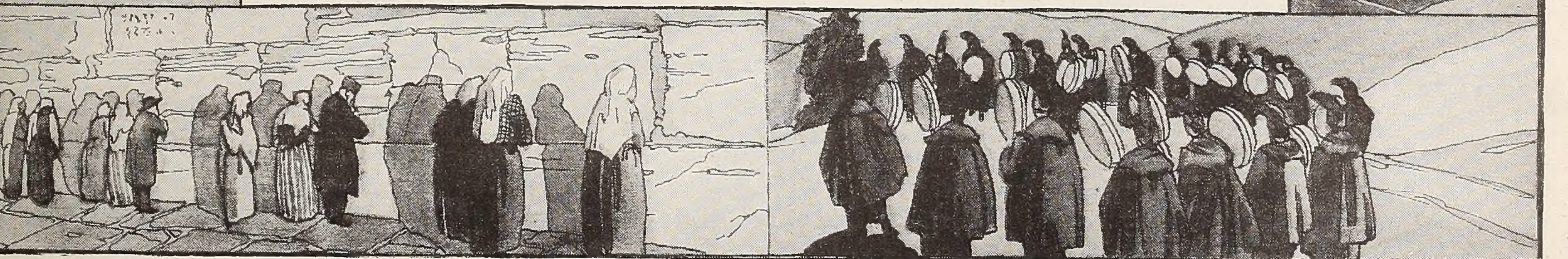
voices of King George of England and King Alfonso of Spain.

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F IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF!
MOVIE TONE NEWS
X *4 Issues Every Week*



☞ Myrna Loy, the Girl on the Cover. Her next picture is "The Squall," in which the exotic Myrna will be heard as well as seen.



☞ SCREENLAND is published on the 5th of the month preceding date of issue.

SCREENLAND

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
VOL. XVIII, No. 5

March, 1929

Delight Evans, Editor

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Only Paramount can surpass Paramount



JUST as millions of motion picture fans know that Paramount was responsible for the great advances made in the "silent" drama, so do they now know that in the new field of talking pictures *only Paramount can surpass Paramount!* Following "Interference," the first QUALITY All-Talking Picture, came even greater Paramount Talking Pictures such as "The Doctor's Secret", "The Wolf of Wall Street." **¶** Now another great all-talking picture places Paramount supremacy farther beyond reach than ever!

Jeanne Eagels in "THE LETTER"

The famous star of "Rain" in an all-talking motion picture version of W. Somerset Maugham's stage success, "The Letter". Supported by O. P. Heggie and Reginald Owen. Directed by Jean de Limur. Adapted by Garrett Fort. Supervised by Monta Bell. The Paramount All-Talking Show consists of "The Letter", Eddie Peabody, and The Giersdorf Sisters.



"The Letter" is also presented in a "silent" version so if the theatre you patronize is not equipped for sound, you can still enjoy this great Paramount Picture. Silent or with Sound *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

Paramount Pictures

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Girl on Every Box

For Loveliest Lashes Be Sure It's Maybelline

YES, it is now very correct to deftly emphasize the eyelashes. *Darken* them to bring out the lovely pools of fascinating expression in the eyes. But be very careful of *this*:

When you purchase a beautifier for the eyelashes, insist upon *Maybelline*. Beautiful women the world over have found this dainty beautifier not only delightful to use, but *harmless* and *safe*. Maybelline does not stiffen or break the eyelashes. It instantly darkens them and makes even scant lashes appear long and luxuriant—but always *natural*! Truly, there is nothing else just like Maybelline. Make sure you get the *genuine*. The lovely Maybelline girl on each box is your guide.

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\$2 BUYS COMPLETE COURSE, including 40 Clever Cartoon Stunts, "How to Give a Performance," "How to Originate Ideas." Fun—Profit—Popularity! Send \$2 or pay C. O. D. Educator Press, 19 Park Row, New York, Dept. 0-48.

as Estelle Taylor and Lupe Velez in his new picture, "East is East." Who cares about scenery, anyway? Tod Browning is directing this story of the Malay Peninsula.

Alice Joyce is probably the only screen celebrity who can shake the star dust from her heels for long periods of time and come back without losing a friend. She recently took part in the stage play, "The Marriage Bed," and immediately had a talkie contract thrust into her hands for an important part in "The Squall." Myrna Loy plays a gypsy in this same picture.

Such stage celebrities as Eddie Dowling and his wife Ray Dooley have 'gone cinema' and will now cavort before the microphone—but not together. Eddie is going to make "Broadway Bound" with Marian Nixon. Ray is still pondering.

You, vaudeville fans! Do you appreciate the breaks the talkies are giving you? Now your own inimitable Sophie Tucker is making a talkie and they are calling it "Honky Tonk." Doesn't that suggest pep? George Duryea and Lila Lee will handle the romantic end of it. Sounds good already.

Baclanova, that gorgeous Russian actress, will have a grand chance to use her Russian accent in "The Woman Who Needed Killing," an all-dialogue picture with Clive Brook. Baclanova, you know, was with the Moscow Art Players.

And talking about accents—Lily Damita and Nils Asther have promised to lose theirs.

You'll hear Norma Shearer's slight Canadian accent in "The Trial of Mary Dugan." If you've seen the show you'll know what to expect but if you haven't—well, we won't spoil it for you. But you're going to hear H. B. Warner, Lewis Stone, and Lilyan Tashman, too.

Elmer Clifton is doing something unusual in the picture line. He is making a Technicolor picture with an all-oriental cast headed by that good old trouper, Sojin.

I thought you might be interested in this—the definition of a vamp as given by some of our leading film directors.

Alfred Santell:—"A vamp is a girl like Clara Bow. Clara is a natural-born vamp because of her vitality. She overpowers any other personality by her own. Her frankness is most attractive to men."

Fred Niblo:—"A vamp is a girl like Greta Garbo. Her mysterious allure is her appeal. Her eyes have the look of always concealing some emotion. You have the sensation that she is withholding something all the while, and that she can never be understood."

Allan Crosland:—"A vamp is a girl like Myrna Loy. Her unusual physiognomy holds the attention. She is different in appear-

ance from any other girl in films, and no man could keep from studying her expressions, and wondering what lies back of those eyes."

James Gleason:—"A vamp is a girl like Phyllis Haver. Her vampishness is due to the fact that she is apparently so free from such ideas. Her open expression, ready smile, happy disposition, completely disarm a man and hold his attention regardless of how many dark, mysterious girls are in the room."

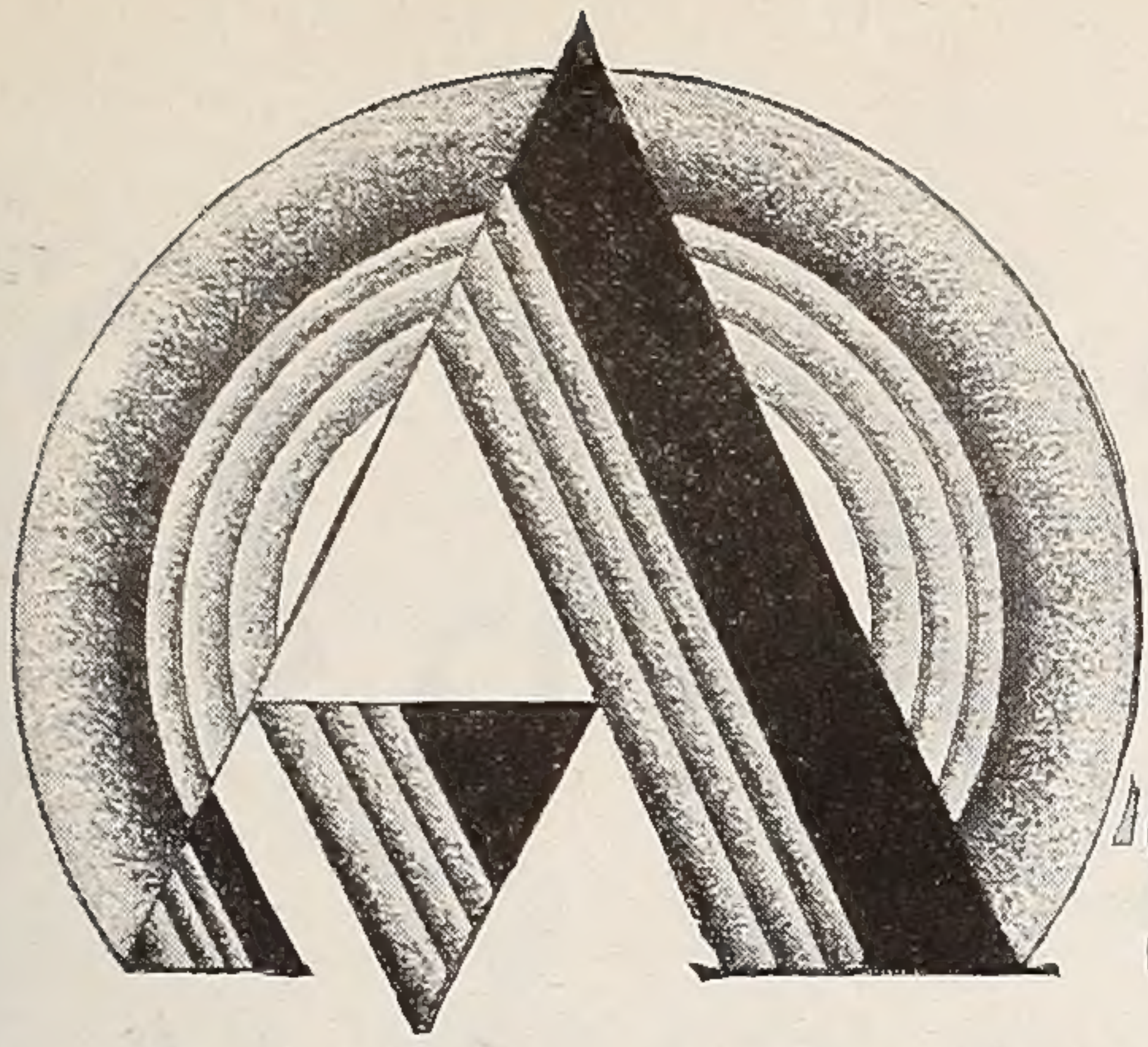
Charlotte Greenwood is coming back into pictures again—this time in talkies. Do you remember her in "Baby Mine" with Karl Dane and George K. Arthur?

Miss Greenwood went out to Hollywood to play in vaudeville but Warner Brothers, always on the look-out for talkie material, talked her into a six-picture contract.

Raoul Walsh, who directed "What Price Glory," is also going to direct a sequel to it which is titled "The Cock-Eyed World."



Sue Carol welcomes Nick Stuart back to Hollywood after his European location-vacation. Nick and Sue are making a picture for Fox.



REBIRTH OF SCREEN HUMOR

The editor of Exhibitors Herald and Moving Picture World, a leading business publication, writing about the use of the voice in Educational's first all-talking comedy, said: "There need be no question whatsoever about its effectiveness in comedy. The talking comedy means a rebirth of the humor of the screen."



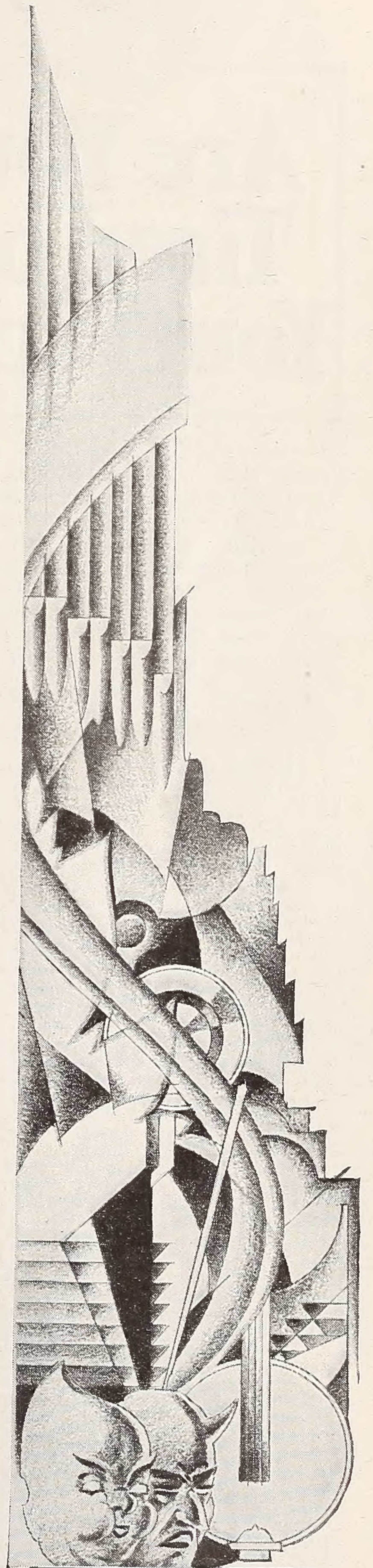
EDUCATIONAL PICTURES are the guiding factor in this rebirth of screen humor. Unquestioned leaders for years in the field of silent comedies, they now lead the way in talking comedies as well.

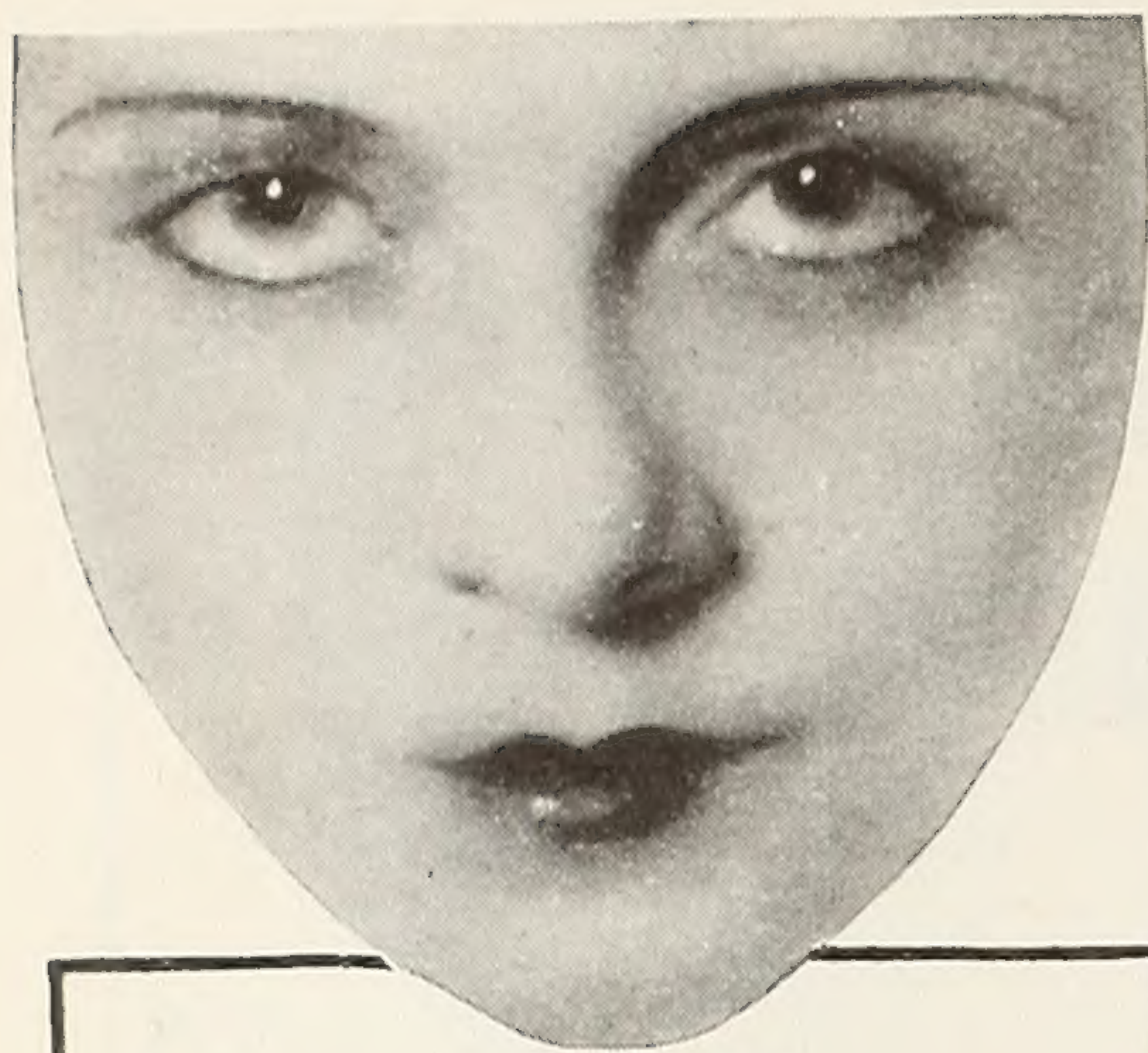
Wherever talking pictures are seen and heard this rebirth of screen humor has been greeted with wild applause. It started with the Mack Sennett Talking Comedies—such pictures as "The Lion's Roar" and "The Bride's Relations"—and continued with the new Coronet Talking Comedies, beginning with "The Eligible Mr. Bangs." Each one a comedy treat you can't afford to miss. And soon you'll see and hear the first of the new Jack White Productions with sound and dialogue and the first of the new Lupino Lane Talking Comedies.

Truly, a veritable rebirth of screen humor.

There is only one big company specializing exclusively in short features. That's one reason why the *Educational Pictures* trade mark always stands for the best in this class of picture, whether with sound or silent.

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. HAMMONS, President
Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.





Are You Tired of Your Face?

Horrid little blemishes . . . pores that show . . . tiny blotches here and there . . . rough surface texture! Why—oh why—can't you have that milky white skin, that smooth, flawless complexion that makes a woman so gorgeously beautiful? Now it is possible! Now there is a new, easy way that may double or triple the beauty of your skin . . .

Now . . . Amazing Results for Skins that Don't Respond to Cold Creme

USE a 6-fold creme. Ordinary cold creme never goes below the surface. It does no more than cleanse and protect. Gervaise Graham Beauty Secret is *absorbed*—it *penetrates* all three layers of tissue. What an amazing difference this makes! Freckles fade out, blackheads melt away, tiny blemishes give way to delicate clearness. Coarse pores—most stubborn blemishes of all—are closed to stay, by being filled out from below. Surface roughness is replaced with smooth, flawless texture. And, finally, this amazing creme whitens steadily, naturally and permanently without bleaching.

HOW IT WORKS

The world's finest beauty aids—unknown in cold creme—are emulsified into one 6-fold creme. A penetrating base takes them through the skin. They reach all three layers, clearing, smoothing and whitening. For the first time, a way has been found to combine six great beautifying agents into one penetrating creme!

TEST ONE JAR

Get a jar of this new kind of creme today. Use it in place of cold creme. Let it bring your skin six-fold benefits. It is called Gervaise Graham Beauty Secret. Test it for one or two weeks. Then, if your skin is not shades whiter, noticeably clearer and finer, I will refund full price for the asking. Simply mail coupon below, and when the package arrives pay postman only \$1.50 for the extra-large jar. Mail coupon today to (Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, Dept. 3SC, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Illinois. (In Canada, 61 College St., Toronto.)

Gervaise Graham Beauty Secret

(Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM,
Dept. 3SC, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

Send me (postage prepaid) an extra-large jar of your new Beauty Secret. On arrival, I will pay postman only \$1.50. If not delighted, I understand you guarantee to refund my money.

Name

Address

Confessions of the Fans

Here's the Fans' For-'Em—or Forum, as you prefer! It is **YOUR** department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions about motion pictures. Say what you think about the movies. Send your photograph with your letter so that the other readers may get a glimpse of you. The most entertaining letters will be printed. Address The Fans' Department, SCREENLAND Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE EDITOR.

Movies With Morals



DEAR EDITOR:

In your January issue, I read in the department, 'Confessions of the Fans,' Miss Winter's version on 'Glamour vs. Realism' in which she stated that one found more enjoyment from stories that are 'unreal' romantic than from stories of real life. I wish to disagree.

There is, I admit, a lot of glamour to a picture based on tales that couldn't possibly happen to a modern girl. But when a picture is based on real, true facts—how much more interesting! For interesting and even exciting things happen to a modern girl. I know—I'm one!

When you see a girl face to face with bandits, bootleggers, and what not, you may laugh and say that it isn't a regular happening. No, I agree, it isn't; but don't things happen like that occasionally—even right here in New York State? Yes! I know, for that same thing happened to me. It would probably happen to one girl in a hundred. Yet some people don't believe it could occur at all.

Someone with an experience like that was smart enough to write it up as a scenario for a movie, sell it, and profit by it. Yet if she were to relate her experience she wouldn't be believed.

How many who saw "The Singing Fool" think it isn't realistic? You can't doubt it when you see it and yet it seems impossible to some to visualize a man suffering as Al Stone suffered. Whether or not you believe it to be realistic, though, you simply can't control the tears when Al Jolson sings his 'Sonny Boy.'

After all, haven't the real-life movies better morals? Take "Our Dancing Daughters," for an example. Don't all the young people (and old ones, too) get a good moral out of that story of youth? Their

motto after seeing that picture ought to be 'Never judge a book by its cover.'

Sincerely yours,

A constant reader,

MISS BETTY TREAT,

219-41 One Hundredth Avenue,
Queens Village, New York.

"Lest We Forget"



DEAR EDITOR:

How many times do we fans see these words written—'Lest We Forget?' Shall we ever forget Wally Reid, Barbara La Marr and Rudolph Valentino?

The old stars as well as the new stars of today are 'Among Our Souvenirs.'

I am here to state that the stars are human. They are really 'Just folks,' even as you and I. I like them personally as well as professionally.

My fan letters to them, I have found, are really read by the stars.

Louise Dresser and I had exchanged a few notes and she found that I loved poetry. Gosh! One day she sent me a book of poems.

Doris Kenyon never forgets a Christmas card; and too; on the back of the card she writes a note. Miss Kenyon has sent me a book of poems written by her own pen. Estelle Taylor sent me a lamp shade. On it were pasted four photographs from four roles she had acted upon the screen. Olive Borden sent me a leather, gold-edged diary with my own name stamped in gold on the front cover.

I have many memory slips autographed by the stars.

Read this one: "Thanks, my good friend Charles, for your very nice letter. Sorry I haven't a real photograph to send to you. Lots of offers these days but they don't want to pay my price or else it's something I wouldn't care to do. Perhaps someday

1 big thrill after another—as bewildering and entrancing as an Arabian Night's dream.

2 famous favorites in startling roles NOW on the VITAPHONE — Thelma Todd and Creighton Hale.

3 -rd great mystery masterpiece from the director of "The Haunted House" and "The Hawk's Nest," Benjamin Christensen.

4 big breath-taking spectacle scenes —stupendously staged only as a great master can stage them.

5 times the excitement and fun to be found in any other mystery picture you have ever seen.

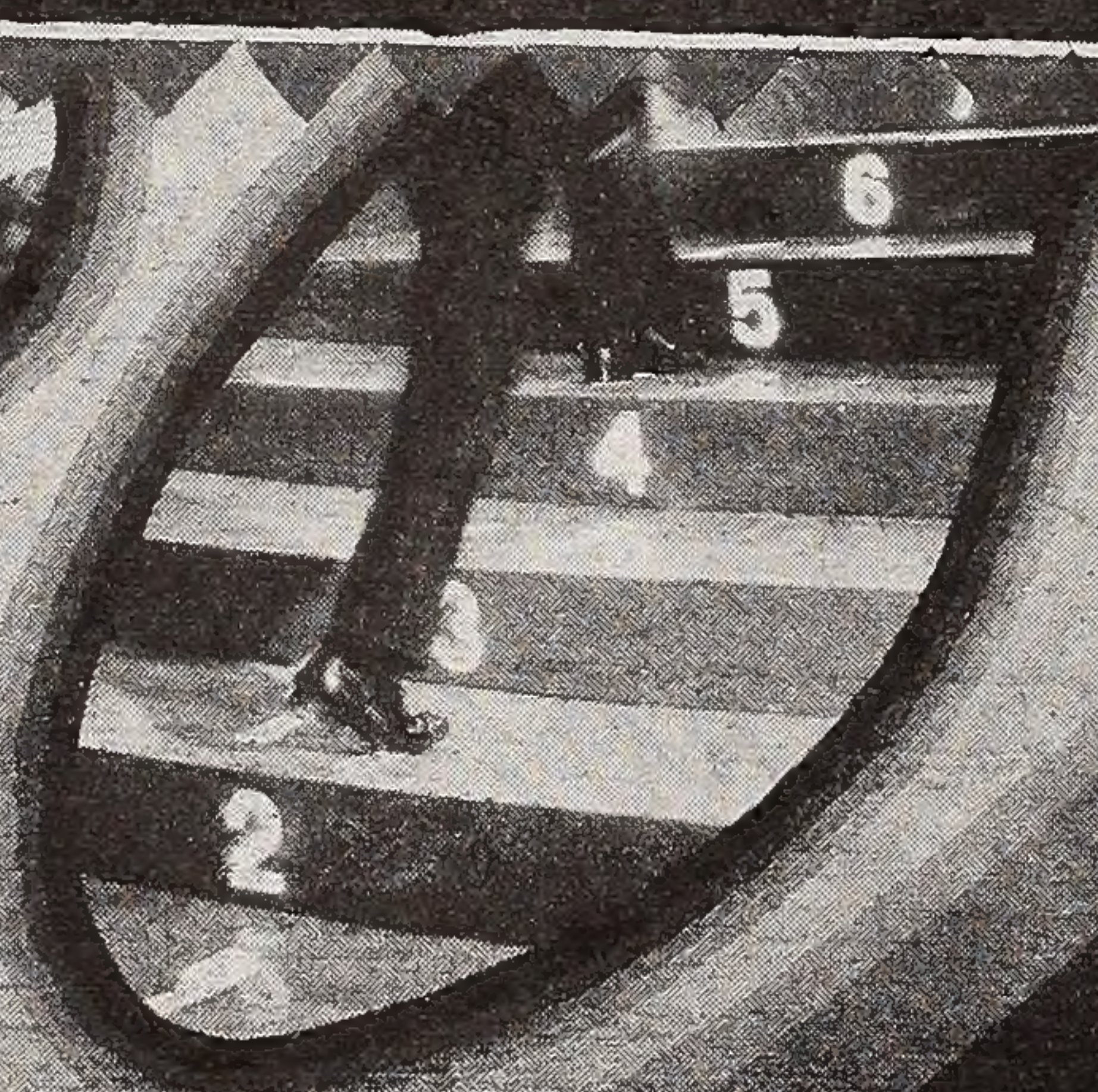
6 -ty mysterious minutes of spine chilling suspense—thrill upon thrill!



7 VITAPHONE *Doubles the Thrills in* FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN

Presented by Richard A. Rowlands

A First National VITAPHONE Picture
SOUND OR SILENT—IT'S COMING SOON—SEE IT!



Every picture a "double feature"

Helena Rubinstein's Make-up Chart

THE foundation of a perfect make-up is a skin perfectly cared for—free from blackheads, large pores, wrinkles or other blemishes. Among the creations of HELENA RUBINSTEIN you will find a scientific answer to every need of your skin—plus the ultimate in finishing touches. For Helena Rubinstein is artist as well as scientist.

When you use Helena Rubinstein's new indelible lipsticks, you will marvel at their amazing combination of lasting color and satin-softness. There is witchery to the make-up masterpieces of Helena Rubinstein.

For your guidance in choosing the smartest and most becoming cosmetics, Helena Rubinstein has prepared the following make-up chart. Read it—you can tell at a glance the correct shades of rouge, powder and lipstick for you.

-----Clip the chart and keep it in your dressing table.-----

Which Is Your Coloring?

Brunette

Valaze Powder in the enchanting Mauresque tint.
Valaze Red Raspberry Rouge—Chic! Fascinating!
Cubist Lipstick in Red Raspberry—an unusually warm, beautiful tone.
Valaze Eye Shadow (Black or Brown).

Medium Type

Valaze Powder in the bewitching Rachel shade.
Valaze Red Raspberry Rouge.
Red Ruby Lipstick—a rich, deep tone.
Valaze Eye Shadow (Brown).

Write to HELENA RUBINSTEIN describing your skin and hair, and you will receive a Special Treatment Schedule. Ask for her booklet—"Personality Make-up". It tells how to express your most beautiful you!

Blonde

Valaze Powder in the exquisite Blush tone.
Valaze Red Geranium Rouge—smartly daring.
Cubist Lipstick in Red Geranium—vivid, alluring.
Valaze Eye Shadow in Blue.

Titian Blonde (Auburn Hair)

Valaze Powder in Cream.
Valaze Red Geranium Rouge—Irrresistible!
Red Cardinal Lipstick—the dashing light shade.
Valaze Eye Shadow (Blue or Green).

For Evening

Valaze Powder in Mauve or Cream.
Valaze Rouge in Red Geranium.
Cubist Lipstick in Red Geranium.
Valaze Eye Shadow to match your eyes.

The Keynote of a Chic Make-up

Before you apply your finishing touches, cleanse your skin with Helena Rubinstein's Pasteurized Face Cream, the concentrated beauty treatment. The only cream in existence that benefits and beautifies an oily skin (1.00, 2.00). Dry skin should be cleansed with Valaze Cleansing and Massage Cream (.75, 1.25). Next, smooth a little Valaze Beauty Foundation Cream over your face and throat—it lends the skin a most flattering finish and makes rouge and powder doubly adherent (1.00). Now your skin is ready for the clinging, exquisite Valaze Powder (1.00, 1.50). Next, blend in the provocative, becoming Valaze Rouge (1.00). Follow with Cubist Lipstick (1.00) or Water Lily Lipstick (1.25). Both are indelible yet marvelously soft. Lastly, add a soupçon of Valaze Eye Shadow (1.00) and bring out the lashes with Valaze Persian Eye Black (Mascara) in black or brown (1.00, 1.50).

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Helena Rubinstein

8 East 57th Street, New York City

Helena Rubinstein Creations are obtainable at better stores or direct from Dept. S-3

PARIS
Boston
Newark

another 'Covered Wagon' will roll along and if I'm not too old I may climb aboard. My best wishes to all my friends and to you and your dear mother. Sincerely,
J. W. Kerrigan"

Ken Maynard sent me a riding whip. I wrote him every time I saw his pictures. Franklyn Pangborn sent me a 'hanky' he used in a picture as a token of remembrance from him. Lina Basquette even sent me an air-mail letter!

I find that the stars do read letters of interest.

Since seeing "The Woman from Moscow" I'm sorry to see Pola Negri say 'farewell' to her American fans.

The best bets in pictures, I think, are Charles Rogers, Gary Cooper and Ramon Novarro. Thanks to the talkies—step up, Ramon Novarro and let us hear you sing and play.

More power to Delight Evans and SCREENLAND Magazine.

Cheerfully,

CHARLES MANK, JR.,
226 East Mill Street,
Staunton, Illinois.

Sound or Silent?



DEAR EDITOR:

I am about to approach the subject nearest my heart. The Movies!

First of all let me give my hearty and friendly congratulations on your success as the New Editor of SCREENLAND. Long may you rule!

I have followed the movies from their old days to these modern days. I first saw William S. Hart, William Farnum, Bessie Barriscale, and many others.

When I read about Talking Movies I gave way and stormed. Talking Movies! To be annoyed by talking every time one wanted to see a picture. Bad enough the person beside you—but the characters. Never!

I was ultimately persuaded to attend a talking picture. It was "The Hometowns." Did I like it? Well—now I say let us have more, bigger and better Talking Movies! Not sound effects but all talking! They are simply marvellous!

I think Doris Kenyon has the sweetest voice. When I heard Buster Collier, Jr.'s voice I was completely won over to talking pictures.

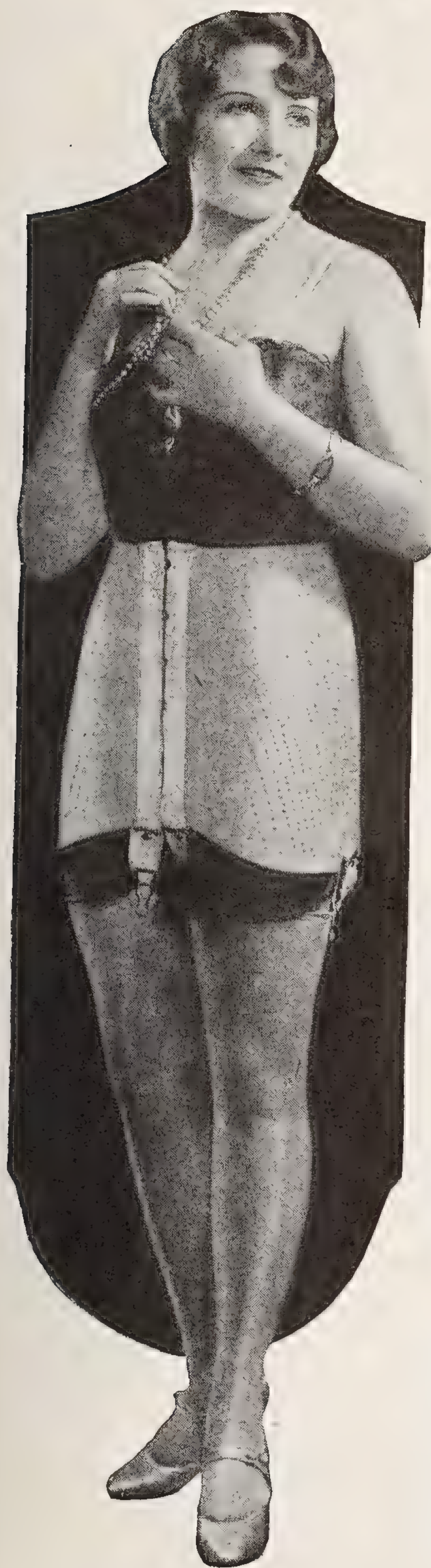
If you like Barry Norton—see "Mother Knows Best" and receive a splendid surprise.

'Talkies' are modern! See and hear them—they satisfy!

Sincerely,

MISS MARTHA VAN KIRK
503 Euclid Avenue,
Dravosburg, Pennsylvania

New ~~Ventilated~~ girdle reduces waist and hips ~two to four inches in **TEN DAYS**



FASHIONABLE women everywhere are praising to the skies the marvelous new Perfolastic Girdle that reduces fleshy hips and waist almost as if by magic and quickly gives you the slim, youthful figure you desire.

Perfolastic is entirely different from any other reducing girdle you have ever seen—lighter in weight, cooler, more comfortable, more slenderizing.

Cool---Comfortable---Slenderizing

Don't confuse Perfolastic with the old style, heavy rubber garments that were so uncomfortable. Perfolastic is a featherweight, *ventilated* girdle that comes in models that weigh as little as just nine and a half ounces (garters included), and is full of tiny holes to let the skin breathe and the pores function, as they should. It is so cool, so comfortable that you hardly know you have it on.

Perfolastic does not bind or constrict the figure in any way. Bend, twist, turn, exercise as vigorously as you choose, you will find that Perfolastic "gives" with every movement of your body. Made of finest quality pure, live, fresh plantation rubber, by the famous Goodrich Rubber Co., it combines wonderful elasticity with extraordinary strength.

How Perfolastic Reduces

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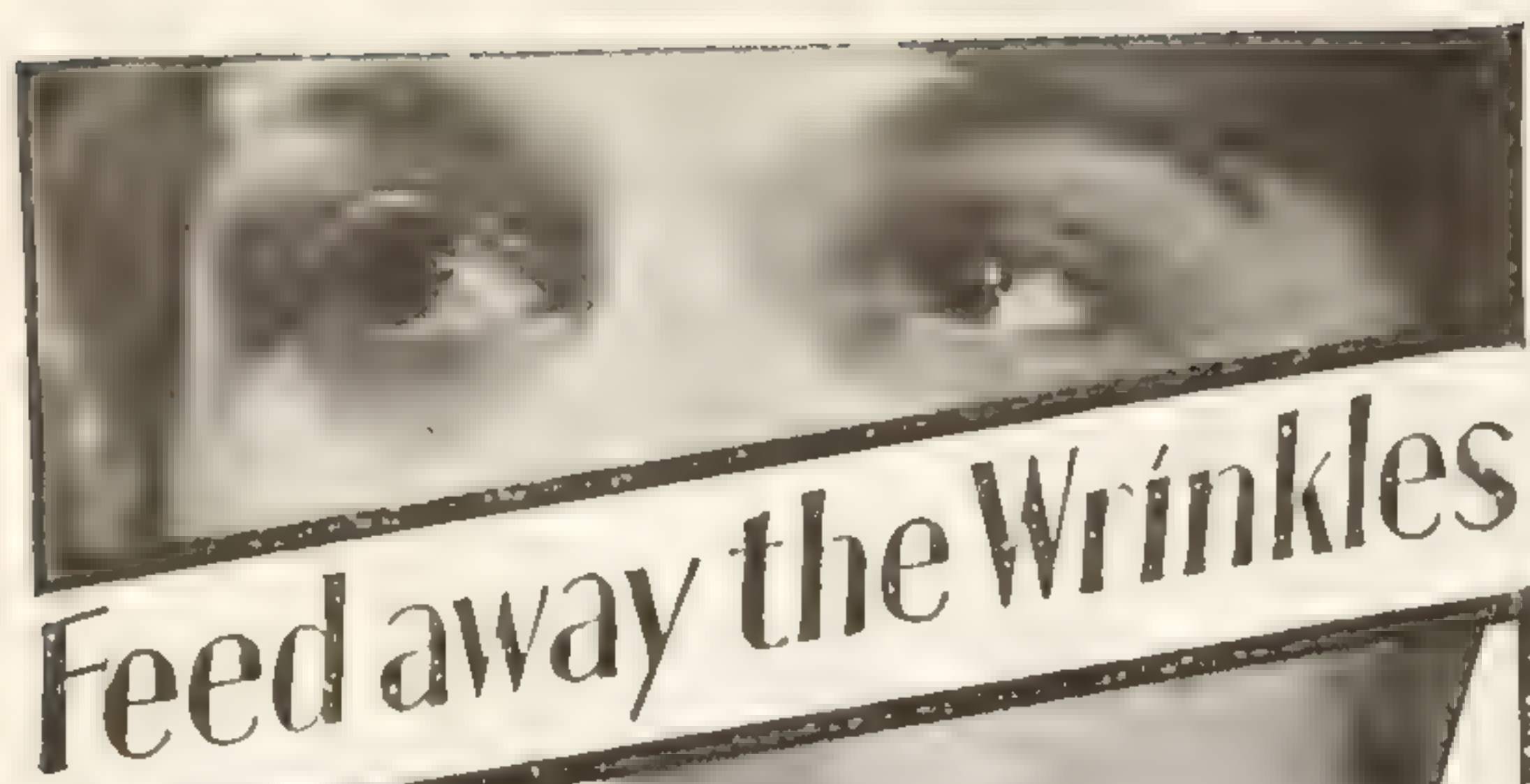
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For
Dolores Del Rio



DEAR EDITOR:

Do the dreams of fans come true? Some say no, but I say yes! My dreams came true.

On November 12, 1928, I met Dolores Del Rio—my favorite. She is beautiful, sincere and human and I am proud to be the president of a fan club in her honor. Her enthusiasm for the success of the club is unbounded.

I distinctly remember being seated on a sofa directly opposite Miss Del Rio, who asked questions and gave pointers for the betterment of her club. Numerous members of the club were present. Many received photographs. Our tongues certainly did wag!

Fans, Dolores Del Rio is beautiful on the screen but not half as beautiful as she is in person. The screen cannot give this star her deep Mexican coloring.

Letters are sent to me asking if Miss Del Rio's hair is really long. It is! Long and dark and not the least bit waved. She uses very little cosmetics. She is much thinner in person. The screen tends to fatten a person.

The evening I met Miss Del Rio is a memory, but even now I can picture it. I see Dolores attired in her pink Parisian evening dress and, cocktail jacket. On her ears were diamond earrings. It was all so lovely.

My dream has come true—never to be forgotten. I close saying, "Dolores Del Rio forever!"

To SCREENLAND, I extend my best wishes.

To Delight Evans—more success! You are worthy of the high office in SCREENLAND.

Most gratefully,

ROSE BADALI,
717 Randolph Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

A Boy Goes to the Movies



DEAR EDITOR:

Movies are part of my life. I always look forward to a new production and sometimes I can hardly wait for a change in the programs at our theatres. Every picture seems to teach me a lesson.

I have always wanted an opportunity to express my thoughts on why I like the movies. The other day, I bought SCREENLAND and as usual read it from cover to cover and found a place where fans could make 'Confessions.' Well—here's mine!

Whenever I go to a show I forget all

my troubles. That's one reason I have made myself a regular 'theater goer.' What movies really mean to me would take long to answer. I remember every picture I see. In school I'm known as the 'Movie Kid' because I write themes about the pictures I've seen.

Why am I so enthusiastic about moving pictures? Well, listen to this—now-a-days we movie fans have our favorites, don't we? I have mine, too, and boy, I received a letter from him! Gee! I'm sitting on top of the world! I'd give the world to say Hello to him but what's a kid going to do? Go to the movies and you'll see your favorite in all his glory. That's my remedy when I'm blue, and it always works.

I bet other movie fans would like to know who my favorite is. Well, the guy who I think is the greatest and swellest guy in Hollywood is—Richard Dix.

I have written to other movie folk but have received no answer. I hope Mr. Jolson sends me the picture I asked for because I thought he was pretty good in "The Singing Fool."

What would we do without the movies? Where would we spend those nights when we are 'all dressed up with no place to go?' Where would we take the girl friend? The Movies, of course!

May the movie folk of Hollywood have a happy and prosperous year—especially Richard Dix.

Just—

JIMMY BUKOSKI,
21 Western Avenue,
Seymour, Connecticut.

Give Her A Happy Ending!



DEAR EDITOR:

If I helped my mother on Saturday mornings I was given a dime as a reward and I immediately spent it at the local movie house. My father said that he intended to buy a theater because he thought it would be cheaper in the end. Dad was the bank in our house, we all went to him for show money.

Some movie fans lament the fact that the movies are not realistic enough. Heaven forbid! I hope they never will be for when realism steps in I'll lose my taste for the movies.

I like motion pictures because they depict life as I would like it to be—not as it really is. Why should I go to a picture that is true to life? I see enough of that every day, and it does not interest me as entertainment.

I, too, am in favor of the 'happy ending.' Somehow a sad ending to a story leaves one disappointed and even a little depressed, whereas a happy ending puts a smile on one's face and a hopeful feeling in the heart.

I think Richard Dix and Ramon Novarro are just 100% and Marion Davies is the last word!

Sincerely,

ESTELLE CARRIER,
12170 Broadstreet Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

Do Unseen Hands Keep You Dumb..

When You Ought to Talk?



How often have you wanted to talk, but held back, silent, because you felt unequal to the other people present? How many times have you passed up, or avoided the chance to talk in public—before your business associates, your club or lodge, because of your fear of stage fright? Are you afraid of your own voice—instead of being able to use it as one of the greatest business and social assets in your possession? And yet you might be surprised to hear that many of the most brilliant public speakers we have today felt exactly this way—before they learned how to develop their “hidden knack” of powerful speech—a knack which authorities say 7 men out of every 10 actually possess. And the chances are that you too have in you the power of effective speech—which, if unloosed, would be almost priceless to you in a social or business way. Find out if you have this natural gift—read every word of the message below.

Discover These Easy Secrets of Effective Speech

PROBABLY you have never pictured yourself being able to sweep a giant audience off its feet—to win the applause of thousands. Yet, the men who are doing such things know that it is all amazingly easy once you are in possession of the simple rules of effective speech. Before you learn these secrets you may be appalled at the thought of even addressing a small audience. Still it all seems so ridiculously easy when you know how to banish stage fright, and exactly what to do and say to hold an audience of one or a thousand in the palm of your hand.

Yet what a change is brought about when a man learns to dominate others by the power of effective speech! Usually it means a quick increase in earnings. It means social popularity. You yourself know how the men who are interesting talkers seem to attract whoever they wish, and name their own friends—men and women alike.

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing speaker—a brilliant, easy, fluent conversationalist. One of America's eminent specialists in effective speech has developed a method that has already raised thousands from mediocre, narrow ruts to positions of greater prestige and wider influence. This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that by spending 20 minutes a day in the privacy of your own home you cannot fail to make rapid progress.

How you can use this method, how you can banish stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, quickly shaping yourself into an outstanding influential speaker, is told in an interesting book, *How to Work Wonders with Words*. Not only men who have made millions but thousands of others have sent for this book, and highly praise it. You can receive a copy absolutely free by simply mailing the coupon below. Act now to discover your priceless “hidden knack”—the natural gift within you. Fill out and mail the coupon at once.

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If you really wish to make your hair bewitchingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it. Does more than merely *cleanse*. It gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a difference it makes in one's appearance; that exquisite softness of tone that everyone admires! Millions use regularly! You'll like it! There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. At your dealers', 25c, or send for free sample.

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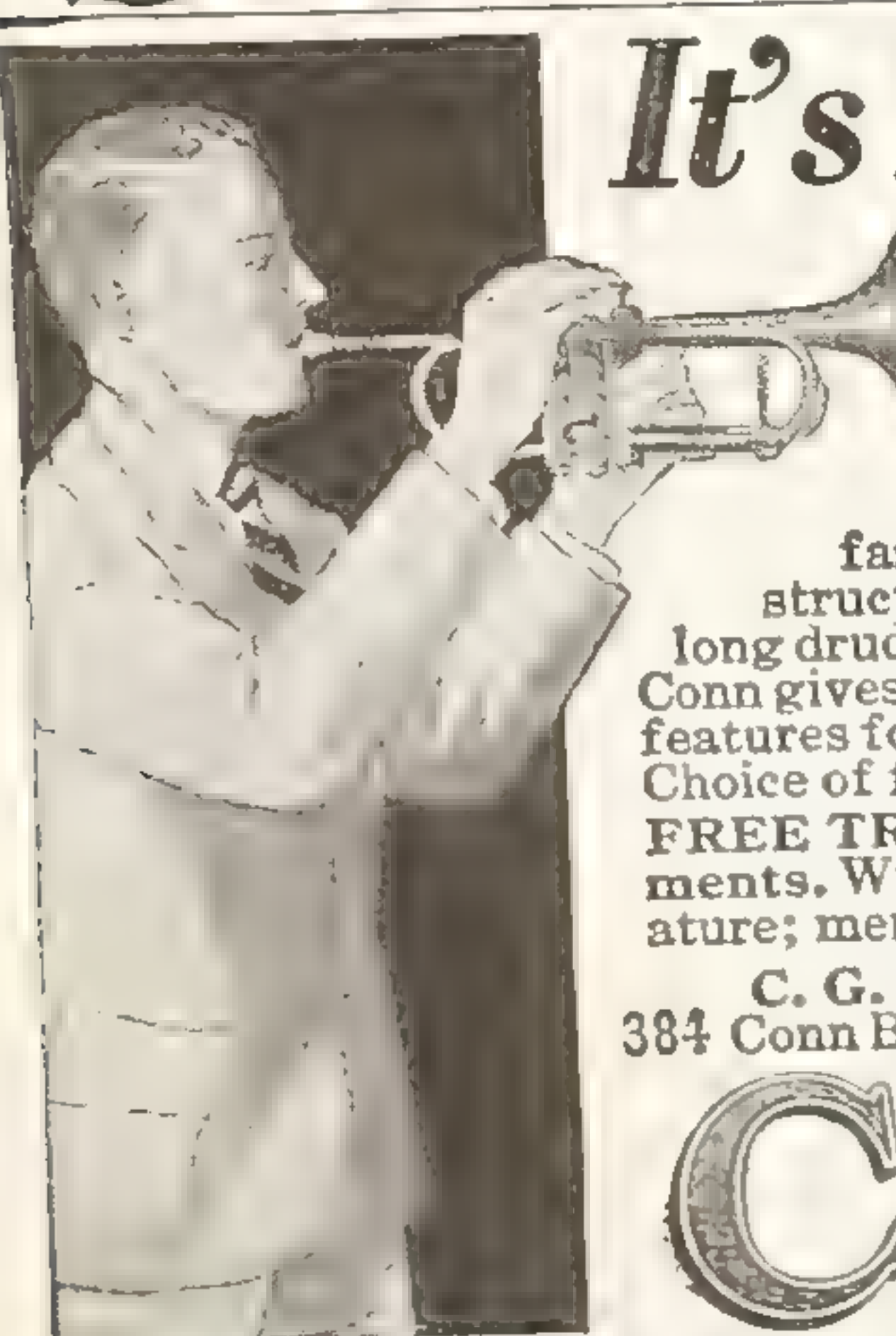
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A Movie Fan Makes Good



DEAR EDITOR:

I'm a movie fan—and how! Right now I'm employed in a company that has a chain of houses, and I've never yet become tired of seeing moving pictures. So many people remark that they're tired of seeing so many shows, but nine times out of ten those people go to ten-cent 'shooting galleries,' so no wonder!

When I was just a little fellow I used to stick a knife in my bank and slip out a nickel so I could go see Pearl White, Ruth Roland, or William Duncan. This happened about every Saturday, because I liked to follow serials, especially when the above mentioned were starred.

One time when I was about twelve years of age, I wrote a letter to the manager of a first-run theatre in Kokomo (Ind.). I realize now how childish and silly it sounded, but it started me on the road to the career I have always desired. The manager answered with a wonderful letter and enclosed a complimentary ticket. Month after month I received passes to see the shows. I was beginning to appreciate such stars as Conway Tearle, Wanda Hawley, Thomas Meighan, Wallace Reid, Mae Murray, and ever so many others. It wasn't long until I became a 'flunkey' around the theater. Those were the days! My salary was meager, but I didn't mind that. I just wanted to be around a theatre all the time. You could hardly drive me away.

So you can see why I am interested in the movies. I shall always like them. They are my main means of enjoyment and recreation, with the exception of your magazine. The trade papers are interesting enough, but give me SCREENLAND to read before I go to bed. Now don't get the idea it puts me to sleep. On the contrary it keeps me wide awake until the small hours of the morning, but nevertheless it is a good tonic.

To Delight Evans I extend my congratulations (and it's sincere) on her appointment to the Editorship of SCREENLAND. Her clever reviews have always given me many moments of pleasure. Often after I have seen a picture, I have had the desire to see and talk with her concerning her opinion of that particular picture. Perhaps if we have talking magazines, I will be able to hear her voice her opinion!

Sincerely,

RALPH COKAIN,
Marion Theatre Co.,
Marion, Indiana.

She's for Silence!



DEAR EDITOR:

I'm a movie fan—always was and always will be.

First—three cheers for SCREENLAND. Long may that delightful magazine prosper.

Second—the talkies! Personally, I can't stand them. Once in a while all right, but for a steady diet—NO!

The scenes in "The Air Circus" with Movietone were awful earsores; but, on the other hand, I wouldn't have missed "The Terror" for a fortune. Until the talkies are improved give me the silent screen. I went to see Dolores Costello in "Glorious Betsy." She was very beautiful but—but her voice!

Why doesn't Paramount put Mary Brian in better pictures? She is a marvellous actress. She and Buddy Rogers or Richard Arlen go well together. She would also be lovely opposite Gary Cooper or William Haines. William Haines and Harold Lloyd are my favorite comedians. Both Nancy Drexel and Barry Norton show promise. I'm tired of the red-hot-mama type. Give us more Janet Gaynors, Nancy Drexels, Mary Brians, Fay Wrays and Mary Philbins.

Again, a yell for SCREENLAND, that magazine of personality.

Sincerely,

BETSY KENNEDY,
214 Berkeley Place,
Brooklyn, New York.

She's for Sound!



DEAR EDITOR:

I adore the movies and I feel that I derive just as much education from a clean wholesome picture as I do from reading a good book and I consider good books my best friends, for with them I am never lonely. So it is with pictures.

Who could feel blue or lonesome seeing Clara Bow or the demure Janet Gaynor? I whistled 'Angela Mia' for a week after seeing "Street Angel" and I cried for a week over 'Sonny Boy'—Davy Lee really lived in that picture. Tom Mix, too, is always fine and clean and I should like very much to hear him in a talkie. The actors seem so much nearer to us when we hear them speak; it's next to really seeing them. Conrad Nagel has a wonderful voice and his stock goes up 100% after you hear him speak.

Then there's the News Reels. Isn't that an opportunity in a life-time for a poor little country girl? She can stay in her home town and see the world! Thanks to the movies we have no Dumb Doras any more, for even the most obscure country girl has seen Paris, London, New York, and all the wonders of Egypt. Long live the talkies, the eighth wonder of the world!

Sincerely yours,

BERENICE B. GOODWIN,
1600 Iredell Drive,
Raleigh, North Carolina.

*This is the Fans' own department.
Contribute to it!*

GOOD-BYE BROADWAY

☞ Charles Bickford, below, one of Broadway's most popular leading men, has deserted the stage to act for Cecil deMille in "Dynamite." Another Thomas Meighan?

☞ She kissed Broadway good-bye to take a flyer in talkies for Fox: Marguerite Churchill.

☞ The smile belongs to Raymond Hackett, late of Broadway, now lending his talents to Norma Shearer's all-talker, "The Trial of Mary Dugan."

HELLO HOLLYWOOD!

☞ Above is Lee Patrick, a pretty and persuasive actress who has transferred her allegiance from stage to screen, for Pathé.

☞ Give their regards to Broadway—they're in the movies now!

☞ Helen Kane, celebrated soubrette of Manhattan musical comedies, makes her movie debut with Richard Dix in "Nothing But the Truth."

Who's Making in

☞ Lupe Velez was one of the most popular stage stars in her native Mexico before she came to Hollywood. The picture below shows Lupe as she looked to Mexican audiences.

All the Little Hey-Hey Girls are
land's (Good) Scout After Visit-

By

EVERYBODY thinks Hollywood is a red-hot town because it holds a dash of tobasco, chili, perfume of Arabia and sloe gin in human form. But just as, so long as we are in this world, the most docile person has some quality of imperfection, so these vivid personalities of the screen have a side to them so strong, so true and fine that people less tempted and less tolerant might do well to follow.

The more I know of the leaders of cinemaland the more they make me think of the advice *Polonius* gave his son *Laertes* in "Hamlet": "To thine own self be true; and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

Being true to one's self is perhaps the hardest thing in the world for some people who have a false sense of humility. They beggar themselves, deny themselves, sacrifice themselves until they are sour, crochety old bodies and find that their sacrifice has only made the object of it selfish and thoughtless.

The girls in Hollywood don't do that. They develop themselves first, and improve their talents; then they are in a position to keep their whole family in luxury and they do. Upon the girls who dare and do depend the welfare of their family and so the things that appear selfish in them are really merely protective. They must save themselves; appear always at their best in order to keep the hard-won niche they have aspired to.

I think one reason that these girls get so much is that they are so grateful for what they have.

Lupe Velez took me through her



☞ Miss Velez, just a home-girl with a pet dog; and a fire-place—as if she needs it!

W H O O P E E

Hollywood?

Home Girls Now, Reports Screening Clara, Lupe Velez, and Others.

Helen Ludlam

new house the other day. She was almost bursting with delight over a new radiola-victrola that had just been installed that afternoon. "Look, Helen," she cried, "Isn't it the *biggest* thing? So big! They have to send all the way to New York to get this one for me. And how it plays! You can make it repeat over and over and it holds twelve records that it discards itself—look! I show you!"

She stood before it, a worshipful little figure in a black quilted satin lounging robe appliqued with branches of pomegranates. "I have just get up," she apologized for the lounging robe. "I finish my picture yesterday and I sleep all the time."

Her brother Amelio bounded in at that moment. He is a great saxophone enthusiast and is preparing for concert work with a good deal of success predicted for him. The two children live alone in the big house.

Like a child showing off her doll's house Lupe took me over every inch of her menage. Her bedroom would have been a surprise to almost anyone, particularly to those who have thought of her as a Carmen off the screen. Instead of a bizarre affair with heavy silken drapes, thick carpets, incense, and banks of pillows, what was my astonishment to enter a room one might have planned for a five-year-old child.

The woodwork was a light cream; the wall paper also light cream with delicate pink roses scattered over it. The ivory bed was covered with rose taffeta and the window hangings, of the same material, were sim-

(Cont. on page 101)

Below: Lupe Velez may be a wild, wild girl on the screen, but this is how she really looks.



Clara Bow and her cousin, William Bow, whom she is helping to get into pictures.

Richard Dix



☞ Dix in his own private piece of Paradise at Malibu Beach, California.

☞ He's big, brown, and brawny—athlete, movie star, and gentleman!

EXTRA, Extra! Richard Dix ready to Leave the Screen! But Then the Talkies Came Along and Made him Change his Mind. Read This Frank, Revealing Story in Which a Famous Film Star Actually Says What He Thinks. Meet the Real Richard Dix.

"I WAS ready to quit pictures cold!" said Richard Dix. We were walking up the broad oak stairs of a famous old New York restaurant whose bowed windows overlook Saint Patrick's Cathedral.

"Ready to quit cold," he continued, "when talking films came along."

He took off his heavy, woolly overcoat, the kind a woman instinctively wants to stroke to see if it can possibly be as soft as it seems—and sat down at the table. Healthy, tanned, full of the devil, Richard Dix looked better than he ever looked in his life. And he seemed to have something on his mind that he wanted to pass along to me.

"You know," he said, "a man tells the truth once, maybe twice in his life: just before he dies, and sometimes—just before he marries. Well, I'm not thinking of getting married and I'm certainly not thinking of pushing off, but I'm going to tell you the truth today. This is my Swan Song. The truth about this or anything else you want to know!"

I looked Richard Dix square in the eyes. I have interviewed a variety of men in a variety of places: offices, drawing-rooms, chanceries, barrooms, prisons, hospitals, speakeasies and trains. But I never had one speak so frankly before. Maybe he was posing! But he returned my look with a steadiness which is difficult, even for an experienced actor, to simulate.

"All right," I answered, "but I think I ought to warn you that anything you say will be used against you. If you tell me the truth, the truth will be printed."

"Go ahead. I wish to Heaven you would! If ever a man was sick to death of working in Glorified Quickies, that man's name is Richard Dix. And Glorified Quickies are all I've been playing in for the past couple of years."

Plainly, Richard Dix meant what he said.

"Tell me," I asked, "why has the advent of talking pictures changed your mind about quitting the film game?"

"It was like this. I had made up my mind to quit making Glorified Quickies, to go to Hawaii, or some other tropical place, to eat, grow a paunch, maybe, and be merry—because I couldn't stand the kind of pictures I was continually being forced to play. Beating up ten villains to protect the village gal, jumping off of cliffs on the backs of Chinamen, and all that sort of tommy-rot! I was on the stage for years. I know good drama when I see it. But the fans kept writing in and asking: 'Why do you play comedies? We want to see you in dramas.' It was too much. Dramas! The only two film dramas I ever played in were 'The Vanishing American' and 'The Christian.' Both a long time ago. Today, I have light little pictures that neither give me a chance to do what I want nor to play the parts the fans want to see. For that reason I made up my mind to quit

STARS' SALARIES

*Motion Picture Stars the Most Highly-Paid Workers in the
For the First Time in History, the Artist is Getting His!*

Rob Wagner

any old picture. True, all of our favorites are not baby-dolls. Some actually possess great artistry, but in any event we go to see personalities.

Our devotion to Colleen Moore, Dick Barthelmess and Rin Tin Tin is a great cross to the producers. Time and again they have tried to subordinate 'film favorites' to their studio labels, but with very doubtful success. They make a picture with good, but unknown actors. Instantly comes a cry from the exhibitors: "Give us names!—Clara Bow! Ronald Colman! Bull Montana! Somebody!" But Clara, Ronald and Bull are working elsewhere, so what—to do?

Well, they've got to offer them more, that's all. It isn't the stars who are demanding big salaries. The producers are offering them. Harry Handsome is getting two thousand dollars a week at the Climax Studio. The Eureka producer learns that his contract will be up on the first. "I can pay him twenty-five hundred a week and make a barrel of money off him!" he exclaims. But another producer, watching the press comments, and learning that Harry's fan mail has doubled in the last year, figures that he can pay him three thousand a week. And so it goes. Harry's salary is absolutely determined by the grand old law of supply and demand. Every time you write him a fan letter you boost his salary. Don't you suppose Clara Bow's five thousand letters a week influence her producers when renewing her contract? I once asked Charlie Chaplin if he didn't get fed up on attracting notice wherever he went. "Yes," he replied, "it is terribly annoying and tiresome. But oh, Bob, how I would hate to have it stop!" Charlie knows it is one measure of success.

While we are solving the mysteries of motion picture salaries we might stop and thank the Wizard of Menlo Park. If ever a movement is started to build Thomas Edison a monument the musicians and picture actors should be the largest contributors, for the basic possibility of their large earnings will be found in those two mechanical devices of reproduction, the cinematograph and the phonograph. Caruso could have sung his head off to individual audiences but he never could have earned the stupendous sums that came to him from his Victor records. Charlie Chaplin could possibly have filled Madison Square Garden twice daily with multitudes to see his art in person, but it is the Edison projector (Cont. on page 104)



☞ Lon Chaney—the greatest character actor in pictures, with salary to match.



☞ Clara Bow's salary has it. We don't know the figure but it's reported to be as interesting as Clara's.

☞ One million dollars for 4 films! Corinne Griffith's.

☞ Harold Lloyd, according to report, earns something like \$30,000 a week.



☞ John Gilbert makes at least \$10,000 a week.



Janet

Gaynor's

☞ It is Janet's Favorite Costume. She Wears It in "Christina." And She Wants One of her Fan Friends to Have It!

☞ Janet Gaynor posing in the beautiful lace gown and cap which she wears in the wedding scenes of "Christina," her latest picture, and which she offers to a fan.

☞ Miss Gaynor Will Give her Lace Gown to the Writer of the Best Letter Answering her Question: "Shall I Continue to Play Character Roles as in 'Seventh Heaven,' 'Street Angel,' and 'Christina'—or Shall I Play the Smart Modern Girl? And Why Do You Think So?"

☞ By 'the best letter' little Janet means that letter which is most expressive, sparkling, clever, and well-written, answering the question the star has asked about what parts she should play.

☞ When you see Janet Gaynor on the screen—as Diane in "Seventh Heaven," or as Angela in "Street Angel"—you feel as if you really know her. She has a sweet and human quality that reaches right out of the picture and touches you and makes you her friend for life! And a costume she has worn in one of her inimitable characterizations becomes doubly valuable because she has worn it.

GIFT GOWN

For the Best Fan Letter

SOMEHOW SCREENLAND is particularly pleased with this month's Gift Offering to a lucky fan. Perhaps it is because Janet Gaynor gives it—and Janet is one of our first favorites—as she is everybody's! And then the fact that this costume which she wears in "Christina" is really exquisite probably has a lot to do with our pleasure! While Miss Gaynor wears it in the wedding scenes in her latest picture, "Christina," it could be worn as well as a costume party gown, and, of course, is just the thing for a fancy-dress ball. But we have a sneaking suspicion that whoever wins it will see, sometime, somewhere, somehow, that it serves its original purpose—as a bridal dress. For these days, you know, modern brides are going in for this sort of thing.

All Photographs Expressly Posed for SCREENLAND by Miss Janet Gaynor. Photographer, Max Mun Autrey.

☞ Janet Gaynor's costume, which she offers to the writer of the best letter answering her question, is of heavy cream-colored satin, with bodice of Venice lace. The bodice, which is form-fitting, reaches the normal waist-line. The long sleeves are also of lace, and are topped with satin shoulder caps. The skirt of satin is gathered quite full, is ankle-length, and banded with eight-inch width of lace at the hem, as well as apron-effect in front. A charming gown.



☞ The cunning little cap worn by Miss Gaynor goes with the dress. It is close-fitting, of Venice lace—pretty and piquant enough for evening wear.



Janet Gaynor has just completed "Christina" and has sent SCREENLAND the lovely lace gown and cap which she wears in the wedding scenes—and of which, she says, "It's just about the sweetest costume I have ever worn in a picture! I became very fond of it while I was doing those scenes and I do hope that whoever wins it will like it, too!" "Christina" is laid in a little village in Holland but this costume is of no particular country—more, says Janet, of a "dream dress!"

Address:—JANET GAYNOR
SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th Street, New York City
Contest closes March 10, 1929

"Open House"

By Grace Kingsley



☞ Dolores Del Rio was the guest of honor at an elegant party—but before it was over she was out in the kitchen cooking ham and eggs for the other guests!

"MARY DUNCAN just never will go back to the stage now, of course," remarked Patsy the Party Hound, as we paused for a moment before Miss Duncan's beautiful new English-mansion home in Bell-Air, the other evening, before going to her house-warming party.

We had gone out there with Eduard Raquello, and we paused a moment to admire the beautiful rolling grounds about her house—grounds containing great old trees, lovely lawns, flower gardens. And there was a gaily lighted Christmas tree on the front lawn—a growing Christmas tree, which had been decorated and lighted before Christmas and which still remained, a cheerful friend beckoning Mary's guests with a bright welcome.

Inside we found our hostess looking radiantly lovely in a rainbow-hued gown that set off her daintiness.

"Miss Duncan is sweet and piquant at the same time," remarked Eduard after our greetings were over. "That's a combination one seldom finds."

There was a great fire in the big living-room, and there we found many guests gathered, although many overflowed, too, into the library and

reception rooms.

One of the first people we met was Jack Gilbert, who had arrived alone, and who was as handsome, courteous, and entirely charming as ever. Greta Garbo is in Europe, you know.

"When anybody becomes as universally popular as Jack Gilbert is on the screen, there is some good reason inherent in his inner self that makes it so," remarked Eduard.

"Oh, there's quite a line-up of romances here," remarked Patsy, as we said hello to lovely little Janet Gaynor and to Charles Farrell, and to Nick Stuart and Sue Carol.

Nick declared that he never expected to know a diviner hour than that spent with Sue in a gondola in Venice on a moonlight night while both were abroad making a picture for Fox.

"Such things just don't happen!" remarked Janet gaily. She and Charlie Farrell had expected to go abroad together to do a picture, but now that seems to be called off.

Sally Phipps had come with Earl Weingart; and Lowell Sherman arrived a little late, following a benefit performance in which he had taken part.

One fascinating guest was Fay Compton, the famous

☞ Bebe and her beach-house.



in HOLLYWOOD

Q *"Walk right in and make yourself at home!" say the stars, most hospitable folk in the world. We don't mind if we do!*

English actress, who amused and delighted us with her bright wit.

Lya de Putti, alluring as ever—maybe a little more so now that she has made her hair auburn, and bobbed it close—came with F. W. Murnau, who seemed much devoted to her.

"But after all," remarked Patsy with a sigh, "you never can quite tell about these foreign men. They all have such gallant manners."

June Collyer came with Howard Sheehan. June looked simply ravishing in a tight-fitting white beaded gown with a wide flounce of white chiffon.

We talked a lot with Sue Carol, who is always the life of the party. She was wearing a ring, we noticed, on her engagement finger; but it turned out to be an heirloom—handed down from her great-grandmother—a large opal surrounded by tiny diamonds and set in quaint design. She had been running about getting autographed photographs, she said, for a small invalid boy she knew. She said that

she knew she should be in the publicity business, because she was just born for it. She kidded Joseph Shea, of the Fox publicity department, asking him if, should anything happen to her picture career, she might be allowed to stenog a little for him and sweep out the office—said she was willing to begin at the bottom and work up.

She was wearing Nick Stuart's gardenias, and they appear to be more devoted to each other than ever.

Nick told us more about his trip in Europe. He said that he loved the picturesqueness of Spain. In one town, he told us, a quaint little place, the King was expected that day to crown a statue of the Virgin Mary that was



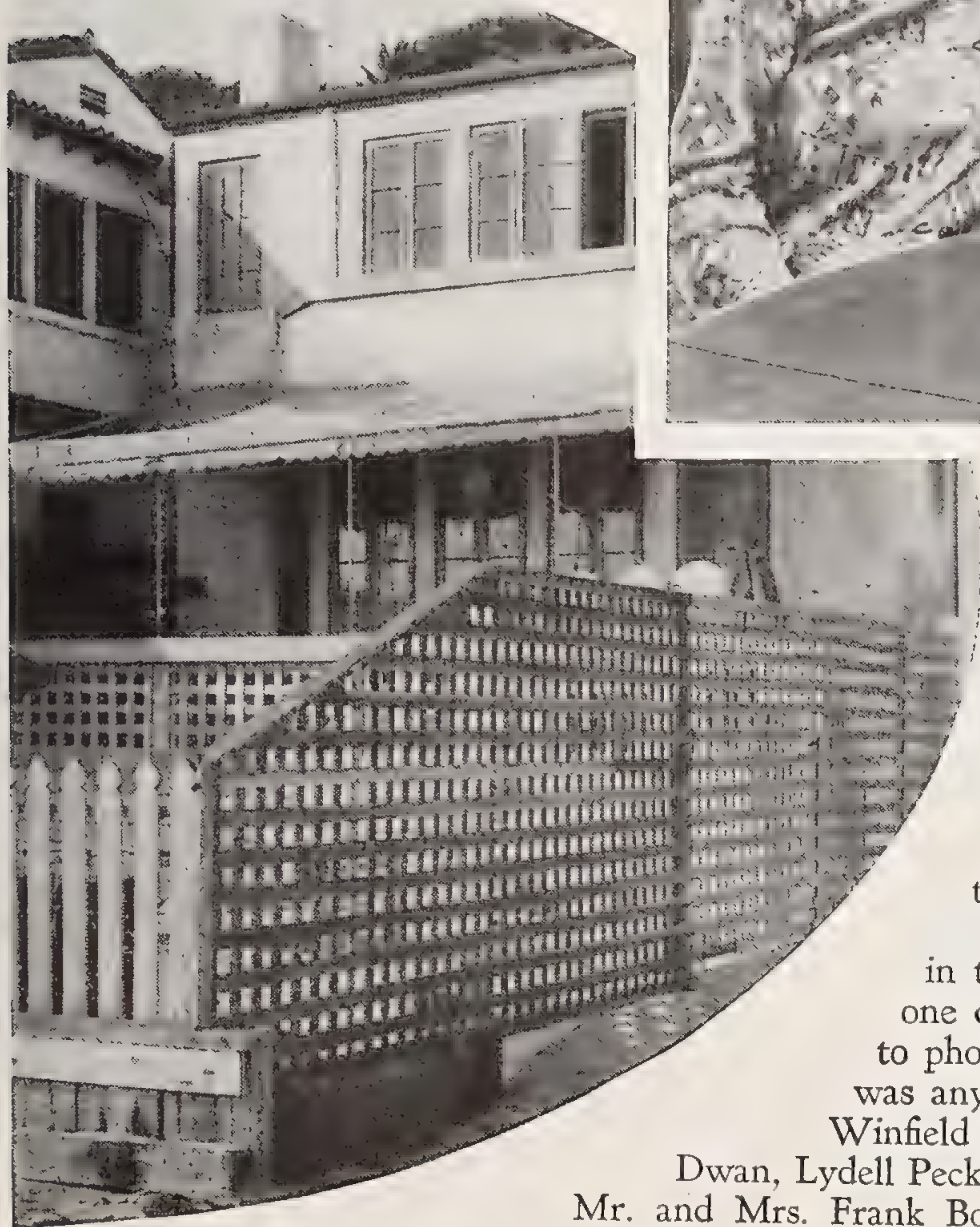
Q When Bebe Daniels holds open house at her beach home, she is assisted in receiving by her mother and her grand-mother, who are as popular as Bebe herself.

being erected in the market place. The King arrived in due time, and out came all the people dressed in their native costumes. They seemed to idolize their ruler, and said that no little village was ever too small for him to visit if he was invited for some special occasion.

"Ours was the first automobile that had ever visited the town, and how the people crowded around it!" said Nick.

"The natives all followed the camera and wanted to work in the picture," he declared. "And in Italy, we were working one day when Mussolini arrived in town. He freely allowed us to photograph him and when we had finished, he asked us if there was anything else we wanted him to do!"

Winfield Sheehan was there, and George O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Dwan, Lydell Peck, Robert Benchley, Marguerite Churchill, Helen Twelvetrees, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Borzage, Mr. and Mrs. Sol Wurtzel, Howard Sheehan, Mr.





☞ The new English home of Mary Duncan, the Broadway actress who deserted the stage for Hollywood and the movies.



☞ Mary Duncan in the doorway of her home, waiting to welcome the guests who came to her house-warming party. Read Grace Kingsley's account of the party. More darn fun!

and Mrs. Jack Blystone, Mr. and Mrs. Tristram Tupper, Carey Wilson, Dave Stamper, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Mr. and Mrs. Chandler Sprague, Phil Klein, A. H. Van Buren, and a dozen others.

Lois Moran, looking fresh and sweet and wholesome as she always does, came with Walter Hutchinson.

George O'Brien arrived alone—Olive Borden, he explained, being ill with a cold.

Lilyan Tashman, gorgeous in a white satin gown made in a manner so cunning as to suggest a Greek costume, and looking very pretty these days with a new bob to her golden hair, came with Eddie Lowe, her husband.

"Oh, there's Bebe Daniels!" exclaimed Patsy, running over to greet Bebe, who had just come in with Robert Castle—who, by the way, seems to have an awful crush on Bebe. Miss Daniels looked positively ethereal in a tight-fitting white gown.

"And when a brunette manages to look ethereal, she must be lovely indeed!" observed Patsy. "And isn't Robert Castle just too handsome!"

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn were there, Mrs. Goldwyn in a white gown, looking girlish and beautiful.

Mrs. Allan Dwan turned out to be a perfectly delightful young lady, amusing and pretty. She used to be Marie Shelton in the Follies, you know. She told us about how she and Allan are living at Malibu Beach, and how they had a Christmas tree right outdoors on the beach. She also told about buying a new car to surprise her husband, who is directing Douglas Fairbanks, you know, in "The Iron Mask."

(Continued on page 94)



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

JANET GAYNOR in *"Christina"*

Photograph by Kahle

CERTAIN CHARMERS

When Lovely Movie
Ladies Dress Up Like
Naughty Babies.

¶ Sheba is a more or less current slang term signifying somebody's girl-friend. Evelyn Brent, below, explains its origin, as the Queen of all Shebas.

If Cleopatra really looked like this—left—who could blame Messrs. Caesar or Antony? Posed by Renee Adoree—herself, in person

Ruth Harriet
Louise

Otto Dyar



of SCREEN HISTORY

☞ All photographs on this page by Ruth Harriet Louise.

☞ If these are faithful impersonations of famous ladies of yesterday, more men would be inspired to make history.

☞ To the right: Aileen Pringle as Du Barry—or Pompadour? Which ever celebrated charmer Aileen is made up for, she is equipped to take the kinks out of any old king.



☞ Dorothy Janis as Lorelei—to the left. No, not Lorelei Lee; but Lorelei, the despair and delight of ancient, and other, marmers.



☞ So this is Salome! Gwen Lee, assisted by spangles and strands of pearl beads, is about to go into her dance. Would this were a motion picture!



Mamatt

THIS scene from Greta Garbo's new picture, "Wild Orchids," in which Nils Asther also plays, may explain why those orchids went wild



Max Mun Autrey

CHARLES FARRELL making love to Mary Duncan in "The River"—or maybe it's the other way around. Anyway, we hope you like it!



Seely

COLUMBIA, the Gem of the Ocean—pardon us, we mean Dorothy Revier, the gem of Columbia pictures! And isn't she pretty?



Harold Dean Carsey

THERE are a few women in the world so lovely that other women admit it. Billie Dove is just such an irresistible beauty.



Kornman-Bruno

POEMS have been written in praise of perfect trees and pretty girls. Exhibit A of the latter: Betty Compson, whose story is opposite.

The Miracle Girl

Betty Compson's Success Story.

By F. James

☞ She starred in "The Miracle Man" — and she's still starring. Below: in a scene with Milton Sills from "The Barker."



BETTY COMPSON is the miracle girl of the movies. She made her hit in "The Miracle Man" and she is still going strong.

She is a refutation of the 'beautiful but dumb' theory. She proves erroneous the accepted belief that actresses and artists are not business women. She is both politic and frank, a combination that wise men deny being possible.

Miss Compson lives for two very definite things. They are love and wealth. She places love first. She frankly admits these are the only things that matter much. Her screen work she likes but principally because of its finan-

cial returns.

Miss Compson is frank to admit that she is capable of earning more money as a screen star than she would be able to make in any other business. Probably she is correct. She earned approximately \$170,000 last year. That is the interest, at six per cent per annum, on approximately \$2,830,000. This amount she would have had to invest in any other business to earn a salary equal to that she takes annually from the motion picture industry.

Astounding figures, aren't they? Miss Compson takes them as a matter of course. That is one reason she is amazing. She doesn't consider such a thing as failure. Ever since she was old enough to think for herself, she realized that she wanted two great things—love and wealth. She has won both. In James Cruze, a great screen director and one of Hollywood's most popular men, she found her ideal love match. He quite evidently agreed with her because they have been happily married for five years.

"We will never be divorced," Miss Compson says. "You may take my word for that."

"Jim and I think alike. That is important to any married couple's happiness."

"We don't (Cont. on page 92)



Yo Ho Ho! ~

and a Buster Keaton

Location

¶ *All at Sea with
Helen Ludlam*



A LOCATION on land is one thing. A location at sea is something else. Are you with me?
I was booked for a day at Long Beach with the Buster Keaton company. That sounded great—until they told me to be ready at five-thirty in the morning!

But I managed to get to the Hotel Breakers at Long Beach, where the company was stopping, just in time, for the company cars were standing by and everyone climbing

into them. I did likewise and was taken to the dock where a steam launch waited to take us to the yacht in the harbor. It was just a few minutes' spin and we found ourselves on board the neatest little yacht you ever saw. I began looking about immediately for breakfast but everyone had had it, which gave me great concern. Everyone was very mysterious about it and kept saying, "Wait till



☞ If you aren't a good sailor you will be—or else—when you read our Location Lady's account of her marine adventures with Buster Keaton and company.

Mr. Sedgwick comes." Edward Sedgwick, the director, seemed to be the only one who knew the words: "Open sesame!"

In the meantime the seamen and grips were fastening the yacht to a tug which was to hold the four cameras and several wind machines for the first shot. They took the cameras over in a row boat and as the operators climbed the slippery side of the tug they got razed in turn by the crowd on board the yacht, about fifty feet away. Several oranges and apples were pitched across the watery space just as a mark of affection. They had to photograph Buster

while he climbed over the rigging, slipped and slid, got all tangled up in the ropes and finally fell into the water.

The idea of the story, temporarily titled "Spite Marriage," is that Buster started life as a tailor and as he pressed and cleaned his customers' swell suits he wore them a time or two—to be sure that they were all right. He fell in love with the leading lady of a stock company, Dorothy Sebastian, and bribed a super who had to kiss her to let him play the bit. In a fit of temper against the leading man, Edward Earle, Dorothy marries Buster thinking, because of his clothes, that he is a millionaire. When she finds out the truth she gives him the air and goes off on a yacht with a party of friends, including Edward Earle. Buster, to forget his woes, ships on a boat that is wrecked, and he is paddling disconsolately about in the water when the yacht his wife is on picks him up. The captain says he

can work his way back to shore and Buster does his best, but he is a tailor, not a boatman. When he discovers that his wife is on board his whole effort is spent in keeping out of her sight, which leads to complications. That bit of the picture was what I saw. Leila Hyams is in the cast, too, but not in (Cont. on page 110)

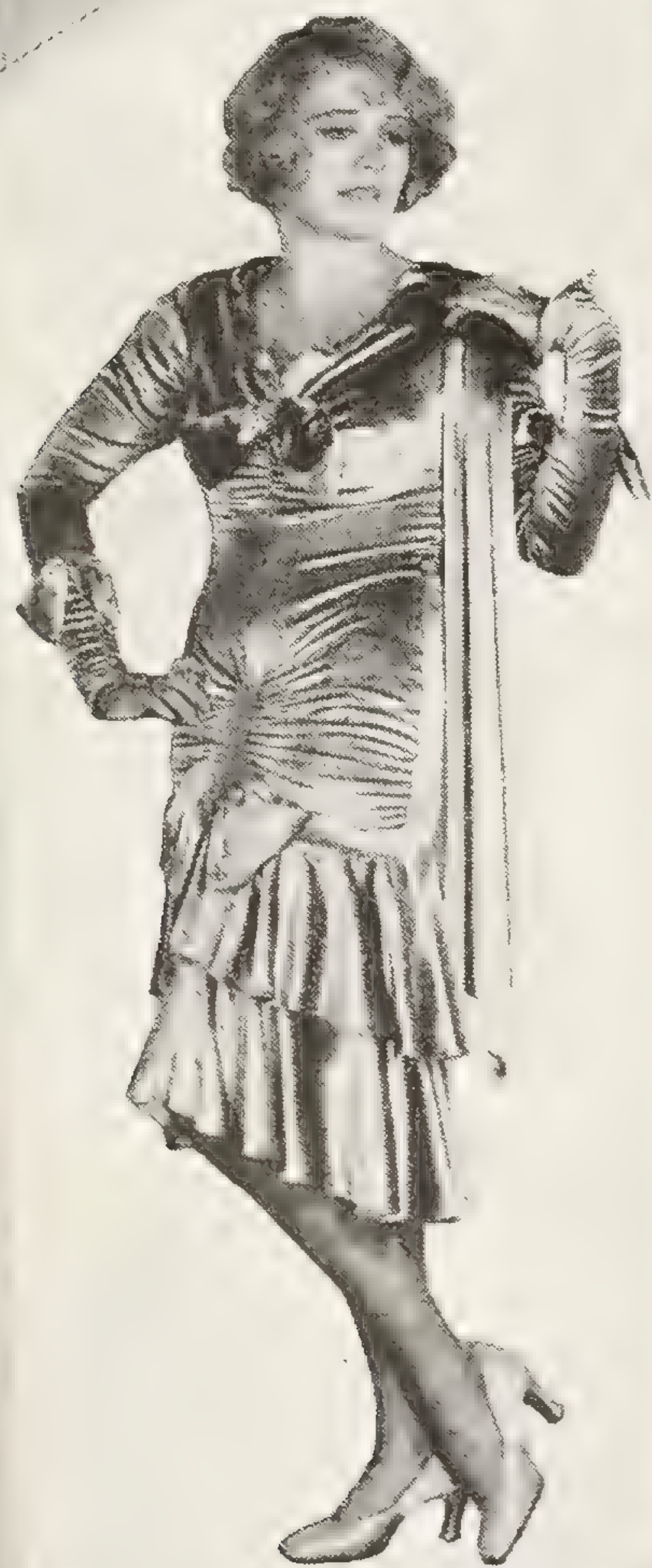


☞ What are these wild waves saying? From left to right: Helen Ludlam with Director Edward Sedgwick—both good sailors; the camera crew 'shooting' Buster Keaton; Mr. Keaton and his leading lady, Dorothy Sebastian, who wishes she was back in the studio; and last—but really, you'll have to excuse us!

HOW *the* "DEB"

By *Adrian*
Screenland's Fashion Editor

☞ To the left: Anita Page discusses her new wardrobe with Gilbert Adrian, the famous designer who creates clothes for Miss Page and other Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars.



☞ Above, and reading down the style strip: Anita wearing a pajama ensemble of deep rose created by Adrian; next, a lounging suit; then an evening costume—a stiff black velvet wrap over a bouffant gown; and finally, Anita in an afternoon frock of periwinkle blue panne velvet, which she wears in "Modern Maidens"—the same dress Adrian is showing her in the photograph to the upper left.

ANITA PAGE is one of the modern young women who like the bird of Paradise and other rare birds should be protected by some society, lest her species become extinct! In other words, Miss Page is one of the really 'honest to goodness' ultra-feminine women. Put her in sports things and she remains feminine; put her in pajamas of the most boyish type—and still she makes it ridiculously like lavender and lace, in spite of itself. There should always be that type of young woman. Miss Page is its essence. She literally smothers any severity by her femininity. The more boyishly one dresses her, the more

SHOULD DRESS

Adrian Designs Clothes for the Pretty, Fluffy, Ultra-Feminine Girl of Debutante Age Personified by Anita Page.

Adrian, noted fashion expert, acts as style advisor to SCREENLAND readers. Ask him questions concerning clothes. He will be glad to help you. Address Adrian, SCREENLAND Magazine, 49 West 45th St., N. Y. C.

soaps and skin-you-love-to-touch advertisements. Ziegfeld would glorify her forever.

If you are an Anita Page you have, perhaps, from a clothes standpoint, the 'easiest way,' so to speak. There is no straight and narrow path for you—you can gambol all over the place—for you are beautiful, and beauty has perhaps an easier path to walk.

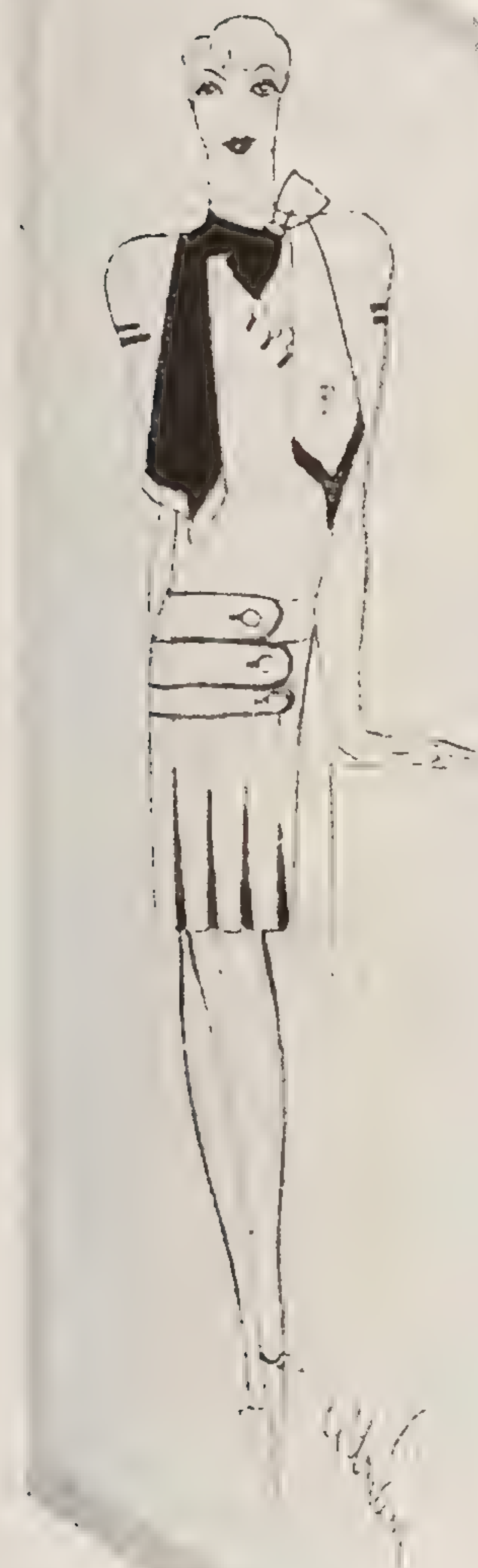
Of course you can never be really interesting to look

at — this you must sacrifice.

You can never be startling because, alas, you are beautiful! You can never

(Continued on page 105)

The small photograph below shows the shimmering sequin trimming of the evening gown, and the bow-knot pattern at the back.



One of the cleverest creations Gilbert Adrian has ever conceived is the jaunty little sports dress sketched above, of white crepe trimmed with red. Next, a grey tweed day dress designed for Anita Page worn by her in "Modern Maidens." According to Adrian, the very pretty, 'fluffy' type of girl may wear the most severe clothes and still remain perfectly feminine.

she emerges a most perfect girl.

In the first place she is blonde—so terribly blonde that nothing else matters! She has the potential qualities of the most fluffy kitten. Put her in periwinkle blue and she fairly purrs her delight. Lavender is equal to a large bowl of milk to her, and white does for her exactly what the loveliest bow ever tied around a kitten's neck would do!

Anita was made for favorite face powders,



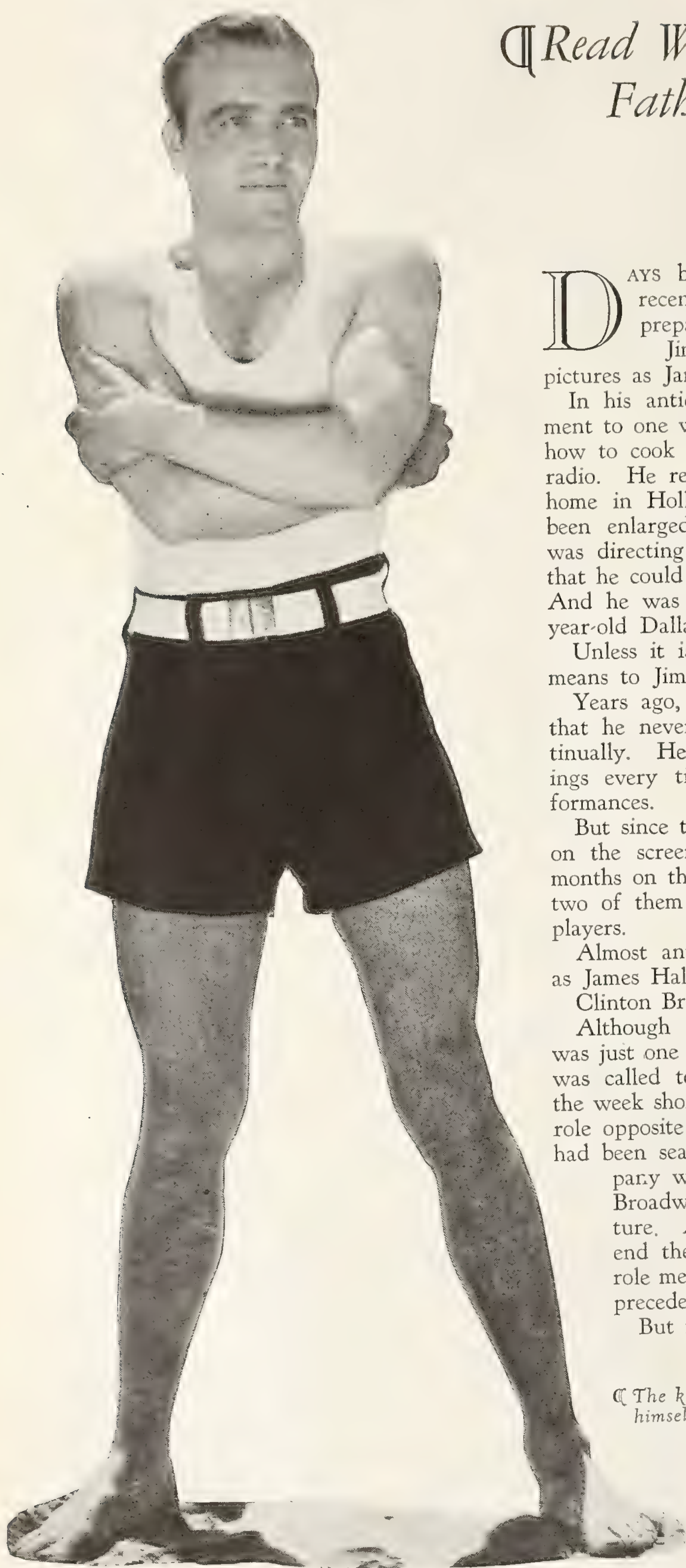
Anita Page wearing a delicate tulle dance frock designed for her by Adrian.



"My Son—

*Read What the World's Proudest
Father Thinks of his Boy.*

By John Engstead



DAYS before an eastern train pulled into Los Angeles recently with Clinton Brown aboard, James Brown was preparing for the first visit of his father. Jimmy Brown is listed on the cast sheets of motion pictures as James Hall.

In his anticipation, Jimmy moved from a three-room apartment to one with five rooms. He had his negro house-boy learn how to cook all his father's favorite dishes. He bought a new radio. He redecorated a room for his dad. He leased a new home in Hollywood where the two could move when it had been enlarged. He arranged with Josef von Sternberg, who was directing his new picture, "The Case of Lena Smith," so that he could have some extra time that noon to meet the train. And he was down to the depot an hour before the little 67-year-old Dallas painter arrived.

Unless it is told, no one knows how much his father's visit means to Jimmy Hall.

Years ago, it seems, the elder Brown told the junior Brown that he never could succeed on the stage. He told him continually. He told him emphatically. He told him with scoldings every time the youngster danced in amateur night performances.

But since that time, James Hall has accomplished a great deal on the screen and before that on the stage. During his 31 months on the screen, Hall has appeared in 17 film productions, two of them road-shows. He has played opposite 12 feminine players.

Almost any father would like to have a son as well-known as James Hall.

Clinton Brown is no exception.

Although the visit was to have lapsed into months, there was just one week of Hollywood for Jimmy's dad because Jimmy was called to Texas for personal appearances. And to make the week shorter, on the last day the son was cast in the leading role opposite Vilma Banky in her next picture. All Hollywood had been searched for a leading man. Finally the Banky company went to New York confident that they could find a Broadway actor on the scene of the location of the picture. All the boys of the play-shops were tested. In the end they came back to Hollywood and James Hall. The role meant fittings for clothes, story conferences and all that precedes the start of a picture.

*☞ The kid
himself!*

But in that week's visit, Jimmy saw that his father was properly introduced to Hollywood. He met every star of the colony. He visited every studio. He had his picture taken with his son. And he went to every well-known place around the film city.

Although he was once wrong about the eventual success of his son, now there are three topics from which anyone talking to Hall's

Jimmy Hall!"

father can never get very far. One is James Hall. Another is James Hall's boyhood. And the other is James Hall's success.

Clinton Brown is the proudest father in Hollywood. Jimmy's dad has kept back his pride for years and it has all exploded during this visit with his son.

"One thing," laughs the 67-year-old edition of the screen player, "Jimmy climbed all the way himself—in spite of my opposition.

"The main reason I tried to stop Jimmy was because of his youth. And it's hard to visualize your son a success in a profession where thousands want the same thing. But nobody could have stopped Jimmy. He inherited his ambition from his mother. She was in musical comedy before our marriage. Real stage determination must seize you like a tremendous current.

"When he was three years old, Jimmy's mother used to teach him and his older sister dancing. They'd roll back the rug and away they would dance in front of the fireplace. Jimmy was so small that he fell down easily until he learned. But it never hurt him. They used to do a skating dance and several tap dances when company came.

"When Jimmy was four, his mother died. The other day, he told me that is one of the first things he remembers. He came into her room with his sister. He was dressed in a sailor suit his mother made. She drew him up to her and said, 'Jimmy, I do want you to be a good boy. I'm so tired. I'm going to sleep. Won't you go out and play?' He didn't understand and ran out and played.

"I tried three housekeepers but Jimmy wouldn't do anything they asked him to. He would stand right up to them and say, 'My mother never did that.' So I sent him to his grandfather's ranch at Thornton and the other two went to their aunt's home. After three years, I married again and all three children came



☞ The Brown boys—in other words, Jim Brown, known on the screen as James Hall, and his father, Clinton Brown.

back to live with us. Jimmy went to a military academy down the street. He began dancing again on his own accord.

"When he was nine years old, he was always at the theaters. If we wanted him, we'd have to walk down to the show. At first, I'd spank him when he came home. But that was so often that finally I just chastised him when he stayed out after ten o'clock.

"He knew everybody in the theaters. When travelling companies came, he'd meet them at the station. They usually arrived at six in the morning. Well, Jimmy was down at the depot and helped them carry suitcases and if there was anybody who had never been there before, he'd show them to the hotel. Actors were gods to him.

"Every night he'd go down to the theater to watch the actors arrive. Sometimes the ushers would let him go back stage and watch the performance. Sometimes he'd be around the ticket office. He'd always get in some way. When he couldn't find any other way to see the show, Jimmy would give out hand-bills advertising the program for a pass.

"On Thursdays the vaudeville house of Dallas used to have

(Cont. on page 107)



☞ Before James Hall became a movie star—a snapshot between acts of "The Passing Show," in which he danced with Margaret Breen, above.

Delight Trane's REVIEWS

¶ A grand, rowdy, combination movie-musical comedy-vaudeville show

MY MAN

¶ Fannie's First Film.

FANNIE, meet the folks. Folks, Fannie. You'll like her—in her own words, you'll be 'crazy for her.' You'll have to be yourself with Fannie. She forgets she's a lady in "My Man" and you'll forget your manners laughing at her. Her first film is gay, infectious, low-brow entertainment—a grand, rowdy, combination movie-musical comedy-vaudeville show.

Fannie Brice is the First Female Clown of the American stage. And such is her hilarious effect upon me that I am about to forget what I owe the one or two leading movie comedienues and install Fannie as the supreme funny woman of the screen. She's not only funny—she is ingratiating. This 'pathos' stuff has been overworked among comedians, but Fannie brings a new brand that you won't be ashamed to sniff at. Miss Brice is a very real actress and a most engaging personality when she chooses to 'play it straight.'

"My Man" is, next to Jolson's "Singing Fool," the smoothest vehicle a stage celebrity ever rode to screen fame in. Concocted for Fannie's talents, it not only affords the star ample opportunity to perform her specialties, but it is very fair entertainment on its own account. The star is seen as a sewing-machine girl—one of those mothering hearts usually so objectionable but, as played by Fannie, just good-natured. She big-sisters Edna Murphy and little brother, and finally a man, Guinn Williams, who, much to his surprise, is soon found enacting the title role of

the film. Oh, yes, there's a plot, but I don't want to get mixed up in it. Enough that now and then it stops to allow Fannie to sing her best songs, such as "I'm an Indian," "Spring," and—yes, indeed—"My Man"; and to recite "Mrs. Cohen at the Beach," which I

¶ Fanny Brice, singing about 'Spring'—in "My Man."

humbly consider one of the Great Moments in the theater, rivalling Charles Chaplin's most inspired clowning. I know Miss Brice's masterpiece is a monologue rather than pantomime and that it wouldn't be possible without

sound equipment; but what of that? It's

a classic no matter what you call it. The direction is more than adequate. There is one scene in the factory, recording the whirr of the sewing-machines and the buzz of the workers' voices, which is the nearest to artistic illusion the talkies have attained.

Edna Murphy as the scheming sister is so much more exciting than she ever was as a sweet girl that it makes you wonder if there is any justice in the movies. The new Miss Murphy will never be out of a job. If you like to laugh, see "My Man" with that funny woman, Fannie Brice.

If the talkies are carrying on that noble old tradition of 'A laugh first and last,' with Fannie and Al contributing, let's give them a big welcome!



LOVE!

*Who is Singing and Dancing
Fame in the Talkies.*

Sydney Valentine

outstanding attraction of the talking films.

Her career goes back to the days of the old Triangle Film Company where she made herself famous in the sad-eyed rôles of the abused little slavey. She was discovered by D. W. Griffith, or rather, she invited Griffith to discover her. For during a school vacation she called on the great director and asked him to give her a part in a motion picture. The mixture of her childish naivete and audacity tickled the director so much that he cast her in "Flying Torpedoes" and from the first she displayed dramatic talent. But she became identified with a 'type' role and when the movie taste

Photographs of Bessie Love in "Broadway Melody" by R. H. Louise.



☞ Where am I?



☞ Whoopee!



☞ Hope you like it!



☞ See you in the movies!

changed, directors and producers were unable to see her in any other characterization. One of her last important appearances on the screen was in the title role of "Lovey Mary," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, released in 1926 with Wil-

liam Haines as the leading man.

In 1927 she ceased trying to gain a new foothold on the screen and turned her attention to the stage. She played in stock in San Francisco and later became the star of a coast company of "Burlesque." When the production closed she entered vaudeville.

Miss Love has always been a dancer of extraordinary talent. During the 'Charleston' craze, she was the champion in that high-tempo dance, and she has won several trophies for her grace and agility in the dance. During the lean years she took vocal lessons and developed a naturally sweet

and strong singing voice, so that when she decided to enter vaudeville, she was all prepared. She could sing and she could dance, she had had stage experience and she could also play the ukulele. She was booked over a Western circuit for a fourteen weeks tour which took her from Vancouver to Salt Lake City, Utah. Wishing to test her stage abilities, she traveled under the name of Virginia Lee, so that no success which came to her would be because she was 'Bessie Love of the Movies.'

While she was making her vaudeville tour, the sudden craze (Cont. on page 99)



¶ Carroll Nye and Helen Lynch—one of Hollywood's most popular married couples, on or off the screen.

She Married Him to Reform Him!

¶ *And For Once It Worked. Carroll Nye Has Graduated from Juveniles to Leads, All for the Little Woman!*

By Betty Boone

"WHEN you marry me there are two things you must promise to give up!" said Helen Lynch, looking at Carroll Nye severely.

Carroll shifted uneasily to the other foot, looked affectionately at his cigarette case, and then, after a sidelong glance at his affianced wife, managed to stutter, "Okay, mama, shoot the bad news."

"Carroll, you must keep out of jail! And what is more, you must stop being a brother to half the beauties of Hollywood. There is no future in that sort of thing. You will never get ahead on the screen until you stop playing saps and start playing leads!"

P. S. She won!

Up to that point in his screen career, Carroll Nye had played brother to most of the cinema stars and, because he was usually a weakling as well, bringing nothing but woe to his celluloid sisters, he was always in the shadow of a jail if not actually behind the bars. He had met an untimely demise half a dozen times by bullets or a bash on the head, had been put out of the picture by the hangman's rope and the electric chair and, if our memory

serves us correctly, he was once thrown overboard and drowned.

But, since nine months ago when Helen and Carroll were married after she exacted this promise from him, he has been endeavoring to turn over a new leaf.

In "The Perfect Crime," he played the part of a young husband unjustly accused of a crime and of course was kept out of jail. In "While the City Sleeps," Lon Chaney not only keeps him out of the penitentiary but hands beautiful Anita Page over to him for keeps. In "The Flying Fleet," he is Ramon Novarro's aviator buddie and, while more or less up in the air, he emerges honorably and intact. His last two pictures have been real leads: in Lionel Barrymore's first directorial effort for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, "Confessions," and with Vera Reynolds in "Jazzland." At the present writing, he is making a test for the leading role of one of the much-discussed big productions to be made in the near future, and all his friends are pulling for him for they agree with Helen that all the boy needs is an outstanding opportunity such as this to put his name in electric lights. (Cont. on page 103)



Lansing Brown

HE is one of the youngest and ablest of the promising leading men: Carroll Nye, whose story is on the opposite page.



Gene Robert Richee

HE rose to fame in "Wings" and he keeps right on soaring. Richard Arlen is our candidate for stardom and glory. Success!



Freulich

MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE plays Con-
stance in Douglas Fairbanks' new film,
"The Iron Mask." Remember Marguerite?



Edwin Bower Hesser

THE little girl of "Stella Dallas" has grown up into a charming young woman. Lois Moran is a child prodigy who made good.

MOVIELAND

It was Neil Hamilton's talent for tricks of magic that lead to his romance with Elsa and then to recognition in the movies. Now their happy marriage lends magic to Hollywood.

By Julie Lang

IF you like your movie stars served without marriage, don't read this, for I am going to wax narrative about the Hamiltons, Elsa and Neil, who are Hollywood's staple product in the matrimonial line.

Such rocky topography as Neil's screen career, his repete for being the handsomest man in motion pictures, long hours of day and night work, have not swerved the good old Hamilton ship one inch off its original course.

Elsa and Neil live sanely in the midst of people who thrive on chaos. They ignore Hollywood's night life, house parties, and yacht parties, exclusive and otherwise. Furthermore, the Hamiltons have not bought a Hollywood mansion, and are perhaps the only well-known couple in the colony that can boast such an omission. When questioned on this subject they will laughingly tell you that their architectural moods change too rapidly to permit them to be content with one house for more than six months, and even a successful motion picture actor's salary does not allow such flights of fancy as semi-annual residences.

So the Hamiltons rent, in quick succession, Moorish estates, hillside bungalows, English country style houses, and Spanish haciendas, and are enormously

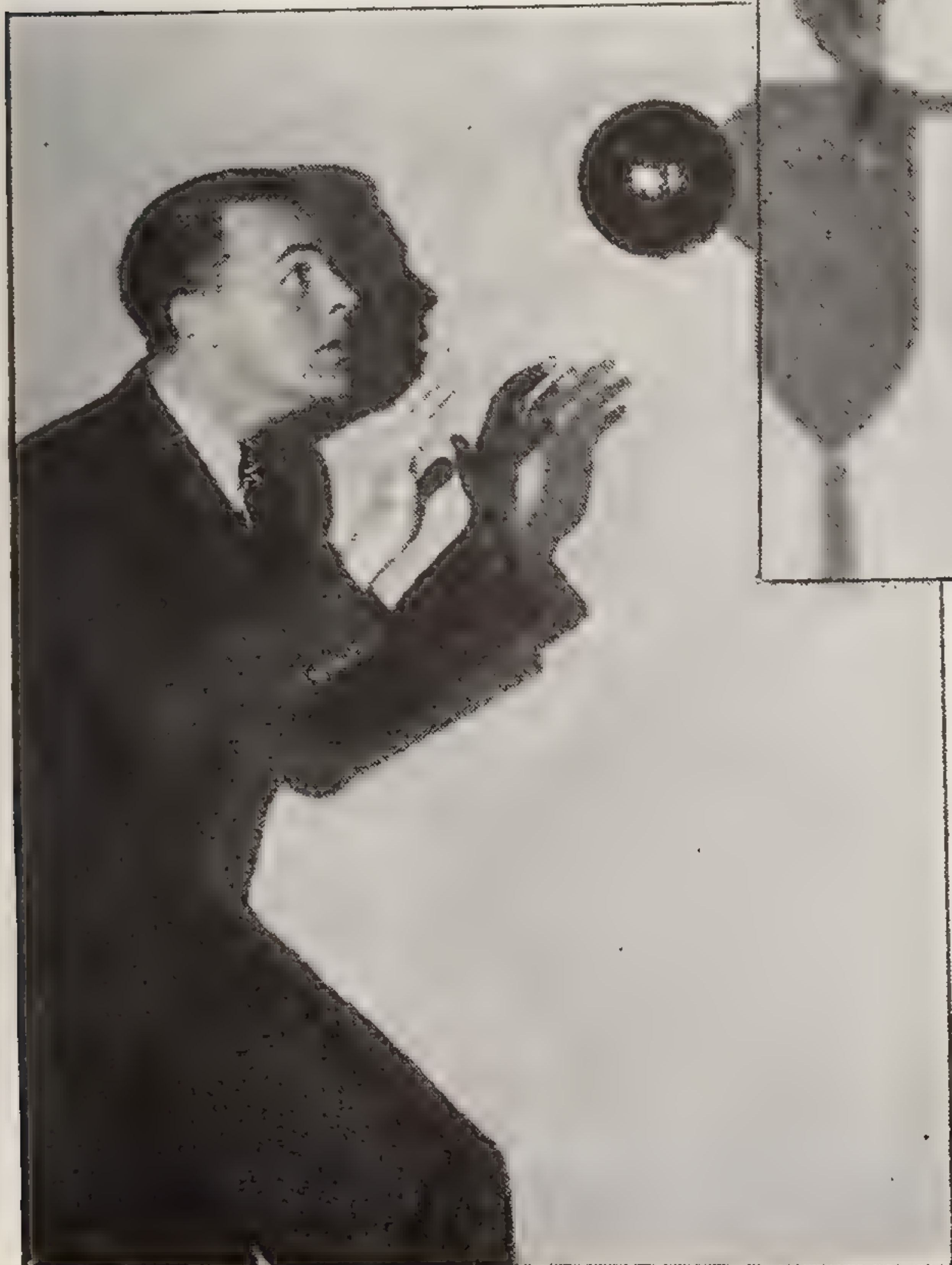
happy in all of them. Their one love is a small beach cottage where they hibernate from May till October and feel pleasantly close to nature when they eat sand with the beans.

Perhaps the true secret of the Hamilton's blissful union is the fact that Elsa still thinks Neil's jokes are funny and loves to watch him do card tricks. No more can be expected from any wife.

In fact Neil's aptitude for tricks of magic lead to his romance with Elsa and thence to recognition in motion picture work.

Neil started life in a frankly poor condition in Massachusetts. At fifteen he had theatrical ambitions and a job in a munitions factory. He holds Hollywood's record for having worked at more odd and various jobs than any other actor. He has sold, or rather failed to sell, advertising, stocks and bonds, cigars. He has made toys, worked in a Ford factory, enacted the role of shipping clerk in a hardware factory, moved scenery, ushered, and finally played leading man in stock.

A small part with the road show of "Artists' Life" landed him in the Saxon Auditorium in Toledo. (Cont. on page 100)



«Aha! Neil Hamilton is doing one of those now-you-see-it-now-you-don't magic tricks—without the aid of mirrors.

«Neil has worked at his magic repertoire until his performance compares more than favorably with the professional variety. He knows every trick. But Neil, where are those rabbits? And the high silk hat?



MAKING UP

¶ One of the real beauties of the screen, Marion Davies is also an artist at making herself up to look like two or three other girls. Learn about make-up from Marion—and you may win her make-up kit.

By Fred Gilman Jopp

“MAKE-UP,” says Marion Davies, her Irish wit bubbling, “is like an irritating itch. Only the person itching knows exactly where to scratch.

“Every woman uses cosmetics. But not many women use them with the understanding and subtlety that making-up demands. Some women don’t buy good cosmetics in the first place; others pay more than they should for what they do buy, but these women are not able to discriminate because they don’t know what they are purchasing. And many women makes a mess of applying make-up after they do get it.”

“Explain that,” I urged.

“Women,” Marion was serious now, “vary with sunlight, with rain,

with bad and good humor, and sickness and health. The best plan for a girl to follow in her make-up is to look at herself first, then at the blending of shades in a flower or bird. Flowers are delicately petaled, deliciously colored. Birds are just flying flowers; their shadings are gradual. Well, every woman should strive to achieve similar effects on her own face. Nature never permits colors to clash in a single flower, nor should they clash in a girl’s make-up or her costume. The whole effect, then, should be in a single color, with a blending in of other harmonizing shades. Do this—hold fast to the natural color effects and you escape the vulgar and artificial.

“Make-up,” Marion went on, “is a devilish thing. It can make or break a girl.

¶ Just look at all these girls—some pretty, some sad; some young, some old. And all of them are Marion Davies, made up for a role in some picture. Marion is, next to Lon Chaney, the cleverest character star the films have produced. And she knows her make-up!

¶ Beauty won her stardom; brains have earned her success in a wide variety of roles. Marion Davies delights in making herself up to look as unattractive as possible. She thinks it’s fun.



with Marion Davies

Why, any one of those jars, bottles and cans you see there"—she pointed to her dressing table—"contain harmless substances. But unscrew the cover of any one of those containers, and a jinnee pops out. I never open one without a thrill. There's voodoo there."

"But how is a girl to know just what make-up is best suited to her individual complexion?" I had an idea that this question would stick her.

"You scratch the spot that itches, Mr. Bones," Marion laughed. "In other words, the make-up that is best adapted to a girl's individual requirements. This she can discover by experimenting with various colors, and——"

"But girls usually buy the make-up that is fashionable at the time," I interrupted.

"They shouldn't," said Marion, "for it cannot possibly give them satisfaction. No girl can expect to make-up perfectly in an hour. She must use the kind she thinks best, live with it and watch its reaction on others from time to time.

"When a girl of rather restrained tastes puts on a gown that is more or less attention-compelling, she does not feel at ease—doesn't 'carry it off.' She knows, even before her friends tell her, that something is wrong. Therefore, if she attempts to carry too much make-up—more than her natural gifts can live up to, she gives the impression of artificiality. But when she evolves her natural make-up—the kind that best expresses her coloring and personality, she avoids all appearance of affectation and artificiality. She doesn't look made up at all.

"My advice to the girl who seeks to understand make-up, is to learn to identify cosmetics with the adaptability with which they blend into her individual requirements. After a little practice the right make-up will suggest itself. And once a girl has her make-up properly related to her complexion she will know exactly what to buy, and use, in cosmetics. Moreover, she will instinctively select the color counterparts that best express herself."

Lon Chaney was working. He, some goofy mathematician once figured, had spent 2180 hours at the make-up table in the last five years. But I knew that Lon's mind revolved around one central idea—the development of new methods



How'd you like to own this complete and perfectly-equipped make-up kit? It contains an assortment of the beauty preparations made by Max Factor, make-up wizard of Hollywood. You don't have to be an actress to appreciate the possibilities of the face-powder, cold cream, liquid whitener, lip-stick, eye-brow and eye-lash aids, face powder brush, and other things that it contains. Write the best letter answering Miss Davies' question—see contest announcement in detail, below—and you will win it. And the ten next best letters win prizes, too.

of make-up and disguise. That struck me funny. I couldn't imagine any nice girl wanting to make-up to look like one of Lon Chaney's screen characters. No, Lon wasn't the lad to help me now.

Suddenly the big idea flashed into my mind. Why hadn't I thought of it before? For out here the words 'make-up' were almost synonymous with a certain celebrated name, and a man who had spent his whole life working with cosmetics. Max Factor was the gentleman who could best give me the exact information necessary. Despite speed cops and a cold motor I left Culver City in nothing flat—bound for Hollywood.

When you come to Hollywood, reader—you will; everybody does sooner or later—be sure to take in the

Max Factor plant. You will see unique departments, as spotlessly immaculate as those in a hospital, and you will view mechanical chefs who will cause you to exclaim in astonishment over the facial delicacies they create. The air inside the building is like that hovering over a rose garden in full bloom. It made me feel like the Spirit of Spring. I wanted to tear off my coat and jump into one of those big velvety lakes of (Cont. on page 112)

Marion Davies wants some girl among motion picture audiences to win her complete \$50.00 Max Factor Make-Up Kit. The kit will be awarded to the writer of the best letter, not exceeding 300 words in length, answering Miss Davies' question: "Does the correct use of make-up actually double a pretty girl's beauty and make any woman, no matter how unlovely, really attractive? Why do you think so?" The writer of the best letter—that is, the cleverest and clearest—answering the question, will receive the \$50.00 make-up kit pictured above on this page. In addition to the first prize there will be ten other prizes of \$5.00 Max Factor Make-Up Kits to the writers of the next ten best letters. And—attention, girls!—in a postscript not to be counted in the 300-word letter, be sure to add the color of your eyes and hair, and the shade of your complexion and lips. Every letter-writer, no matter whether she wins one of the prizes or not, will be agreeably surprised later on.

In New



☞ *Above:* Greta Garbo just before she sailed to her native Sweden for a long-awaited vacation. Next, Tim McCoy arriving in town. And Alberta Vaughn, who came to New York to make a talkie.

☞ *When Movies Stars Come East*

By

GOODBYE, Greta! Come back soon!

Yes, The Garbo left us for a visit to her native land. She has been longing for a look at Sweden ever since she has been over here. But success has its price. (Sounds like a sub-title!) Garbo became famous. She became rich. But she never could get away to go back home! She was lonely and homesick at first for the clear, cold bracing air of her country; most of all she missed her people—her family from whom she had been separated for so long. But—work—picture following picture kept her too busy to take a vacation.

And then she said: "I 'mos' go home for Christmas!" And when Greta says "mos'" it means *must*. She won. Her last picture was rushed through. She sailed from New York in time to join her family for the holidays. I don't believe those rumor-hounds who vow she is gone for good. How can she, when Metro took the precaution of signing her to a new contract before she left Hollywood?

* * *

Clive Brook—ummmm!! Meaning that he is everything—and more—that he should be. I was so afraid I'd be disappointed! I have been, you know, in movie men. You see, I had illusions about Clive—so awfully English, and immaculate, and all! Would he measure up to his screen standards as his fellow-Britisher and friend, Ronald Colman, does? or would he fall far below, as—but mustn't mention names! Anyway, when I heard he was here—right in New York—where I could get at him, not even the fact that he brought his wife with him on his vacation could stop me. I dashed over to his hotel. And—well, he's swell!

York



☞ Belle Bennett, still remembered for "Stella Dallas," on her first trip east in years; then Carlotta King, singing star of "The Desert Song"; and Clive Brook, who likes New York because it reminds him of London a little!

for a Rest—and All the Rest!

Anne Bye

He is rather grave and reserved at first—shy, I suppose—but very, very polite. And his voice, which you heard in "Interference," has a really charming accent—not too bally British, you know; just nice.

Speaking of "Interference," he was. "I like it, yes," he said. "But my role was hardly colorful, was it?" Imagine the serene man liking to play colorful roles! He hopes "Four Feathers" will offer him more opportunity. That's the Cooper-Schoedsack picture that has been in production a long time now.

"I like New York," he admitted, and I suppose I shouldn't quote him but he *did* add: "Better than Hollywood!"

He isn't worried about talkers because he had a long stage career in England. "Though I hope they don't cast me in a musical comedy film—I can't sing!"

He and Mrs. Brook are returning east soon to sail for London on a real vacation, to be gone three months. Mrs. Brook—and not incidentally, either—is a lovely little thing, English, too, and they are really in love if I ever saw love off the screen. She spent most of her days in town doing the shops.

Oh, yes—I asked Clive his favorite picture and he replied: "Forgotten Faces." What's your favorite Brook picture? One with his autograph, I suppose. (Not that I blame you!)

There's just one word that adequately describes Alberta Vaughn—and that's cute! She is cute. Little, and awfully young, and clever, and cuddly—a nice kid and a 'cute trick.'

(Cont. on page 108)

Let's Go to

All Right—Let's! But First, You Had Better Make See. And the Best Way to Go About That is To

Adoration

Meet Billie Dove, as Princess Orloff, and Antonio Moreno, as Prince Orloff, at the height of Russia's court life. After a grand ball, Moreno thinks his wife unfaithful because he sees a woman in her chinchilla coat walk into Nicholas Soussanin's door. Before he can ascertain, the revolution breaks out. Pomp and glory give way to the poverty and degradation of Parisian slums. There, as a victim of absinthe, Moreno does some of the best work of his career. And Billie's four-square loveliness makes all this glamour and fantasy, this beauty and beastliness seem real. Don't miss this one.



Avalanche

Look out, look out! Here's that lusty foreigner, Baclanova, burning up the screen in an absolutely knock-out western. Jack Holt plays the hero, and gambles, cheats, and loves to do right by Johnnie—a child he had adopted. A western which both women and men will enjoy.



Floating College

Want to make whoopee on a floating university? What, you haven't got the price? Never mind, save your money and take in this film instead. Risky as well as risqué scenes in which Sally O'Neil looks especially lovely and William Collier, Junior, particularly handsome.



Love Over Night

Rod La Rocque, money changer, turns into a Romeo overnight when he falls for Jeanette Loff. He thinks Jeanette is concerned in a subway robbery and a little later Jeanette thinks Rod is a crook. A pleasant comedy of errors, with Rod getting the gal in the end.

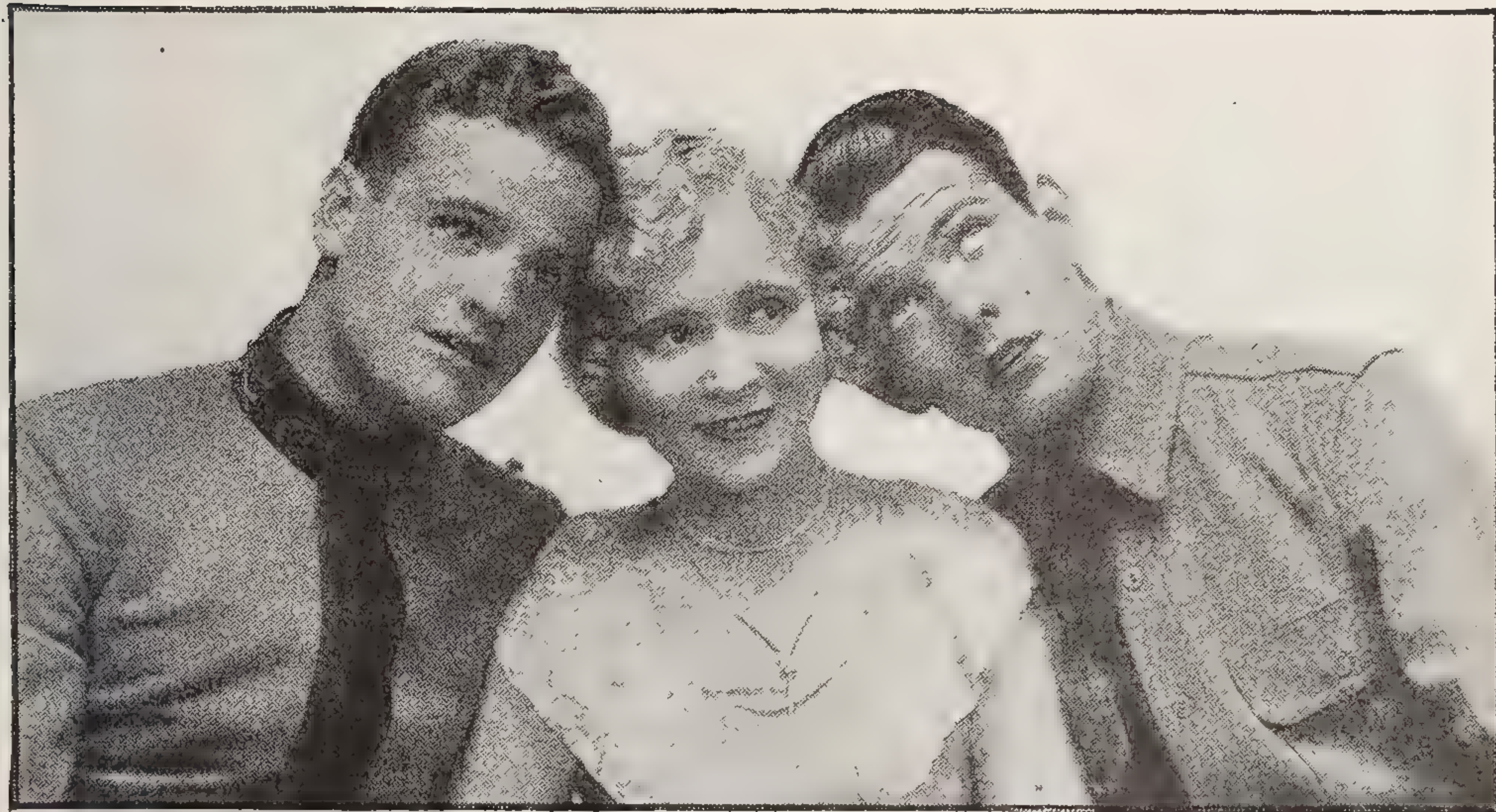


What A Night

Bebe Daniels doing a 'Poor Pauline,' Neil Hamilton and William Austin assisting. As a society-girl reporter she shows up a crooked civic leader and an underworld gang, covering herself with bruises and glory. Wheeler Oakman, the crook, gives a suave performance, and Bebe plenty of laughs.

the Movies!

Up Your Mind As To What Picture You'd Like to Read and Be Guided by Screenland's Revuettes.



Prep and Pep

Culver, Culver, 'Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah! Yep, it's a rip-snorting romance—remarkably well done—about your old Alma Mater, Culver Military Academy. David Rollins and Frank Albertson are out to 'get' Flash, (John Darrow), the Academy's Exhibit 'A' athlete and bully. Do they get him? *They do!* Plenty of action, a prize fight, grand horsemanship from the famous Black Horse Troops, a prairie fire, and love interest as piquant as a yellow rose. Nancy Drexel, the heroine, Rollins and Darrow all good. But the real honors go to Albertson. He's a comer!



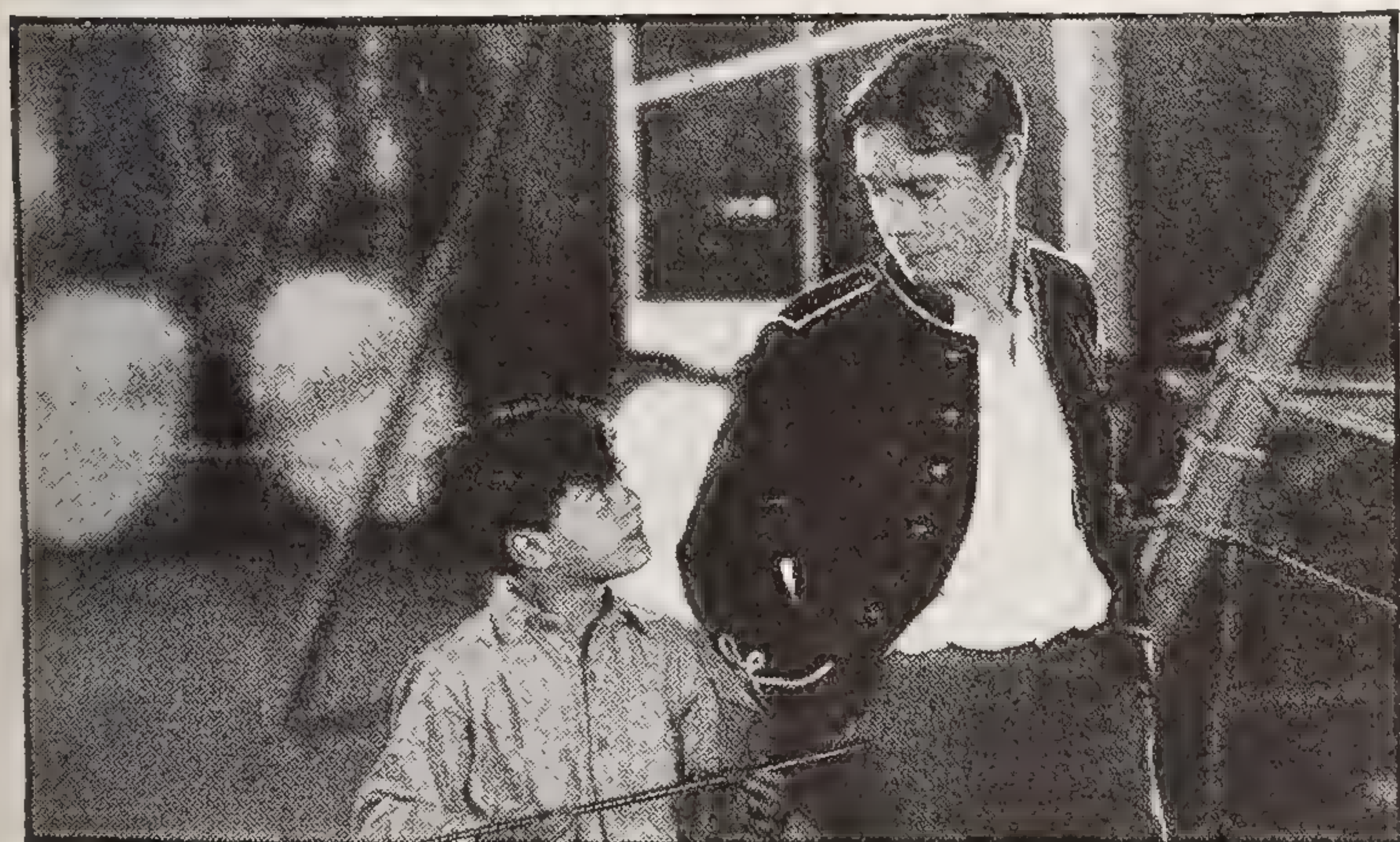
Geraldine

Eddie Quillan transforms Marion Nixon from a brown caterpillar into a social butterfly. She loves Gaston Glass. But like a lot of Don Juans; when trouble comes in the window he rushes out of the door. A funny climax and ending in which Quillan does fine work.



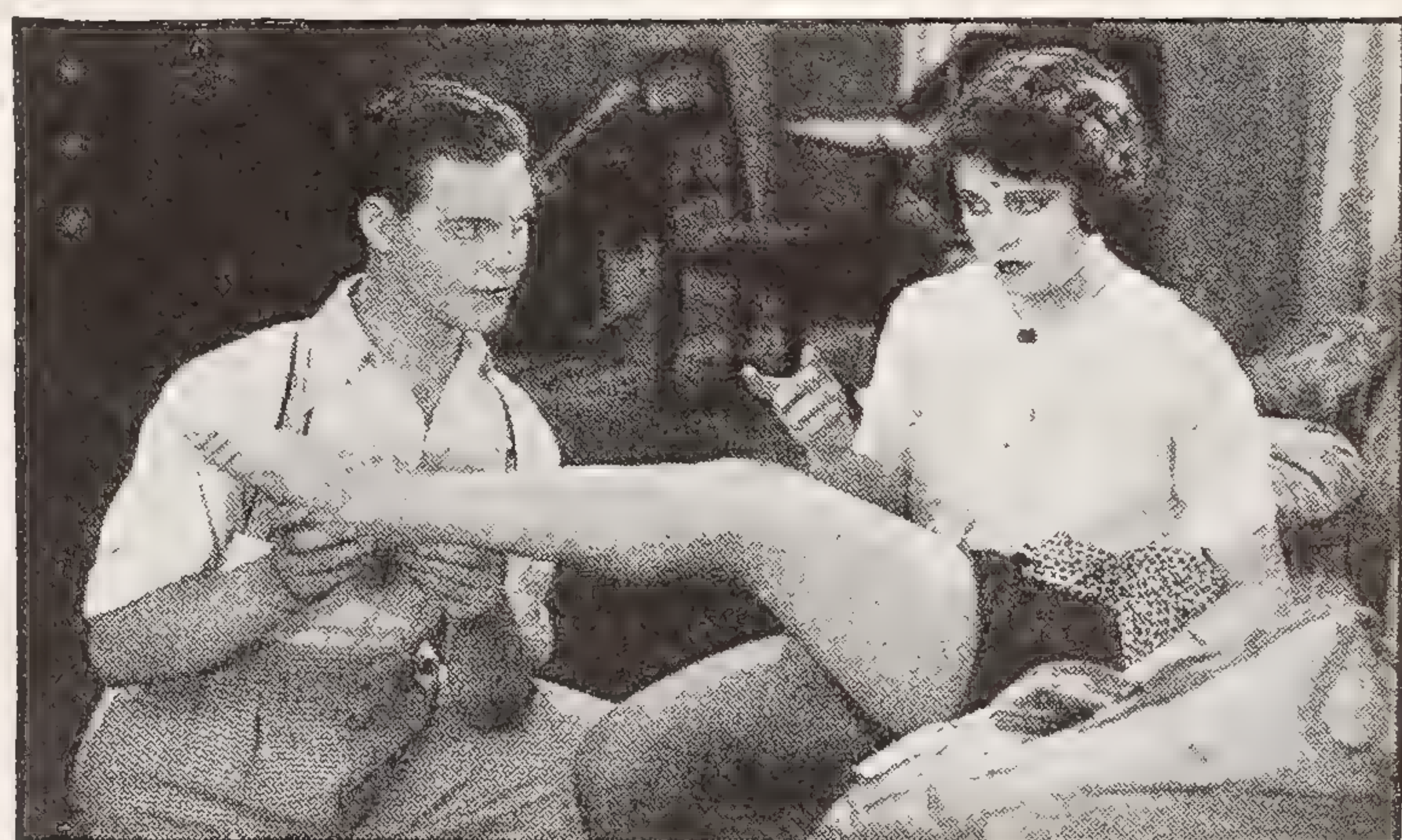
Shady Lady

Love and crime shadow-boxing under a ripe Havana moon. A splendid cast: Phyllis Haver, a lady-not-too-shady, Louis Wolheim, the gun smuggler, Robert Armstrong, the hi-jacker, and Russell Gleason, the naive reporter. All spoiled by a story oozing sentimentality.



The Circus Kid

What, you don't feel like laughing? Well, that old 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh' motif has been pretty thoroughly played out. Frankie Darro, Poodles Hannaford, Helene Costello and Joe Brown worked well, but the plot was too shopworn. Mr. Brown deserves better stuff.



Show Folks

Like absinthe, Lina Basquette grows on you as you make her pictorial acquaintance. In "Show Folks," you see the struggle of two vaudevillians to make the 'big time' circuit. She and Eddie Quillan give sincere performances in this likable film showing the heartbreak of actor folk.

Hot from Hollywood!

“Ooh-la-la, tout suite, and other Gallic expressions! Here's Lily Damita, a Parisienne in Hollywood who seems to be catching on to our quaint customs.

If you want to know what's going on in the film colony, read this department.

EVERYTHING seems to go by extremes out here! Either the stars are given a vacation with pay for as long as a month while some story angle is being thrashed out, or else they are being worked night and day. During the rush time, only a very well-established star can refuse to report for work when ill—the leading players must show up no matter how they feel or what they look like. After all, humans have not overcome the laws of sense and nature, and until they do they can't be photographed after being fourteen or fifteen hours in the studio and look anything but what they are—exhausted. The men-



it is not surprising that the man's eyes droop.”

The matter? Sound pictures! They burned up the country. The Western Electric, Victor Talking Machine, and other companies can't equip the stages fast enough. The sound stages are there right enough, but only one or two are fully equipped and the companies have to work in shifts. On some lots, with all talking pictures the studio works the whole twenty-four hours with two sets of actors and two or three sets of mechanics. The silent pictures have to be rushed so that they can more quickly get to the sound sequences.

No one minds jumping to the

tal state of the company has its effect on the audience that views the picture later. The producers, in their desire to get ahead on their schedule, are piling up trouble for themselves of a different sort. It looks as though they were heartless, but I don't think it is that. They just don't realize what they are asking.

One of the companies sent for a player who had gone directly to the studio from the train after a trip from New York and had worked all day. When the producer saw the rushes he was indignant and asked the player what she meant by allowing herself to get 'rubber tires,' which is the trade expression for circles under your eyes. "What do you mean, would be more to the point!" the girl replied. "If I had a chance to rest I wouldn't have rubber tires."

A popular young leading man was staggering around the set with flu last week. His eyes were in such a condition from the cold that the camera man didn't know what he was going to do about it, but the company was behind schedule and the work had to go on. "That guy is supposed to do the heavy love scenes this afternoon. Can you imagine what romantic close-ups his will be? He ought to be in bed."

Oh, there is no use mentioning names or companies. They have all had their fling at this sort of thing, from the highest to the lowest.

Another executive, viewing the day's rushes, remarked to the director that a certain actor's eyes kept drooping. "You'll have to watch that. He has a habit of half-closing his eyes." The director replied somewhat tartly, "You must remember that this scene was shot at two in the morning after a day's work. Under the circumstances

rescue in time of storm, but the night work has been going on for months now and is apt to become a habit. Which isn't cricket, and a thankless job at best.

I have heard it said that if the players weren't working they would be playing, and in any case the tired eyes would be there; but that, I think, is a bitter opinion. A few people have gone into pictures with the idea of acquiring enough cash to indulge themselves. But the majority are conscientious workers who turn in early during the time they are making a picture. This, they feel, is good business for themselves as well as fairness to their managers.

* * *

A leisurely life is Ronald Colman's idea of a happy one, and why not? To have things evenly divided—work and play. To have time to do everything in an unhurried manner. To sleep, to read, swim, play tennis and hike; to sail and dream in perfect harmony with the work one does—that, to Ronnie, is the perfect life, and it does sound pretty good! "As a matter of fact," he said, "people should get away from the environment they work in to arrive at a true perspective on themselves and what they do. When I am working out a character I must do it away from the influence of the studio first. Then, when it is clear to me, it can be improved upon by suggestions from other people. All during the time I am 'playing,' my subconscious mind is busy working out my problems for my pictures. It is torment for me to hurry. I don't do my best work when I am crowded at the studio and I don't enjoy recreation if I have to dash through it. Speaking for myself alone, I find I accomplish more by this stop, look and listen method and the result is infinitely better."

Watching Ronnie smile, someone asked him why he didn't do a picture that would give him a chance to use it. Ronnie laughed and said Mr. Goldwyn was the one to ask that of, but that anyone who wanted to see him smile would have plenty of opportunity in his next picture, "Bulldog Drummond," which is good news, for Ronnie has such an attractive smile it is really a pity he has always to be so serious.

* * *

Betty Bronson has grown up. She is proving it by moving to an apartment which she will occupy by herself, cared for by a housekeeper who has been in the family since she was a child.

"I want to be independent and become acquainted with myself," said the diminutive star, who, for all her twenty years, looks like a very little girl. "At home," she continued, "mother and grandma do everything for me and I don't think that's right. Particularly I don't think it's good for them to do so much thinking for me. I must learn to think for myself, and the only way I can do that is to be alone." So by the time you read these lines Betty will have moved bag and baggage to a charming apartment overlooking the Hollywood hills and the valley beneath with the full approval and consent of her family who do not live so very far away.

Olive Borden has moved to an apartment too, but not for Betty's reason. A house is too much responsibility for Olive to manage and she took a five-room apartment, decorated it herself along futuristic lines, and will heave a sigh of relief when she moves there within the week.



☞ Jobyna Ralston looks down in sympathy from her picture-frame on her husband, Richard Arlen, reduced to darning his own socks while away on location.

For about three months now, Hollywood has been asking, "Will John Gilbert, or won't he?" Meaning will he re-sign with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer or will he accept one of several tremendous contracts offered him from other companies. Sorry if I got your hopes all up about whether he and Greta Garbo would at last tie the knot. I don't seem to have anything hopeful in that direction to report—in fact, the last I heard, it was Nils Asther who seemed to be in favor. But could Greta take Nils seriously, I wonder?

Jack waited until the last minute and then trotted down and signed on the dotted line with Metro-Goldwyn as nicely as you please. Not that I imagine it interests you particularly what company Jack appears with just so he appears. Yet some of you may have noticed that Metro has given him a pretty fine break in stories and handled him very well, so I just thought I'd pass the good news along.

* * *

At the opening of a Los Angeles theater recently Tom Mix was asked to make a personal appearance. Tom didn't want to because he had twelve dinner guests that night and felt it was time he cut out personal appearances, anyway. But when he heard that the management was up against it for stars Tom good-naturedly excused himself from his guests for an hour and went to the theater. And this is what he said: "I want to take this time to thank Young America for what it has done for me. Young America formed an opinion of what



☞ Once every movie star was photographed with his book or his dog; now it's the tennis racket. But Lois Moran and Eddie Lowe really play.



Tom Mix was like, and it kept Tom Mix reaching pretty high to live up to Young America's ideal. I want Young America to know," Tom went on, "that however short Tom Mix may have fallen below its ideal of him. Young America has made a better man of Tom Mix than Tom Mix would ever have made of himself."

* * *

It never rains but it pour, and it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and everything turns out for the best! Those are bromides Lilyan Tashman might be humming these days. The last time I saw Lilyan she was like 'Niobe, all tears,' but even while she was telling me that she was more disappointed over the postponement of "The Genius," in which she was to play the lead opposite O. P. Heggie, than she had ever been in her life about anything, and that she didn't think she *could* be so disappointed over anything in this mercurial business, she set her jaw and wound up by remarking that she supposed it was all for the best and that sometime she would know it.

As Lilyan had turned down three good parts to sign for "The Genius" the blow was even greater.

Perhaps the attitude she took helped break things for her; anyway, two days afterward Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer called to say that the part they had offered her before in "The Trial of Mary Dugan" was still open to her, and now Lilyan is sitting pretty with two salaries rolling in and the best part she has had for many a long day. She plays Mary's chorus girl friend who is so clever a witness. Norma Shearer is the star, Bayard Veiller the

director. It is an all-talking picture—the first Lilyan has made.

In the column of a Hollywood paper devoted to what the stars wanted for Christmas, Ben Lyon asked that "Hell's Angels" be released. Howard Hughes, the youthful President of Caddo Productions, not being able to grant Ben's request before the new year, replied that he would do the next best thing and present Ben with a gift that would perhaps make it possible for him to be present when the picture finally is released. The gift was a \$450. parachute. "That's one Christmas present I hope I won't have to open," said Ben with a twinkle in his eye.

* * *

Paramount seems to be busy enough. "The Wild Party," starring Clara Bow and including many of the starlets of Hollywood, will start next week. Warner Fabian's snappy piece was postponed to let Clara get over the flu, but that being a thing of the past, it is high time that party got under way. It will be a talker. Filmdom's biggest box-office bet was a little perplexed when I talked with her about sound pictures.

"I don't know what they are going to do about me," Clara said. "I speak too quickly and my voice records too high, so—I really don't know *what* they are going to do!" It seemed that it would be just too bad for Paramount if they didn't do *something* about it, but I discovered that Clara was too critical of herself. Those who have heard her play-back say her voice records beautifully over the wax, and as for speaking too quickly, that is a thing for the monitor to adjust. So, girls and boys, you will soon hear as well as see your flapper heroine. Dorothy Arzner will direct.

* * *

Marceline Day is in it, too—that "Wild Party" picture; and say, would you like to know what Santa Claus gave Marceline by means of Richard Dix? All right, listen:—*a diamond bracelet!* Does that give you a thrill and start you tuning up the wedding bells? Well, don't get too excited. Times have changed since Grandma was a girl and young men gave only their fiancées expensive presents. Nowadays a young man can give a girl a gold mine if he thinks she is regular and

☞ Anita Page, having climbed the ladder herself, now takes the time to tell some newcomers how to do it.



☞ Constance Talmadge and her leading man in the picture she made in France. His name is Jean Murat and he is said to be the favorite movie actor on the continent. Come on over, Jean.



☞ Esther Ralston wishes the scenarist would write her a cleaner story to play in.

he has the price. And it means no more than a bunch of violets did—when Grandma was a girl!

* * *

Emil Jannings began his new picture—working title, “An Alpine Romance.” Esther Ralston is the gal, and Gary Cooper, that high-powered, sex applier, will contribute to the love scenes in a manner to cause maidens to quiver. Watch out for the ones he offers with Lupe Velez in “Wolf Song,” too. Folks say they are powerfull strong, and *somebody* said it wasn’t all acting. But I don’t know. Lupe swears she will never marry, so she probably isn’t really in love. See what you think when you see it.

Mary Brian and Richard Arlen are going strong in “The Man I Love.” It is a story of the squared circle and William Wellman, director of “Wings” and “Beggars of Life,” holds the megaphone.

Then as soon as Evelyn Brent gets through playing *Pearl* in Universal’s picturization of “Broadway,” she and William Powell will make another all-talker. It will be called “Darkened Rooms,” from the pen of Sir Philip Gibbs—a spiritualistic story. Hold your breath, kids, for goodness knows *what* will happen in it, but *something* does—and how!

This is only the second time Paramount has loaned a player to Universal, I believe, but Evelyn begged so hard when the part was offered her that Paramount patted her on the head and let her go.

* * *

It seemed to me, when I visited the Columbia Studios the other day, that Norman Kerry had an unusual air of importance about him. “What’s it all about?” I demanded. “Why, don’t you know?” he asked. “I’m a god-father! To the cutest youngster ever born on this earth!” His name is Norman Tokoshya and he is the baby son of the Japanese gardener who cares for Norman Kerry’s estate. “He took his christening like a major, too,” Norman declared proudly. “Didn’t cry a bit!”

On the same day with little Norman were also born on the Kerry estate nine Doberman Pinscher

puppies, so that baby will have plenty of little friends to grow up with him.

* * *

After a somewhat hectic two months Pauline Garon signed two contracts at once. One for an Educational Picture and another with FBO.

* * *

Betty Compson signed two contracts on the same day, too. It seems to be the style in Hollywood now. Everybody’s doing it. Betty’s fine work in “The Barker” had all the managers on their toes to sign her up for future productions and it looks as though Betty had started the most enviable year of her career. She will do four pictures for Fox and three for FBO—all talkers.

* * *

Bess Meredyth hopes that she never has to adapt a story in which the heroine goes to the electric chair because it will be all off with her if she does. This is the gag: Bess adapted “The Green Hat” in which Greta Garbo starred. If you remember, the ‘shameless, shameful lady’ of Michael Arlen’s novel killed herself by driving her Hispano-Suiza head on into a giant tree. While she was working on the story Bess had an automobile accident that proved a close call for her. She is now adapting Herman Suderman’s “The Wonders of Woman” in which the heroine dies of heart failure. So when Bess was attacked one night with a terrible pain in the region of her heart she thought, “For heaven’s sake, am I going to adopt all the diseases of the heroines I write about?” She was a little worried.



☞ Josephine Dunn wears a coat equipped with a warming-pad all wired with electricity which is supplied by a battery tucked inside a small pocket—believe it or not!

too, but after taking several cups of hot water she discovered the pain was merely a severe attack of indigestion and not alarming at all. So she had a good laugh at herself.

I guess Michael Curtiz, the director, was pretty glad, too, because he and Bess are to be married very shortly, probably before these lines see printer's ink.

* * *

The talkers have certainly made an unwieldy business of the motion picture industry. When players think they are all washed up on one thing, sign other contracts and finish two or three pictures, they are called back to make the talking sequences on the one finished so long ago. There is "Hell's Angels" that agitates Ben Lyon so. The picture was eleven months in the making and was finished six months ago. Just the other day, Ben, Jimmy Hall, and the rest of the cast were recalled for the talking sequences. Then it seems that "The Exodus," the Mormon picture made by the Pioneer Film Company, is recalling players for talking sequences. That means Ben Lyon and Marie Prevost among others. Just how Ben is going to divide himself up is unknown at the present moment.

When Ben was in New York last, Skeets Gallagher kept prodding him to see the flea circus on Forty-second street. "Those fleas are wonderful, Ben, you have no idea! They do whatever they are told, drag around tiny wagons and everything," whereupon Ben began to feel his (Skeets') pulse and take his temperature. Finally curiosity got him, but refusing to be recognized on such an absurd jaunt he put on a false beard.

In about two minutes Ben was as enthusiastic about the trained fleas as Skeets. Their feeding time was of tremendous interest. Their trainer bares his arm and at a word from him the fleas

Asked by an interviewer her favorite occupation, a movie actress is said to have replied: "I just sit and think." Audrey Ferris didn't say it, but she is thinking.



Victor MacLaglen has invented a new method of insuring a safe light for a cigarette. Study the picture, secure a small candle, and be convinced. Simple—oh, very.



hop up and take a nip. That happens once a day and is all their food. Ben waited for their next turn watching everything they did with the greatest attention. On the way home Ben's false beard seemed to give him some trouble and the next day it was discovered that several fleas were missing, among them the leading lady, and to this day Ben has not been able to live down Skeets' jeering remark that he walked away with the cast!

* * *

Fox is apparently going to make a team of Sue Carol and Nick Stuart. Watch for those love scenes—they are real. The kids are still crazy about each other, but what do you think is the title of their first picture under the new ruling? "Girls Gone Wild." I hope it is just a working title because it sounds terrible.

* * *

All Hollywood was saddened by the sudden death of Theodore Roberts, who has for so many years been a pillar of the stage and screen. No one can take his place. His funeral called forth the biggest names in Hollywood, some of whom owed their first start or a new beginning to his kindly advice.

* * *

Following her marriage to Peverel Marley, Lina Basquette will start on a tour of four weeks with the Fanchon and Marco outfit in a dancing act. It seems too bad that Lina couldn't have gotten that engagement over before her marriage but life is like that sometimes. Always going backward like a crab!

Anyway, right now Lina and 'Pev' are the happiest couple in Hollywood.

* * *

Simultaneously with her announcement that she and Warner Brothers have come to the parting of the ways at the expiration of her contract, May McAvoy announces her engagement to Maurice Cleary, a

motion picture executive, manager of the British Dominion Film Company. The announcement was made at a shower given by Carmel Myers for Rosabelle Laemmle, daughter of Carl Laemmle, who married Stanley Bergman.

* * *

"Welcome to pneumonia hall," said Jason Robards recently as he and Thelma Todd and Sally Eilers huddled around a stove on the set of "Trial Marriage," in which Norman Kerry is also featured. There was one week out here when Californians thought their sunny state was trying to double for the north pole, and this was it. By the way, Jason has just announced his intention to wed Miss Agnes Lynch who is a sister of Mrs. Carroll Nye.

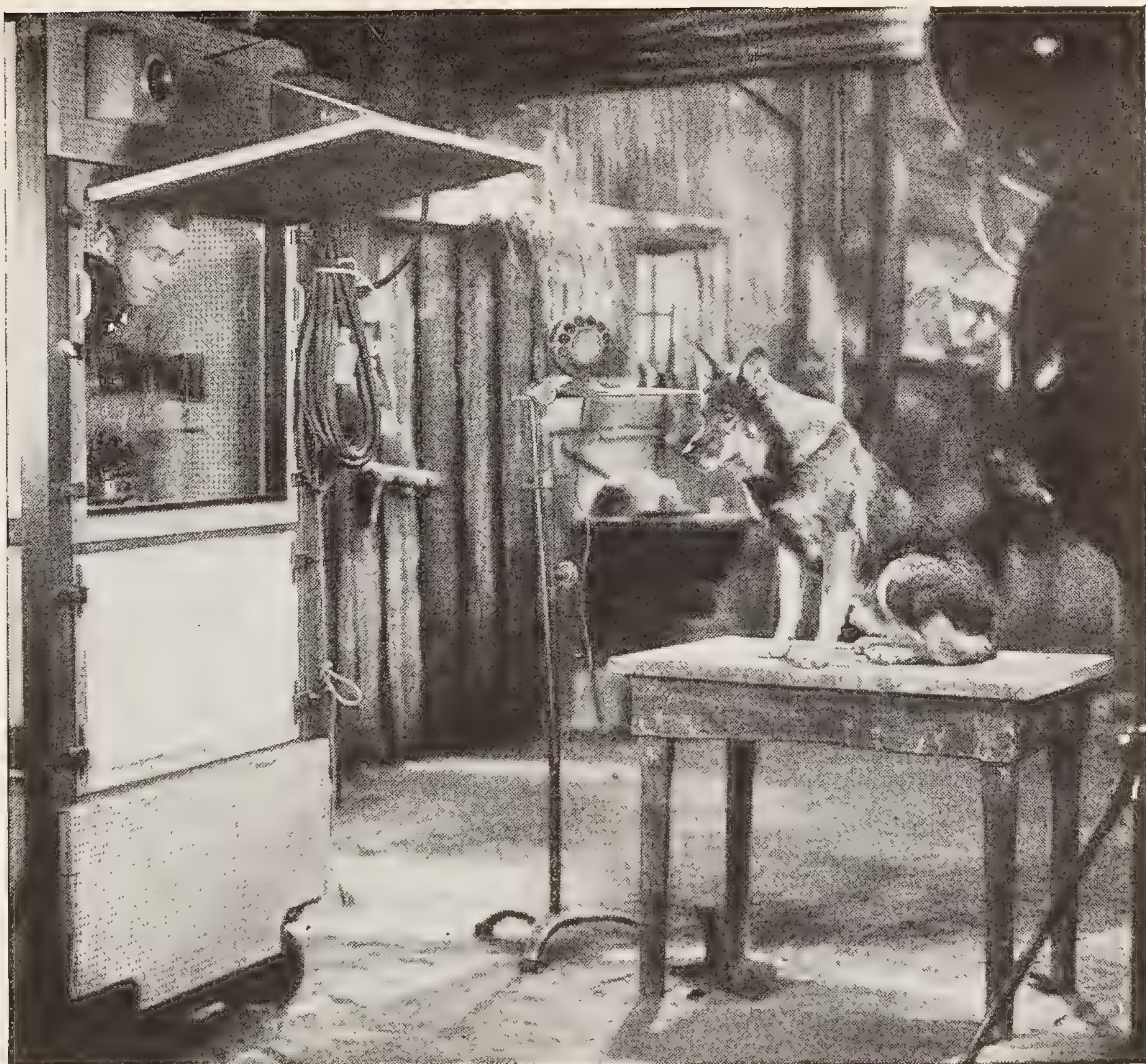
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William deMille has taken up the megaphone in earnest on the Metro lot. He is working on a talking version of his own play, "The Man Higher Up," adapted by Clara Beranger who is the director's bride. Theodore Roberts played the piece all over this country and deMille would have liked him to do the picture, but "I hear he is not very well," Mr. deMille said when I talked with him; and a few days afterward the Grand Old Man, Theodore Roberts answered his final roll call on this planet.

Robert Edeson plays the part. There are just two men in the cast, no women. It will be interesting to see how this experiment, for it is an experiment on Mr. de Mille's part, will turn out.

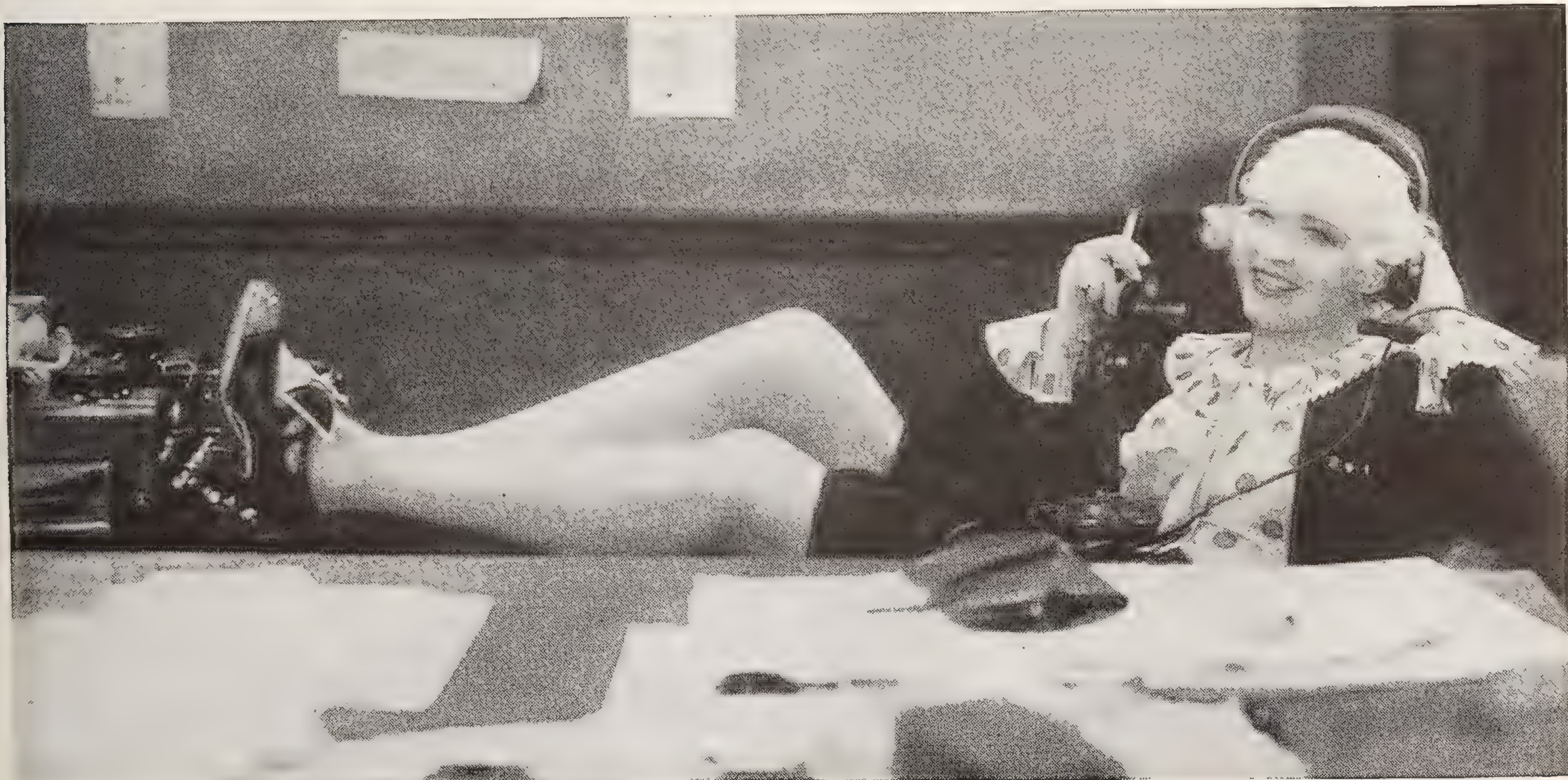
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Edna May Cooper was flipping flap-jacks with Vilma Banky the other day on the set of "Child's, New York." When given the scene to do she asked to practice for a few minutes. "Oh, dear no," said an assistant, "the plate is all clean and we are going to take the scene right away."



Ⓒ Rin-Tin-Tin taking a sound picture test. The camera is in the sound-proof booth at the left. Note the microphone. Rinty's growl is said to register 100%.

When it was over Edna May asked how it looked. "Terrible," said the assistant consolingly, "Just terrible." "Well, let me practice," begged Edna May. "Oh, no. You can't. We are going to take it right now." But again Edna May failed dismally. "How long did Vilma practice?" asked Edna May. "Oh, only a couple of weeks," said the assistant. "Only a couple of weeks, and the picture has been going for six weeks, that makes eight weeks and—well, how do you expect me to get it right the first time?" But the assistant didn't know.



Ⓒ Phyllis Haver playing a newspaper reporter. Old newspaper men, please note. If you want to see the havoc a girl like Phyllis could cause in a newspaper office, see "The Office Scandal."

The Stage Coach

By Morrie Ryskind

Wings Over Europe

It is an interesting play the Theatre Guild has produced for our mental stimulation in "Wings Over Europe." We say mental stimulation advisedly; you can check you sex glands when you enter the doors of the Martin Beck; all you need is your cerebrum: there are nineteen people in the cast—all men.

And we think, liberal as we like to think we are, that the authors cast their characters wisely when they chose an all-male contingent to present the intellectual problem involved. There is something about a good-looking woman that interferes with cold, calm thought. Bring a woman into a scene and reason—our reason, you understand—flies right out of the window. Enter emotion. Caesar was a great guy till he met Cleopatra. Socrates could see everything clearly until he met Xantippe. Of course, Socrates got his reason back after a while and realized that Xan was not the quiet little angel he had thought. But by that time it was too late: he had married her. It was only when he was at a stag with Plato and the other boys that he could reason things out clearly.

Well, anyhow, then, here we art at No. 10 Downing Street, London, in "Wings Over Europe."

A young idealistic genius walks into a Cabinet meeting and shows the Cabinet that he has mastered the atom and can control matter. He can redistribute atoms so that wood may become gold, so that a lump of sugar or a man may vanish. He hopes his great conquest may build a new world, where man may be rid of all material necessity, so that he may be free to develop his soul. And what does the British Cabinet say? It sees only a chance to make the British army and navy impregnable.

Well, of course, that isn't quite the way the young idealist had looked at it. Thrown into despair at the realization that his supreme conquest may be used by man further to exploit man, he becomes disgusted with the whole human race. The slow growth of life from the mud and slime up to this so-called civilization he regards as a futile experiment. He will let nature try again on another planet. He will use his power to wipe out this world and its petty inhabitants. He gives the world, including the British Cabinet, fifteen minutes to live.

Those last fifteen minutes are sublime. The world doesn't know its doom, but the British Cabinet does. And the reactions of the various secretaries for This-and-That are well planned and excellently played. It is in those fifteen minutes that drama enters the theater. If the slow start

of the first act could assume half the velocity of this scene, we could honestly say of the play that it held us from first to last. As it is, first it doesn't; but last it does. And last, if there are enough intellectuals in town, it may.

Gentlemen of the Press

Nothing but fear of not seeing a show as good as "The Front Page" kept us from looking at "Gentlemen of the Press" until this late day. It will be on the road when this notice hits your eyes, and if you live in the cities where it is to play, we suggest that you don't fail to see it.

Maybe it's not quite as good as "The Front Page," but it is head and shoulders above most of the shows that visit the road—or New York for that matter. It captures the romance and the drabness, the light and shade of a reporter's life as accurately and nicely as "The Front Page." If it is not as noisily exciting, it is occasionally even more quietly effective.

There are some excellent performances in the main, though we didn't like Hugh O'Connell's work as much as most of the critics seemed to. But Robert Gleckler, Carlotta Irwin and William Wadsworth more than made



A scene from "Wings Over Europe," a Theatre Guild play which are Frank Conroy, Charles Cardon, Alexander Kirkland, Ernest

Reviews of the New Broadway Plays.

up for it. George Abbott made a handsome job of the direction. Some radical changes, we understand, will be made for the film, though the intrinsic story will be kept intact. Paramount is even now making the screen version, with dialogue.

One Way Street

A critic, it is our belief, must hold high standards. Otherwise he is nothing but a box-score reporter for *Variety*, our famous contemporary. Yet, high as those standards should be, it is our further opinion that they must necessarily vary with the subject matter.

In other words, we think it a little foolish—no, we think it a lot foolish for a critic to apply the same measuring apparatus to, say, "Cyrano de Bergerac" and, say, to Bobby Clark. It is possible,



Helen Chandler, who plays a leading part in "The Marriage Bed."



is creating interest in New York now. From left to right, the actors Vandamm Lawford, and Hugh Buckler. The cast is composed entirely of men.

we believe, for an otherwise cultured person to enjoy both John Barrymore in "Richard III" and Al Jolson in some Shubert extravaganza. But what a cock-eyed fool he would be if he were to apply the same critical rod to both!

So it is that we beg to differ with most of our critical colleagues who fell tooth and nail on Beulah Poynter's "One Way Street," because it held no Shakespearean cadences, nor any Ibsenesque philosophy. That is to criticize Bacardi for not being nectar. The only way you can criticize Bacardi is on its flavor and genuineness—or so I have heard.

"One Way Street," then, is definitely nothing for your mind or your soul. But as a good average melodrama, containing the usual compound of murder, gangs, crooks, dope peddlers, etc., we maintain it will do. It provides a mildly pleasant (Cont. on page 106)



☞ Above: Fred Niblo, famous director of "Ben Hur" and other successes, supervises a new-style screen test of Dorothy Sebastian—one for voice and one for photographic qualities.



☞ According to Fred Niblo, Greta Garbo is a blonde personality with a 'brunette voice.' She has a voice pitched lower than that of any other woman in pictures.

CRASHING

By Fred Niblo

YOU'VE heard that odds for fame as a silent star are a thousand to one. Well, breaking into the talkie racket raises the ratio two thousand against one. I'm not deliberately discouraging the future Doris Kenyons and Conrad Nagels, but I do think it's wise to face a few facts before staking everything on such a perilous venture.

Let's suppose that you're Mary Jane Jones of Little Fork, Iowa. Jones is not her name, but her experience is taken from life. Mary Jane comes to Hollywood 'by request.' That is, her family and indulgent neighbors think it's a crime to waste such talent on the home town. Such rare genius should be preserved for posterity via the talkie route. Mary Jane had a lead in the high school play, and sang over the local radio station. These credentials should pave the way easily, she assures herself.

Mary Jane Jones arrives to seek out the studio of her

favorite film star, generously allowing them the first chance to sign her on the dotted line. We'll say it happens to be Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She is ushered into Jack King's presence. He is in charge of the movietone file. Jack is put on specially for this work, for 25 percent more extras than before the sound upheaval now besiege casting offices, as part of the talkie traffic.

Jack courteously requests her name, a photo for the file, and previous stage or screen experience. The home town fame doesn't phase him. No, he informs her, the head casting director, Fred Beers, sees only the prominent players. No talkie tests are being given. The present list is filled completely. Give her a call if anything occurs. Sorry.

Mary Jane hears that Maitland Rice holds a similar position at Fox studios. This procedure differs only slightly. He grants an interview, but the upshot is that studios can't afford to grant talkie tests except (Continued on page 109)

The SOUND GATES

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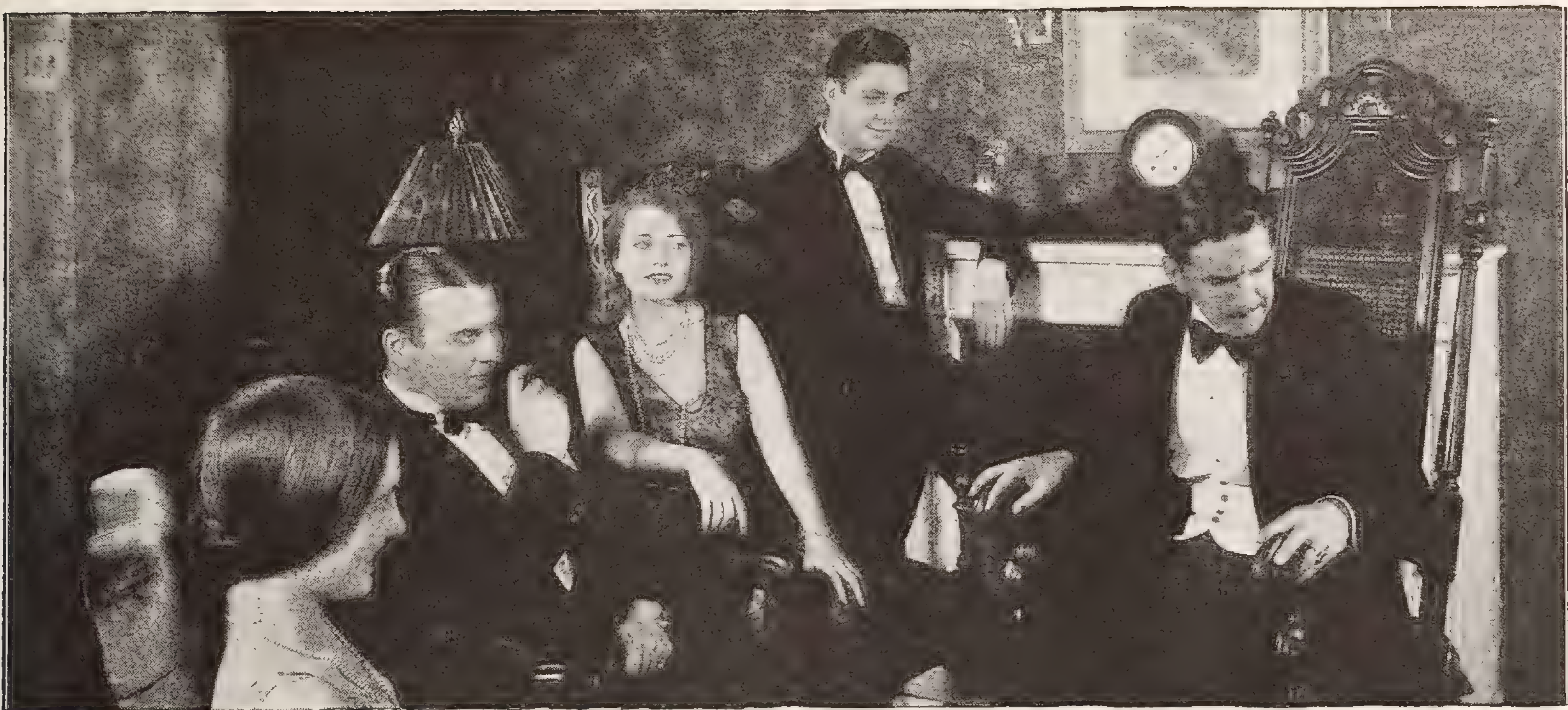
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"Faux Pas" I Said... and Everyone Tittered! -But Four Weeks Later, What A Difference

IT was the very first time I had been invited to the home of Mr. Blake—the President of our Company. Of course I wanted to make the best possible impression. After dinner we were all chatting idly. I began to explain some of my pet theories and they went over big—everyone was listening attentively. Encouraged I launched into an animated description of the last tournament at the club. And then—it happened. "Tyler made a terrible faux pas," I said—and everyone tittered! Embarrassed, ashamed, I flushed and faltered. My self-confidence fled—and for the rest of the evening I didn't dare open my mouth. If only I hadn't tried to use that terrible phrase. But I had seen it in print a thousand times and so I thought I knew how to pronounce it.

That little experience opened my eyes to my miserable pronunciation and meager vocabulary. Could that be the reason why I never seemed to get ahead—why I never got the big jobs with the real money? I was always groping for words—always stammering and stuttering—trying to avoid words I wasn't sure of—and making scores of mistakes daily. Of course no one ever tells you when you mispronounce a word—it is such a personal matter—and I never would have known of my glaring error that evening if it hadn't been for that embarrassing incident when everyone tittered.

One day, I read about an amazing new method of learning Cultured Speech, Correct Pronunciation and Vocabulary Building that had just been perfected. Through this new "learn by listening" method, I discovered I could actually hear an expert in phonetics pronounce each word clearly and distinctly! And I could hear the same word a hundred times if need be, so as to get it fixed in my mind the right way.

I lost no time in sending for this new method. I was amazed to find how easily I learned new words—learned how to use them and pronounce them—just by sitting back and

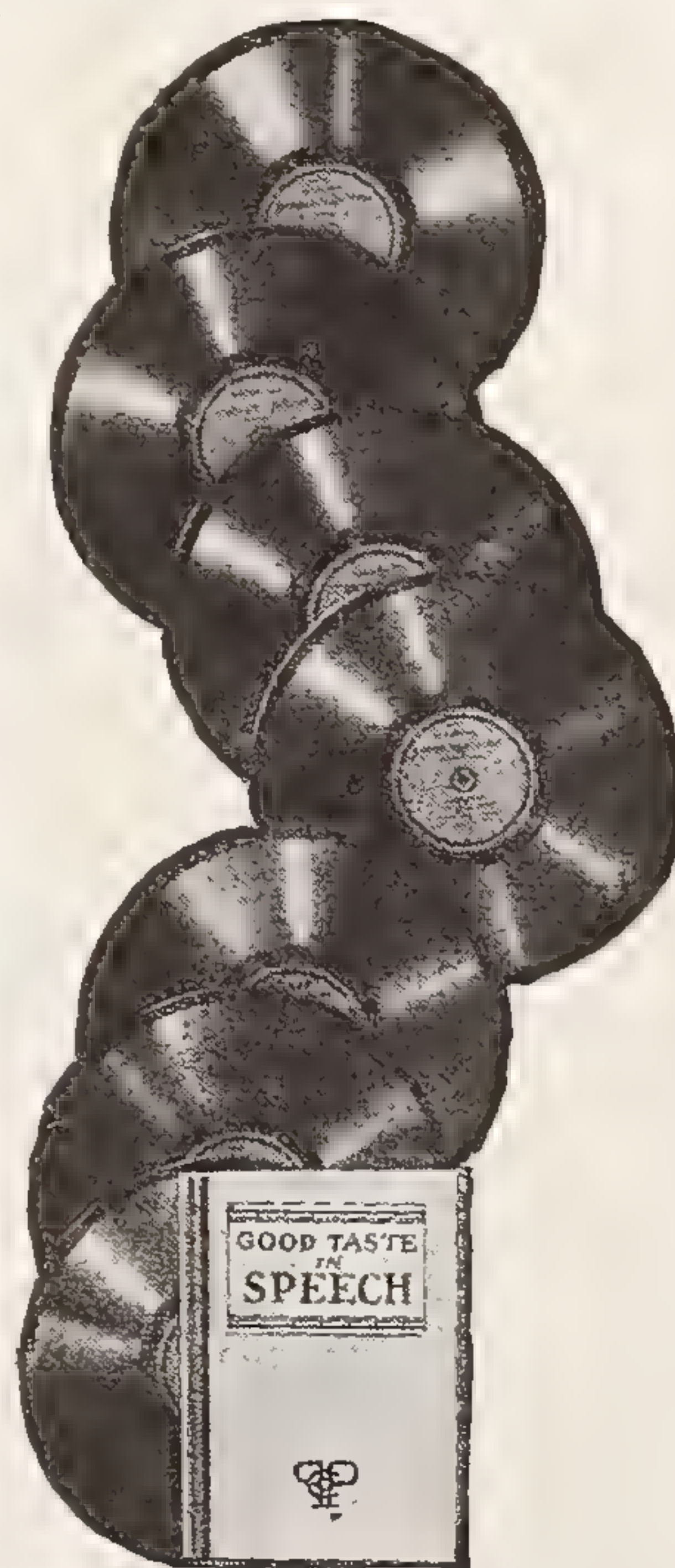
listening—words I would never have dared use before. The first evening I learned to pronounce correctly exactly 39 words, and in less than one week I had enriched my vocabulary beyond my expectations. Today I find that I am using hundreds of words that I never would have dreamed of using a month ago. Not only that, but my new sureness with words, the new ease with which I express myself, has had a marked influence on my business success. Already I have secured a better job with a much higher salary. And I know that I am saved forever from the embarrassment of making such an unforgivable error as I made that night at the Blake's!

* * *

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At last a new and easy way has been found to really teach Correct Pronunciation, Cultured Speech and Vocabulary Building. Not by the old dictionary method, but by a plan absolutely new—phonograph records—talking machine records—electrically recorded in the most modern and scientific manner.

This fascinating new method has been developed by a group of educators, under the direction of Prof. Edward H. Gardner, for 18 years a member of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin. The instruction is absolutely authoritative. Over 2000 stubborn words are covered—words which should be familiar to every cultured person. Not a correspondence course—no studying—no lessons to send in. Instead, all you need to do is to sit back comfortably in your easy chair—and listen.



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☞ The most sought-after man of the month—Gary Cooper, a riot with young ladies not only in Hollywood but all over the world. Wow!

Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. You can write to Sally O'Neil at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Ben Lyon's last film was made at FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Maree B. of Tacoma, Wash. Just a word about announcing fan clubs—I have so many requests from readers, asking for space to announce their favorite stars' fan club, if I would do so, there wouldn't be a line of information about our screen fans—and how would you like that? Not so good. Sue Carol appears with Nick Stuart in "Chasing Through Europe." Sue has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall, and weighs 110 pounds. She was born in 1908 and her real name is Evelyn Lederer.

Joyce M. B. of Calumet, Ill. You'd like to be me—that's sweet of you but how can we arrange it? If I answered your questions without even thinking, I might give you a couple of wrong numbers; right or wrong, I'm here with the goods, everything but home addresses of the stars. Ramon Novarro has not left the screen but has signed another long time contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. His latest release is "The Flying Fleet."

Chuck from Racine, Wis. I'll let you in on a secret if you won't breathe it. I've tried to intimidate the Editor into putting my picture in the magazine but threats are of no avail, so we'll put a mask on my shining countenance until the Editor undergoes a change of heart. It may not be long now. Buddy Rogers can be reached at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. He plays with Mary Brian in "Someone to Love."

Anxious Mary from Guadalupe, Cal. I don't intend to be funny but so long as I am, try to stop me. This risibility may go on for years. Mary Brian can be addressed at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. She appeared in "Forgotten Faces" with Clive Brook, Olga Baclanova, William Powell and Jack Luden. John Gilbert has one more picture to make for M-G-M under his present contract and then he starts his new contract—more salary, better roles, etc. Betty Bronson may be reached at Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. By the time you read this, Greta Garbo will be at home in her native land, Sweden—unless she changes her plans. Her latest release is "A Woman of Affairs," co-starring with John Gilbert. Sally O'Neil is appearing in "The Floating College." You can write her at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Andy of Brooklyn. I like the ease with which you throw your questions—fast and furious. But that's only a carbon copy with what I can do with the answers. Joan Crawford is 22 years old. Her engagement has been announced to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Her address is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. She is not related to Dorothy Sebastian. Birmingham, Ala., is Dorothy's home town. She was born April 26, 1905.

Just Me from Madison Wis. Of all things! You like my department and all the bunk that goes with it. Someone has gone gaga and I feel sure it isn't Vee Dee. In a broad-minded manner you announce the three best-looking young fellows on the screen: Ramon Novarro, Richard Barthelmess and William Haines. What about the other thousand and one best-looking screen players? I'm playing safe for I'd vote for them all. Ramon Novarro is 29 years old, is 5 feet 10 inches tall, and weighs 160 pounds. Richard Barthelmess is 33 years old, is 5 feet 7 inches tall, and weighs 138 pounds. William Haines is 6 feet tall, weighs 172 pounds, and was born January 1, 1900.



☞ Sally O'Neil—third most popular star with Miss Vee Dee's fans.

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Now at last—through the electric magic of Infra-red Rays—Science has found a startling way to grow new hair quickly.

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Famous Surgeon's Discovery

All observant men have noticed that their beard grows faster in hot weather than in cold. What causes that?

Simply this: Heat rays of a certain kind that stimulate and vitalize the hair-growing tissue.

Two years ago a noted surgeon, seeking to bring back his own hair—applying all his scientific knowledge to the problem—made a remarkable discovery. It is the first time a scientific man of his standing has ever entered this field of helpfulness.

He discovered a simple way in which to use life-giving invisible heat rays—known to all scientists—to restore health and normal conditions to the scalp tissues and so RESTORE HAIR in all

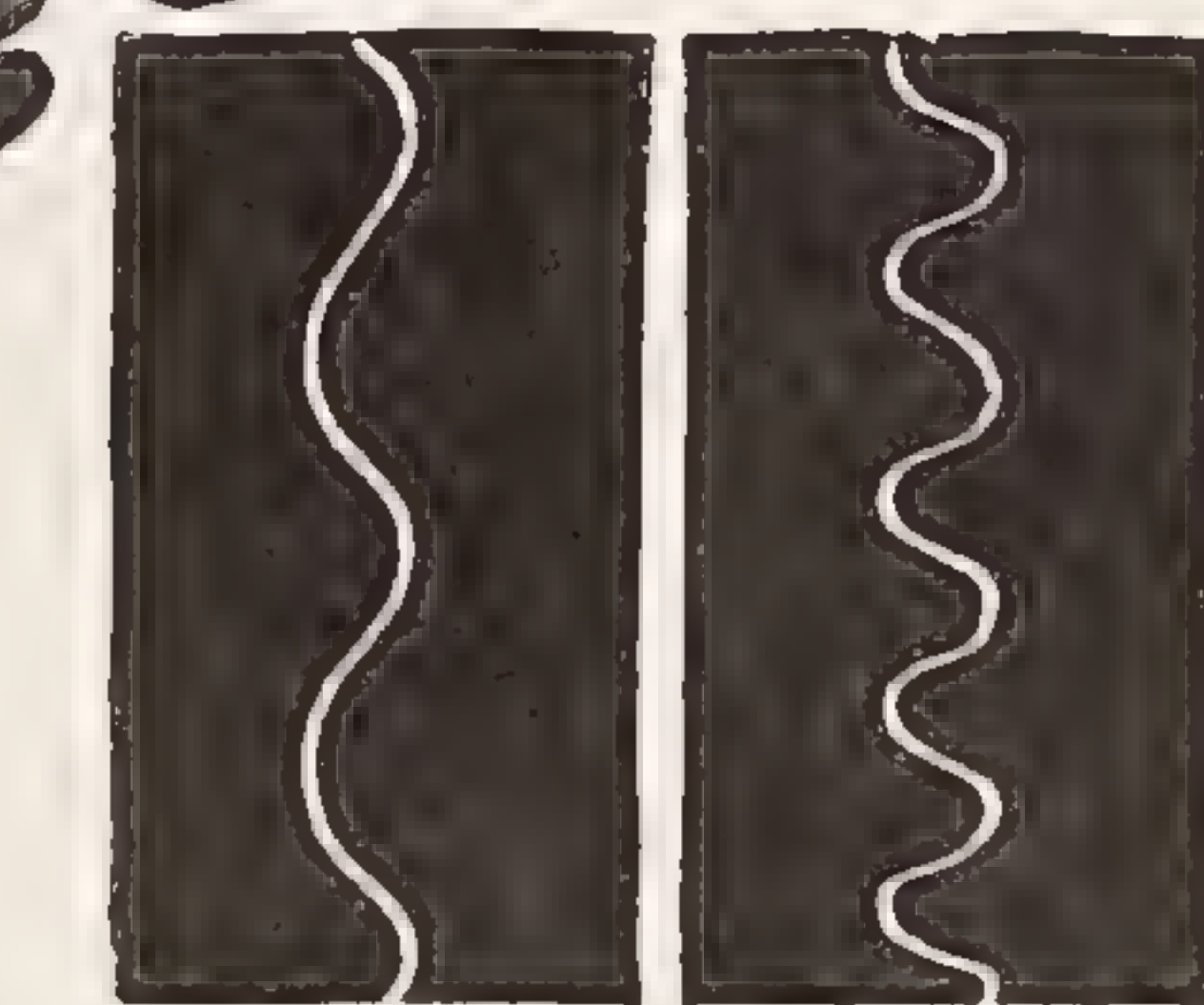
but certain rare instances. It ended his own baldness. Today his hair is unusually thick and luxuriant.

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Because of his scientific conservatism and his standing in his profession, the discoverer of Dermo-Ray made no general announcement of his startling discovery. But, as the head of his own hospital, his own case records—with hundreds of men and women—proved scientifically, conclusively, that this new discovery grows hair, when nothing else will—grows hair, ends dandruff, in NINE OUT OF TEN CASES. Now that the amazing power of Infra-red Rays is known to the entire scientific world—and DERMO-RAY has been proved to be one of the most startling scientific discoveries of recent years—now for the first time, has Dr. Theodore H. Larson permitted public announcement of his discovery to be made.

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In nine out of ten so-called cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead. They are only dormant. But when you try to reach them with hair tonics, oils, massages and salves, you are obviously wasting both time and money. For you treat only the surface skin—never get to the roots.



Rough Diagram Suggesting: Left—the long-wave Infra-Red rays; right—short-wave Ultra-Violet.

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The Miracle Girl—Continued from page 41

inflict ourselves on each other's business domains. I have never been on one of his sets; he never visits mine. When we reach home at night, we are both tired and want to forget the studios. Therefore, we never dwell on the happenings of the day. We both break this rule occasionally. Now and then I hear of something I think he should know and I tell him. He sometimes passes similarly helpful advice to me."

Betty's career has been a long and fruitful one. It was many years ago, in 1918 to be exact, that the late George Loane Tucker, seeking a girl to play the feminine lead in "The Miracle Man," saw Miss Compson and gave her the part. At that time she was a leading lady in Christie Comedies and she was beginning to wonder if she would ever be anything else. Betty went through two years of comedy leads before "The Miracle Man" opportunity knocked.

Veteran fans will remember the picture. It was made under terrific difficulties, financial and otherwise. But it turned out to be one of the greatest productions ever filmed and it elevated to stardom three players whose names still are written boldly on the movie roll. Besides Miss Compson, Lon Chaney and Thomas Meighan won fame with their performances in "The Miracle Man."

There followed a very lucrative contract with Famous-Players-Lasky, a contract that existed for five years. At the end of that period, through saving and wise investments, Miss Compson amassed a considerable fortune. Had she wished, she might have retired immediately and spent the remainder of her days in luxury.

But retiring wasn't in Miss Compson's lexicon. She tells me that she wanted to quit pictures then. But, with all due apologies to the lady, I do not believe her. She is too energetic, too ambitious, too real ever to retire. When she finds her welcome grown dim, Miss Compson will find something else to occupy her time. Some other way to accumulate money. Somehow, it is difficult to imagine Betty as retired, holding her hands because of nothing for them to do.

Don't get the wrong impression about Miss Compson's desire for money. She saves it, but there is no man or woman in the world more generous than Betty. Every charitable movement finds her a contributor, more often than not under the cognomen 'a friend' or 'Anonymous.' Times too many to enumerate she has aided extra girls or more important actresses who have encountered adverse circumstances.

Miss Compson is no miser with her money. She delights in earning and saving and giving. To Betty, the thrill of adding another thousand to the bank account is equal to the joy an artist gets out of a good painting. As well expect Henry Ford to retire as to look for Betty Compson to quit!

That is why I say I do not believe Miss Compson ever tried to retire.

Following cessation of her Lasky contract, Miss Compson free-lanced with considerable success. Working around the studios, she soon found that the independents—(about Hollywood we rather deprecatingly refer to them as 'the quickies')—offered a most lucrative field. So during the year 1927, Miss Compson played the independent field with most inspiring results. She earned \$170,000 by her efforts.

She did more than earn a great deal of money. As a quickie star, her name sold pictures to a great number of theaters and

at bigger prices than any other actress. This fact became known in the more important studios. The minute it was learned that Miss Compson's name meant dollars and cents at any old box office, the bigger producing companies sought to retrieve her back from the independents.

Thus is written the cause of Betty's remarkable come-back over the past year. It began when she was called by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for the principal feminine role in "The City." This picture re-united Miss Compson and Lon Chaney for the first time since "The Miracle Man." Immediately after this production, Miss Compson went to First National and was cast opposite Milton Sills in "The Barker," one of the outstanding screen productions of the year. Famous-Players-Lasky next bid for her services and secured them for "Docks of New York," in which she appeared with George Bancroft. A great number of critics termed her work in this picture as her finest individual piece of acting.

Back Betty went to First National following "Docks of New York." She did two Richard Barthelmess pictures. One was "Scarlet Seas" and the second, "Weary River." Meanwhile, she also re-acted sequences of "The Barker," to which studio officials had decided to add talking situations. It is not surprising that Miss Compson's voice registered perfectly. You see, being both clever and beautiful, she had perceived many months before that the voice was to be of tremendous importance to screen stars of the future. By the time she was called for talking sequences in "The Barker," Betty had gone through almost six months of intensive vocal and dramatic training.

A little incident concerning Miss Compson's wisdom in financial matters came to my ears recently. It seems that a certain prominent motion picture producer who is also noted for his Wall Street dealings told Miss Compson about a certain stock. Before he finished informing her, their conversation was interrupted. They did not meet again for several weeks. It was on one of the big studio lots that the two once again confronted each other.

"I want to thank you for the tip you gave me on that stock," Miss Compson said. "I made nearly six thousand dollars on it."

"Made six thousand!" echoed the producer-investor. "Why, I lost four times as much on that stock."

It developed that the producer had intended telling Miss Compson to buy and hold the stock for advance but before he could do so, their conversation had been interrupted. When she looked up the stock's record on the market, Miss Compson decided that it would drop in value, so she sold short.

There are dozens of exciting episodes in Betty's financial life. There was the corner she purchased in Hollywood, for example, on which she made more than thirty thousand dollars. She had seen a 'for sale' sign on the lot and learned that it could be had for little money. She also realized that the property would occupy a strategic position if a certain street were cut through and she knew that reality operators were quietly attempting to have that street extended. True to her business instincts, the realtors were successful and the street was improved. Miss Compson's lot, now an important business property, jumped in value from five thousand to thirty-five thousand!

"What? Learn Music by Mail?" *they laughed*



"Yes," I cried, "and I'll bet money I can do it!"



IT all started one day after lunch. The office crowd was in the recreation-room, smoking and talking, while I thumbed through a magazine.

"Why so quiet, Joe?" some one called to me.

"Just reading an ad," I replied, "all about a new way to learn music by mail. Says here any one can learn to play in a few months at home, without a teacher. Sounds easy, the way they tell about it."

"Ha, ha," laughed Fred Lawrence, "do you suppose they would say it was *hard*?"

"Perhaps not," I came back, a bit peeved, "but it sounds so reasonable I thought I'd write them for their booklet."

Well, maybe I didn't get a razzing then! Finally Fred Lawrence sneered: "Why, it's absurd. The poor fellow *really* believes he can learn music by mail!"

To this day I don't know what made me come back at him. Perhaps it was because I *really* was ambitious to learn to play the piano. Anyhow, before I knew it I'd cried, "Yes, and I'll bet money I can do it." But the crowd only laughed harder than ever.

Suppose I Was Wrong—

As I walked upstairs to my desk I began to regret my haste. Suppose that music course wasn't what the ad said. Suppose it was too difficult for me. And how did I know I had even the least bit of talent to help me out. If I fell down, the boys in the office would have the laugh on me for life. But just as I was beginning to weaken, my lifelong ambition to play and my real love of music came to the rescue. And I decided to go through with the whole thing.

During the few months that followed, Fred Lawrence never missed a chance to give me a sly dig about my bet. And the boys always got a good laugh, too. But I never said a word. I was waiting patiently for a chance to get the last laugh *myself*.

My Chance Arrives

Things began coming my way during the office outing at Pine Grove. After lunch it rained, and we all sat around inside looking at each other. Suddenly some one spied a piano in the corner. "Who can play?" every one began asking. Naturally, Fred Lawrence saw a fine chance to have some fun at my expense, and he got right up.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "our friend Joe, the music-master, has consented to give us a recital."

That gave the boys a good laugh. And some of them got on either side of me and with mock dignity started to escort me to the piano. I could hear a girl say, "Oh, let the poor fellow alone: can't you see he's mortified to death?"

The Last Laugh

I smiled to myself. This was certainly a wonderful setting for my little surprise party. Assuming a scared look, I stumbled over to the piano while the crowd tittered.

"Play 'The Varsity Drag'," shouted Fred, thinking to embarrass me further.

I began fingering the keys, and then . . . with a wonderful feeling of cool confidence . . . I broke right into the very selection Fred asked for. There was a sudden hush in the room as I made that old piano talk.

But in a few minutes I heard a fellow jump to his feet and shout, "Believe me the boy is *there*! Let's dance!"

Tables and chairs were pushed aside, and soon the whole crowd was shuffling around having a whale of a time. Nobody would hear of me stopping, least of all the four fellows who were singing in harmony right at my elbow. So I played one peppy selection after another until I finished with "Crazy Rhythm" and the crowd stopped dancing and singing to applaud me. As I turned around to thank them, there was Fred holding a tenspot right under my nose.

"Folks," he said, addressing

the crowd again, "I want to apologize publicly to Joe. I bet him he couldn't learn to play by mail, and believe me, he sure deserves to win the money!"

"Learn to play *by mail*!" exclaimed a dozen people.

"That sounds impossible! Tell us how you did it!" I was only too glad to tell them how I'd always wanted to play but couldn't afford a teacher, and couldn't think of spending years in practice. I described how I had read the U. S. School of Music ad, and how Fred bet me I couldn't learn to play by mail.

"Folks," I continued, "it was the biggest surprise of my life when I got the first lesson. It was fun right from the start, everything as simple as A-B-C. There were no scales or tiresome exercises. And all it required was part of my spare time. In a short time I was playing jazz, classical pieces, and in fact, anything I wanted. Believe me, that certainly was a profitable bet I made with Fred."

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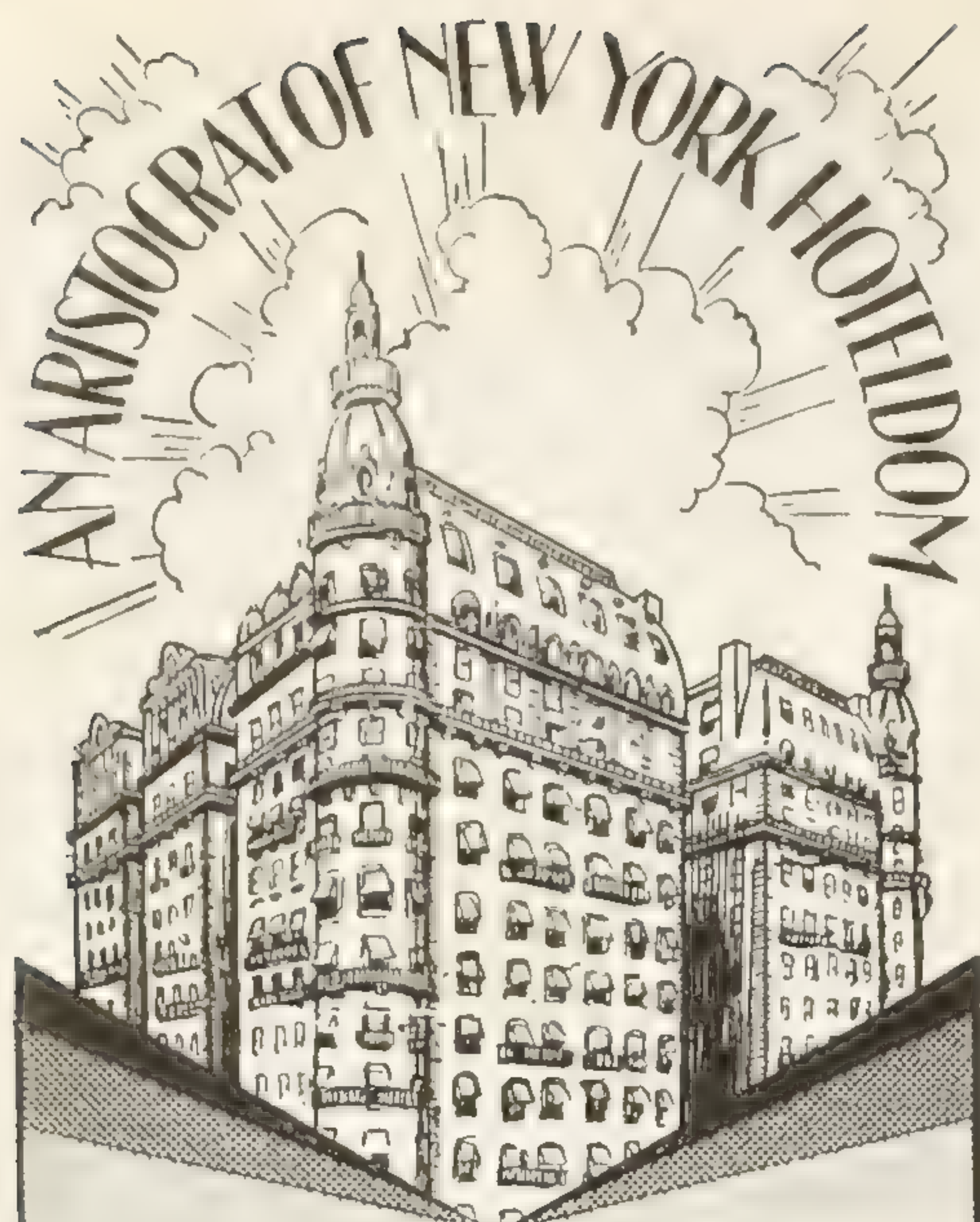
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Open House in Hollywood

Continued from page 32

"I drove up to the studio," she said, "and when Allan came out he pretended to faint. When he came to, he asked Doug if Doug would give him a job as an extra in his pictures. Well, it was an expensive car, I'll admit."

Speaking of cars, Mary Duncan overheard us, and came over to tell us that she had bought a big Rolls-Royce, but had to send it back because it was too large to go in her garage!

She announced supper then, and asked George O'Brien to help her bring in the tables for the guests, the guests being expected to serve themselves from the buffet supper in the dining-room. Someone else offered to help, but Mary wouldn't let him, democratically insisting on moving the little tables about herself. The guests all brought in their own plates, but the butler served the dessert.

A Hawaiian orchestra played for us, and a number of the guests danced, while others played bridge. The bridge players included Fay Compton, who is very clever at cards, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Borzage, and some others.

Bebe Daniels danced exquisitely well with Robert Castle and Eduard Raquello in succession; Lilyan Tashman danced with Eddie Lowe and then with Lowell Sherman; Eduard danced with Mary Duncan, and others who entered into the stepping were George O'Brien and Sally Phipps, Sam and Mrs. Goldwyn, Winfield Sheehan and Lois Moran. Bebe tangoes very beautifully, and she and Robert Castle gave what you might call an exhibition dance, due to the others stepping off the floor to watch them.

Bebe was fetched a ukulele by somebody, and she asked the orchestra to play some Spanish compositions, accompanying them easily and well. Then we all joined in singing 'La Paloma' and a couple of other Spanish songs. That is, we sang as much of the tune as we could remember, but didn't make much of the words.

"Oh, dear, why do such nice parties have to come to an end?" sighed Patsy and Eduard in concert, as we left, very late, for home.

"I think," Patsy went on, "that Mary Duncan was just born to be a hostess. She has just the right touch of cordiality and radiant friendliness to make everybody have a good time at her parties."

"Oh, Bebe Daniels has a castle in Spain—or at any rate a new Spanish castle—and we are invited down there to Santa Monica, where it is built right on the beach, to a delightful party which Bebe is giving for Marion Davies!" exclaimed Patsy in delight.

John Davidson took us down there, Patsy and me, in his new Chrysler. It was a moonlight night, and the big house shone white, with the water of the ocean sparkling beyond, and the house itself hospitably aglow.

"It is a little too cold for anybody to go swimming, I suppose," remarked John. "But I understand that Bebe does give evening swimming parties a lot. Anyhow, it would be too much trouble to get out of evening clothes and back into them again."

We crossed the big loggia, outfitted with its barbecue oven, and suggesting delightful summer evening clam-bakes and other festivities, and entered the drawing-room. But there were few guests there. Most of them

we found, after we had left our wraps on Bebe's huge Spanish bed in her bedroom, assembled in the great den, which is outfitted with a fireplace which nearly fills one side of the room, and in which a fire was burning cheerily that night. We found a lot of our friends seated on comfortable divans and big chairs, while some of the guests were dancing to the music of a Hawaiian orchestra.

Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, Bebe's mother, was aiding Bebe in receiving, and I'm sure nobody could make guests more welcome than these two.

Charlie Chaplin was dancing with his new leading lady, Virginia Cherrill; and Buster Keaton was having his first dance with his lovely wife, Natalie Talmadge, who, confidentially, I consider the prettiest of the Talmadge sisters. Domestic happiness and her love of home and children has given her a beauty that shines from within.

"But Harold Lloyd isn't dancing," remarked Patsy.

Whereupon, after a few whirls with Patsy, John invited Mildred Lloyd to dance with him, whereupon they left us.

"Buster and Harold are looking so solemn," remarked Patsy. "I suppose they are reflecting on how hard it is to make good comedies; but Charlie Chaplin doesn't seem to be worried at all tonight."

Charlie is usually the one who is sitting about, talking with people and wearing a somewhat worried frown; but he was cutting loose and enjoying himself that night.

Estelle Taylor had come with Jack Dempsey, her husband. She was looking pretty in a brown velvet evening gown, but confided to us that all her clothes were still in New York, and that she had bought this in a hurry for forty-nine dollars; also that there was a safety pin in the back which she did hope wouldn't reveal itself during the evening.

Betty Compson floated in, clad in a white chiffon embroidered in rose color, and looking heavenly lovely as usual. James Cruze wasn't with her, because Jimmie simply won't be dragged out to parties at night. Betty's admirers flocked about, but she just never will flirt!

Another beauty we caught sight of was Billie Dove. Billie was holding court, as usual, with a dozen males hovering about; but her husband, Irvin Willat, is always the favored beau.

That amusing Matty Kemp was dividing his attentions equally between Lila Lee and Bebe, though John Farrow was concentrating, whenever he got a chance, on Lila:

"Lila is looking so pretty these days that I suspect she is having a fresh romance," remarked Patsy, as we noted the adoring looks of Mr. Farrow, who just then was devotedly offering her dinner on a plate.

There are a lot of Spanish treasures of furnishings and objects d'art about this big living-room, and Irvin Willat brought us a Spanish machete which he had taken from the wall.

"I suppose if you are Spanish and don't like a person, you just stick this in him and open it out and twist it around!" suggested Irvin with a grin; whereupon we all chorused "Ouch!"

We caught sight of Anita Stewart and her fiance, that nice Mr. Converse, whom she is soon to marry. Neither one ever seems to have eyes for any one else.

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be happy in her next marriage," remarked Patsy. "She ought to. She is just the sweetest, kindest-hearted girl I have ever known. She does more little charitable acts that nobody ever hears about. And now she will have time to do a lot more, since she is marrying this millionaire boy, and won't work any more."

However, it is just possible that Patsy is wrong about that—I mean about Anita's not working any more. She is studying voice culture most assiduously, and I shouldn't be surprised if she accepted a musical comedy engagement. At any rate Patsy and I are invited up to her home to hear her sing very soon.

We saw Lily Damita and Robert Castle with their heads close together, as they sat on a divan near the fire. Both played in the same pictures in Germany, and had a lot to talk about. Castle having only lately arrived.

Phyllis Haver presently went over to the corner and began playing the piano; and the crowd stopped talking to listen. I had not known that Phyllis played so well.

Joseph Schenck was there, and Robert Vignola, Mr. and Mrs. Billie Sunday, Jr.—Billie doesn't dance, but his wife does—Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, W. R. Hearst, and scores of others.

Joseph Schenck presently carried Lily Damita off to dance with him, and Robert Castle consoled himself by seeking out Bebe as a partner; while others who danced together were Harry D'Arrast and Marion Davies, Roland Drew and Estelle Taylor, Carmelita Geraghty and Bernie Fineman.

Dr. Harry Martin was called on to act as master of ceremonies, and suggested some dancing contests. The dancers all changed partners then, except Charlie Chaplin and Miss Cherrill, and the prize was finally awarded to Joseph Schenck and Marion Davies.

Then it was announced that dancing contests would be held with the men guests dancing together, and the girls dancing together. That turned out to be most amusing!

Charlie Chaplin danced with Joseph Schenck, Roland Drew with Jack Dempsey, Harry D'Arrast with Marshall Neilan, Billie Dove with Phyllis Haver, Bebe with Mrs. Billie Sunday, Lila Lee with Carmelita Geraghty, and there were other couples I don't remember. At any rate, Chaplin and Schenck won the first prize for the men, while Billie Dove and Phyllis Haver won the girls' prize.

They were like a bunch of kids, those picture stars, and the whole spirit of the party was one of rollicking fun.

We all danced the old-fashioned square dances after that, and then Charlie Chaplin did a skating dance that was a riot.

Maybe the most amusing bit of entertainment was a film feature, made up of odds and ends of old starring vehicles of Bebe Daniels, Pola Negri, Clara Bow and others, strung together with their subtitles. Then Bebe announced it was a talking picture, and sat down close by to announce funny sub-titles which she made up on the spur of the moment.

After that there were a couple of very funny skits, done in impromptu fashion. One had big Roy Brooks, Bebe Daniels, Marion Davies, Lila Lee, Carmelita Geraghty and others in a sort of charade, but with lines suggested by Harry Crocker and Charlie Chaplin.

Following that, there was more dancing, then supper, then more dancing, and then, tired and happy as kids after their first party, we went home.

"Oh, if that's Spanish hospitality," re-

marked John Davidson, "I'm going to start for Spain tomorrow!"

"BEDS," remarked Patsy, "so far as we are concerned tonight, might just as well never have been invented. We are going you know, with John Davidson, to Reginald Denny's wedding reception at the Hollywood Athletic Club, and then over to Dolores Del Rio's party."

"Well, I'm in the hands of my friends," I announced cheerfully.

"Oh, Bubbles looks just as a bride ought to look," cried Patsy, as we caught sight of Mrs. Denny, arrayed in her wide, filmy skirts and white bodice, with the veil and lovely lace, the orange blossoms and the huge bouquet of gardenias in her hands. "From the time of Godey's Ladies' Book down to Vanity Fair, she typifies everything bridey I've ever seen."

Bubbles justified everything that Patsy said about her. She is a most genuinely lovable, sweet and pretty girl.

"And I'm not," she told us, when we asked her, after greetings were over, "going to work any more in pictures. I'm just going to take care of my husband's home. That's work enough for any woman."

Reggy proved a delightful host, able somehow to expand that lovable crooked smile of his to include everybody. He was evidently just as proud of his bride as a bridegroom should be.

"She didn't say 'obey,' though," grinned the bridegroom, looking fondly down at Bubbles. "However, you would have, if it had been in the ceremony, wouldn't you?"

"Of course I would!" retorted Bubbles. "And just because it wasn't, I will!"

We met George Lewis and his wife then, and tinkled glasses with them over wishes for the couple's happiness.

George told us that he was 'second best man and flower girl!'

"Ben Hendricks was best man, and I handed the bride her bouquet before she began her march to the altar, so I must have been the flower girl, mustn't I?" George demanded gaily.

Otis Harlan came over then, and told us that he had 'kissed the bride—yes, sir, with my bare face!'

The bride and groom, we learned, had just two days off from work for their honeymoon! They were to spend the time up in Reginald's mountain cabin in the San Bernardino mountains.

Lovely Olive Hausbrouck was there, and she said that, being the only single woman present with the exception of Patsy and myself, we three should have to fight for the bouquet when it was thrown.

Laura La Plante came with William Seiter, and declared she felt like an old has-been, having been married two whole years.

We caught sight of Fred and Fanny Hatton, Eddie Cline, Carl Laemmle, Jr., and a score of others.

"I don't have to gaze into a crystal to make up my mind that those two are going to be happy together," remarked John, as we sped away to Dolores' party.

DOLORES' party was being given for her by Mr. and Mrs. Gunther Lessing, friends of Miss Del Rio, at their beautiful Spanish home, perched on the side of a Hollywood hill.

It was the first party given Dolores since Jaimie Del Rio's death, over which Dolores had grieved too much for the good of her health, her friends think. Dolores would accept no invitations, but this party was to be a quiet affair, with only a few of her



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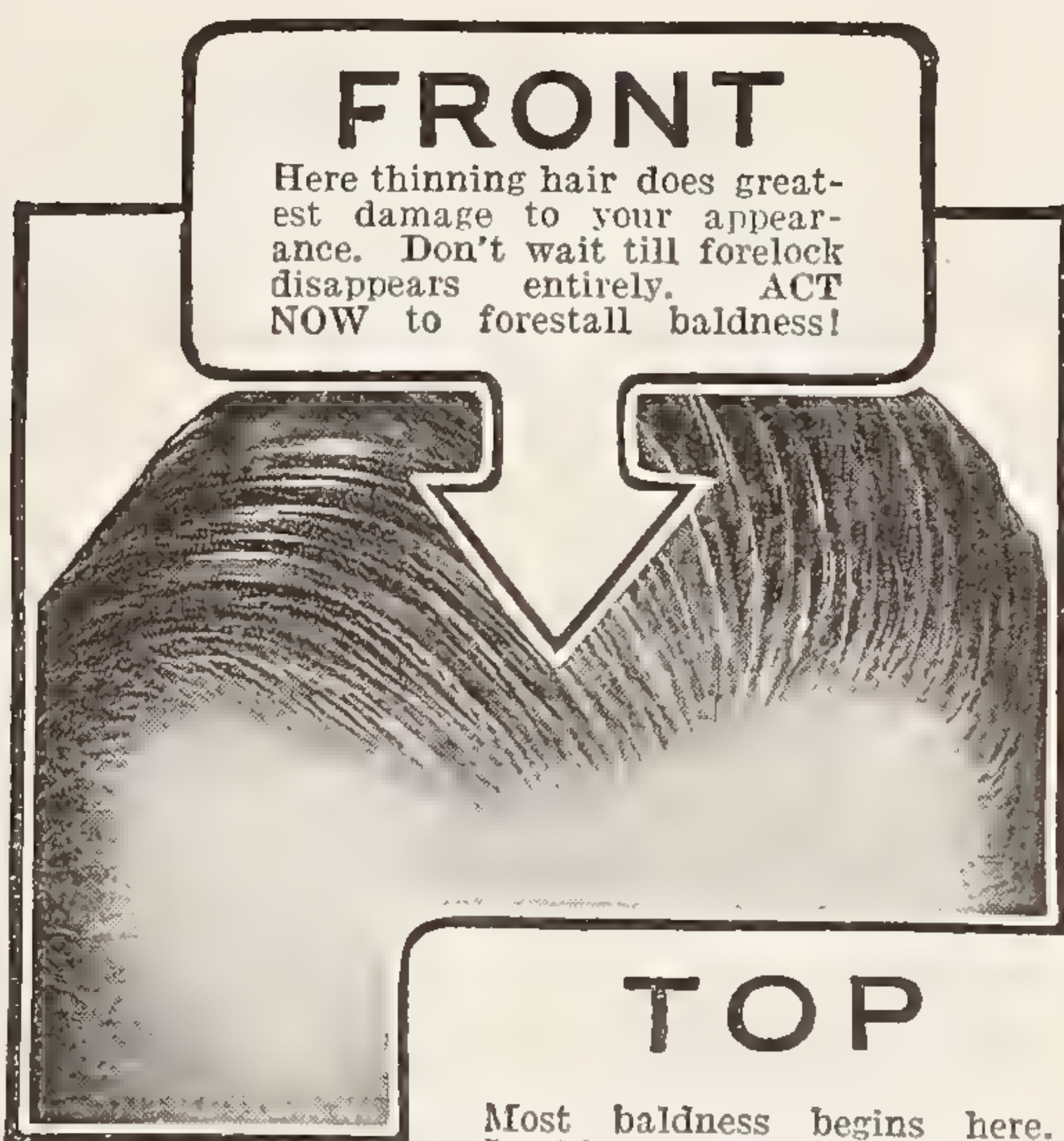
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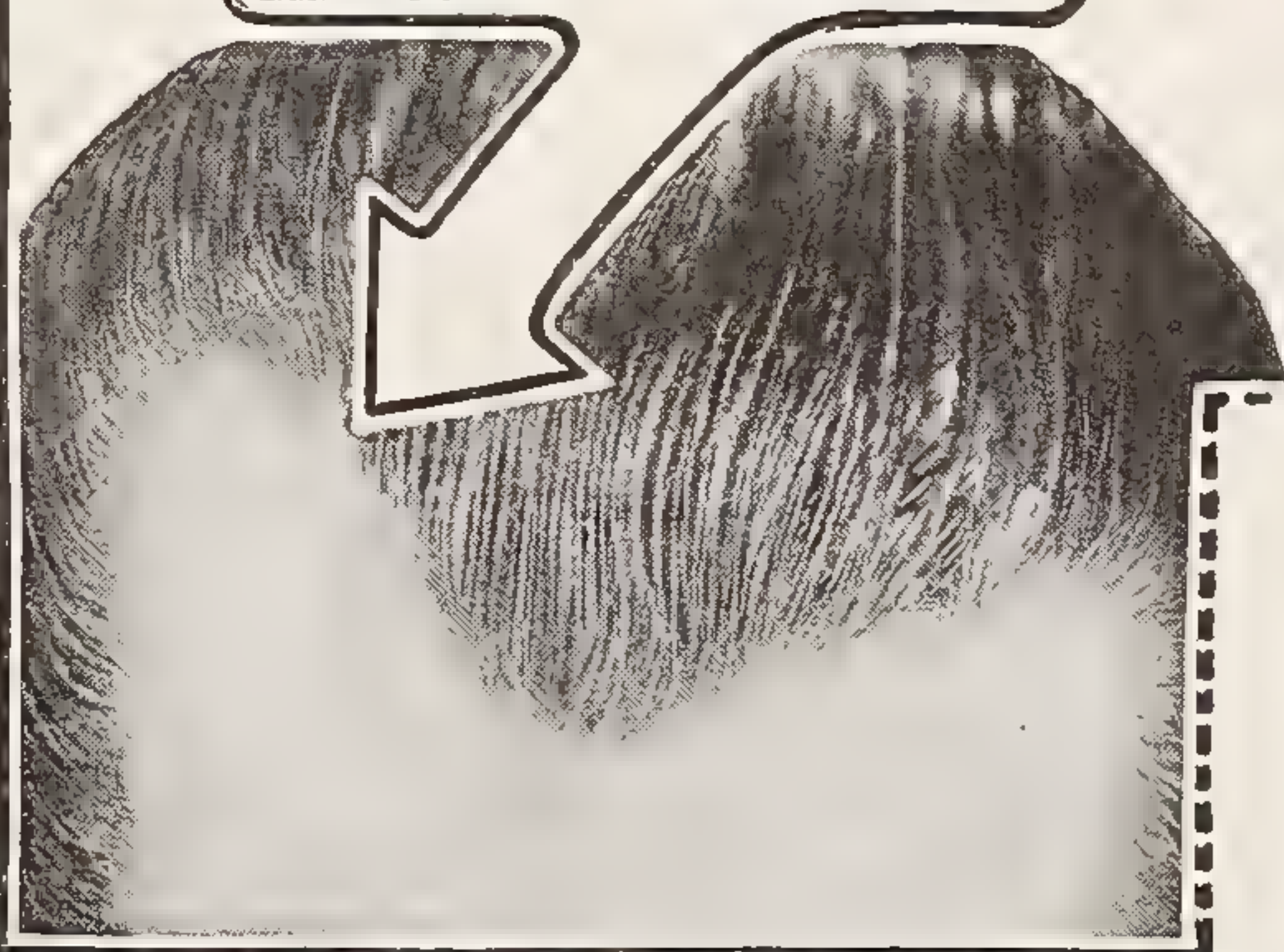
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Most baldness begins here. Is this YOUR thinnest spot? Decide today to get that hair back and MORE!



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friends present, and Patsy and I were proud to be among the number.

John Davidson took us to the party, and we found Dolores looking sweeter and lovelier than ever.

She was wearing a Paris gown of red chiffon. It was short except for a sort of train made up of the ends of a sash of the same material as the dress, stitched closely to the gown and trailing gracefully behind. Some one stepped on one of those ends, tearing it loose, but this didn't disturb Dolores at all, as she merely annexed the loose piece, put a little end of it through a ring on her little finger—and there you were! That sash, it seems, may also be caught up around the neck as a scarf.

Speaking of scarfs, Dolores had brought her girl friends as gifts from Paris some of these novel cabaret scarfs. These are large pieces of material, either square or round, with the material usually gold or black lace, and they are embroidered in brilliant colors. These you wear over your evening dress when you enter a cafe where you are to dance.

"I love mine!" exclaimed Rita Carewe in delight, as she spread out her silver lace scarf with the many colored embroideries. "Now I shan't feel so all-undressed if I check my coat at the cloak-room before going into the theater or dining-room in my evening clothes."

Jose Crespo was one of the guests at Dolores' party. He is a noted actor in his native Spain, and is planning to establish a Spanish theater in Los Angeles.

Mabel Forrest, who used to be Mrs. Bryant Washburn, was present, having arrived with Leslie Pierce, the stage director. By the way, we scent a romance there. Mabel has been on the stage of late, and has been very successful. And just by the way, too, we hear that Bryant Washburn is greatly interested in a pretty picture actress, Virginia Southern.

Don Alvarado and Ann were there, and Finis Fox and his wife, Roland Drew, and of course Rita Carewe's husband, Leroy Mason.

Rita said that she was a nervous wreck due to their home having been robbed twice in one week.

"Now Leroy and I are taking pistol target practice with the police!" announced Rita.

Mrs. J. L. Asunsolo, Dolores' mother, looked very handsome in a gold and black velvet gown.

Edwin Carewe's orchestra came up after dinner from the studio and played for the dancing, and after that somebody asked John Davidson to give a reading. John demurred for a moment, but couldn't resist Dolores, and read a selection in his charming voice. Dolores sang a couple of Spanish songs in her lovely voice.

Then Dolores decided that, it being late, everybody must be hungry.

"I'm going to the kitchen and scramble some eggs for you, if Mrs. Lessing doesn't mind," said Dolores.

She put on a kitchen apron, tucked her Paris train up underneath her skirt, and we all followed her into the kitchen.

"But I never work without music!" exclaimed Dolores. Where's the orchestra?"

Whereupon the orchestra went to the kitchen, too, and played jig music for Dolores to do her cooking by, and Rita Carewe and Leroy Mason, Loris Fox and John Davidson, Roland Drew and Patsy, danced Irish jigs around Dolores as she cooked.

And the eggs and coffee turned out to be fine!

Just a Little Love

(Continued from page 55)

for talking motion pictures came into being. Bryan Foy, in charge of the short sound features for the Vitaphone, invited her to do a turn before the 'mike' in the role of a song and dance vaudeville star. She did and the result was promptly forgotten. The film was not released to the public for many weeks, but when it was, Bessie Love was finally discovered. Here was the perfect star for the talkies. She had a voice, both for speaking and for singing, a well-trained voice. She had proven dramatic talent and both stage and screen experience. She could dance. She could improvise. She was what the 'talkies' had been looking for.

There was a scramble between many companies to bid for her services. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed her for the featured lead in "Broadway Melody," an all-dialogue picture, and at its completion gave her a five-year contract, making her one of the important players of that organization.

"It's so much fun making talkies!" she says. "It keeps you on your toes every minute. For instance, in some of the scenes in 'Broadway Melody' I was supposed to hum and sing a tune. Well, I couldn't sing anything I knew because there's some sort of rule against it—that is, unless the company has made arrangements to use a popular song in a talkie it can't be used at all. So here I was—making up music as I went along. And you've no idea how hard it was not to let the strains of some current musical hit crop in! All those things make it seem like an almost entirely new business. Much more fun than the old silent pictures! I'm for 'em!"

Bessie and her mother come on to New York after the little star completed "Broadway Melody." Bessie told everybody, including me, that she was "going to enjoy a real, good holiday!"

"I've worked so hard—all that vaudeville to get experience for talkies; and then working from twelve to eighteen hours every day in 'Broadway Melody,' that I'm worn out, and I'm going to rest."

I thought it might be interesting to find out just what method of resting was being selected by this movie girl, to pass on to you. So I asked her for details as to just how she went about relaxing in Manhattan.

"Well, you see," said Bessie, "I have my singing lessons here—with Jeanotte, and my dancing lessons with Ned Wayburn, and then I have to practice for hours. Of course I must talk business with my company, too—and there are interviews. And I love to shop and there's no place like New York for that. And I do want to see all the shows and visit a night-club or two." She paused a minute—maybe for breath.

"And that's your idea of rest?" I gasped.

"Why, yes!" she smiled. "A change is a rest. New York is so different from Hollywood and I don't want to miss anything! It would be a shame to neglect any opportunity to polish up my dancing with such a wonderful teacher as Wayburn—and I wouldn't miss my voice lessons for the world!"

Is it any wonder that Bessie Love has come back? And this time she is back to stay. Hollywood is glad, because it has watched her grow from a skinny little kid working for Griffith, into a very personable and provocative young woman—all without changing the real Bessie. She's still a little Love!

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If you find the real Charlie Chaplin we will send as soon as correct answer is received certificate for \$1,000.00 to add to the first prize of \$2,500, if you win, and directions for getting largest prize. Over \$50,000.00 in prizes already given to advertise our products locally. No cost or obligation. Nothing to buy now, later or ever. Everyone rewarded if actively interested.

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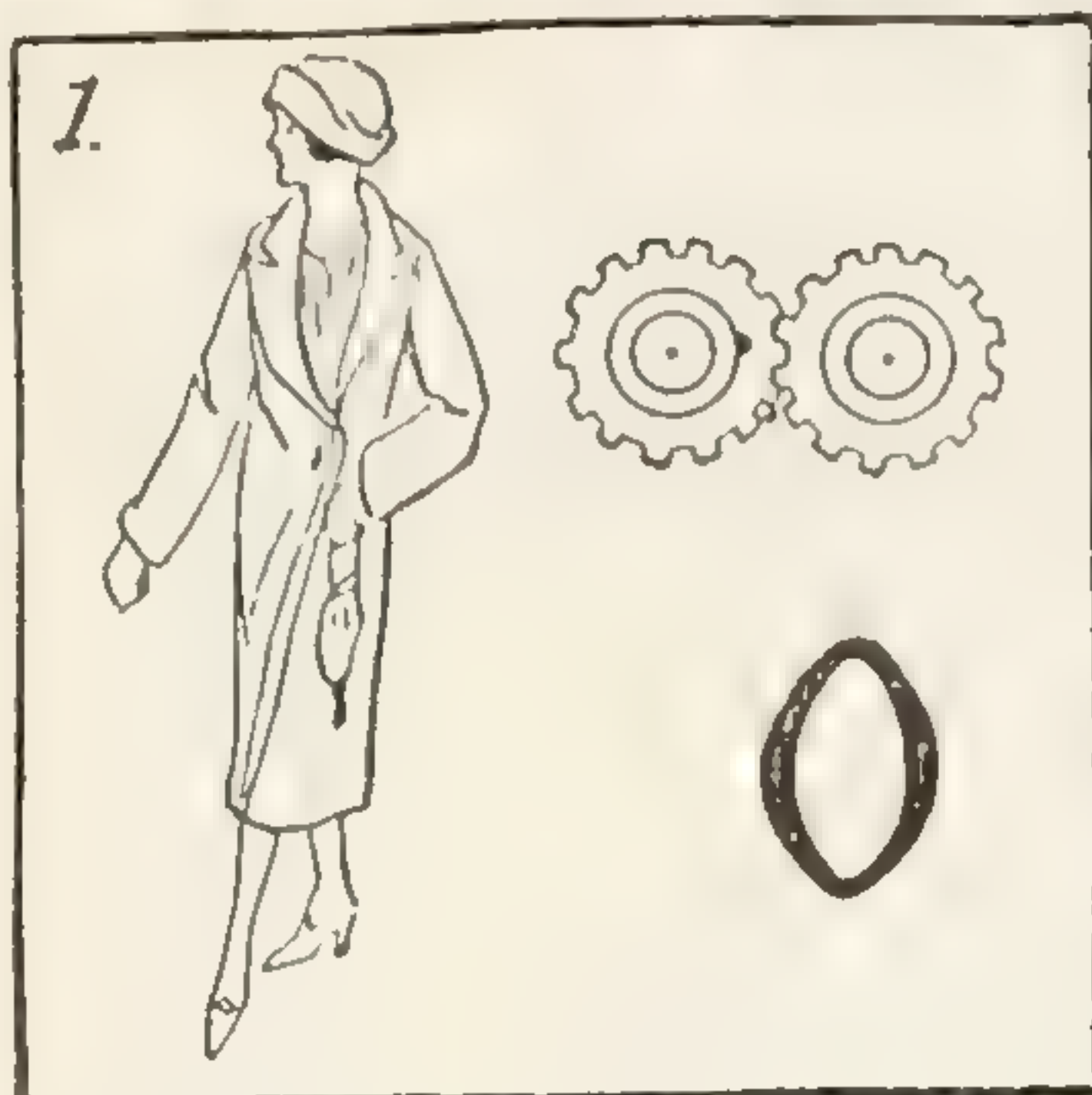
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example, to represent the city of Washington you could say, "Make a picture of a woman doing the family washing and near by show a ton of coal."

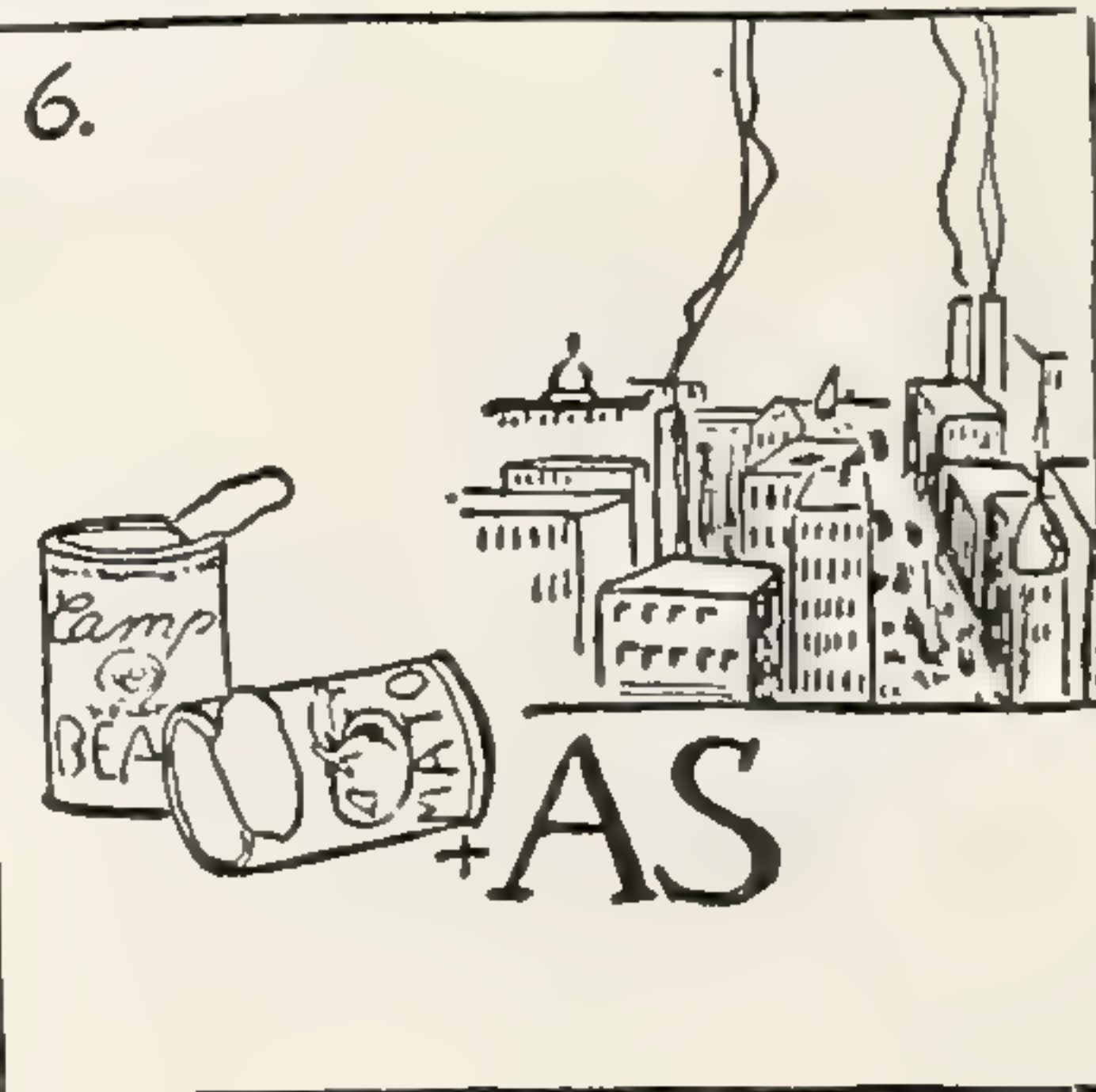
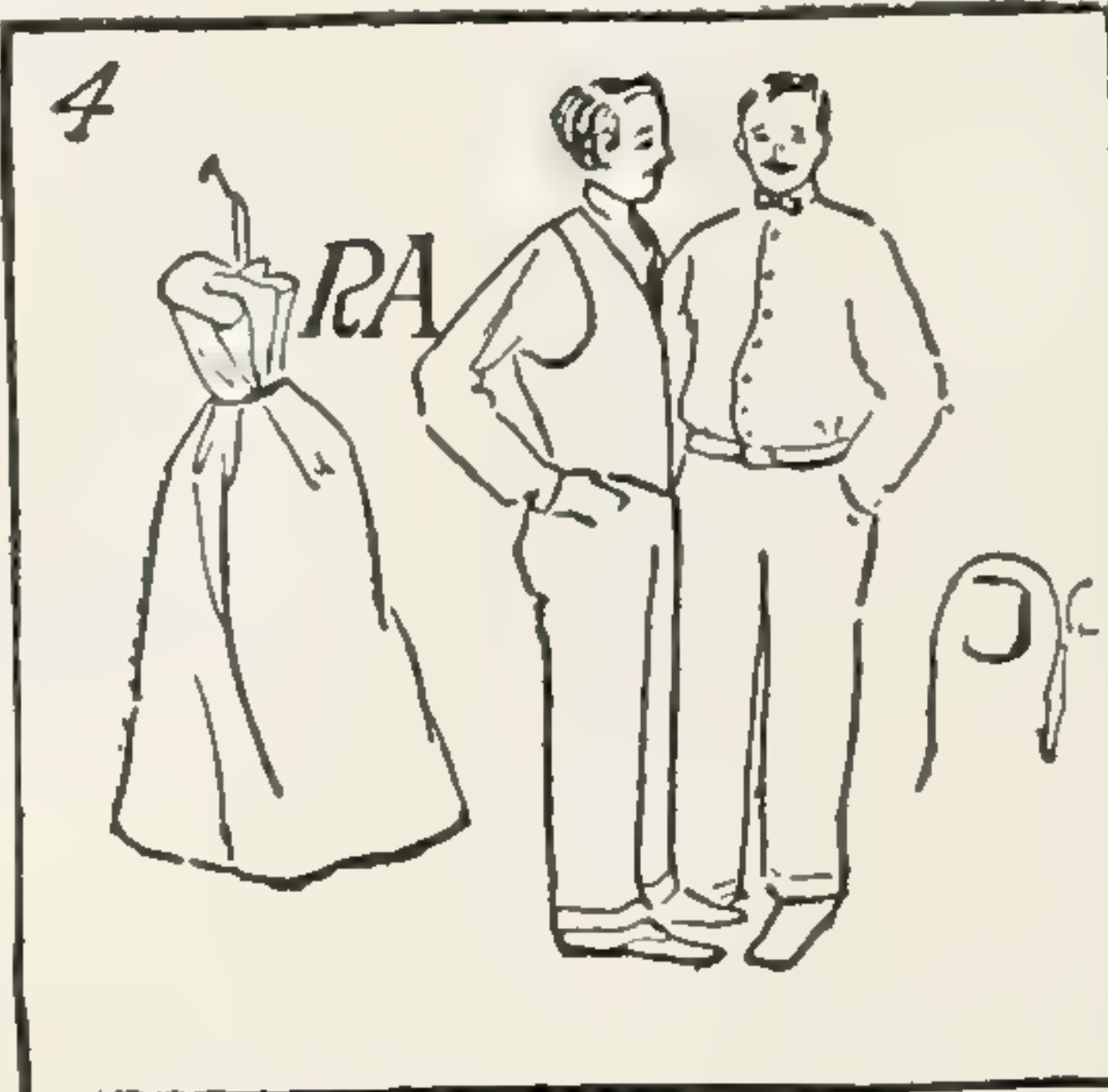
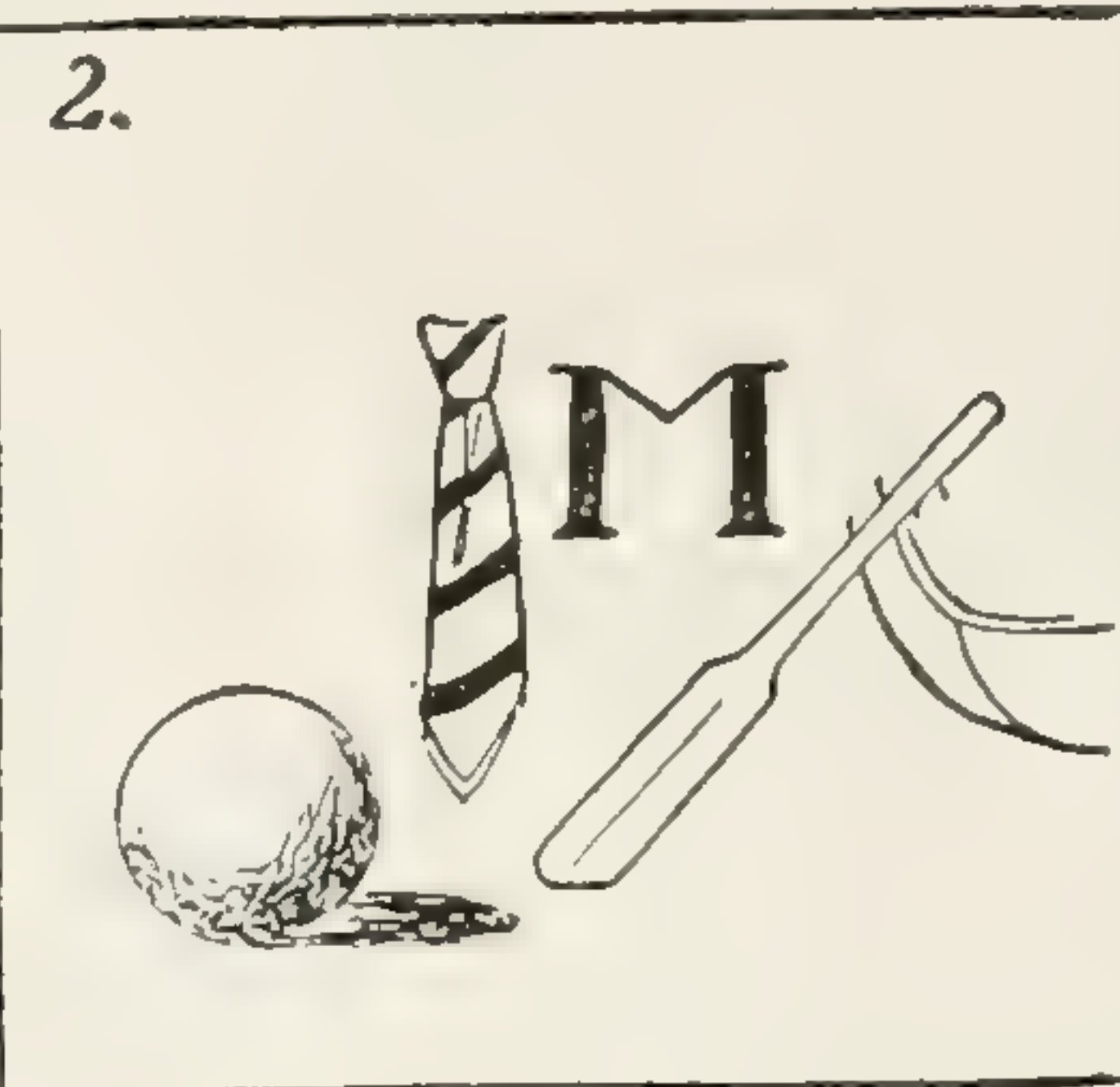
To Start You Right

In the first rebus you see the picture of a girl, some cogs, and the letter "o." Since you do not know the girl's name you may call her "she." Then you have "she-cog-o" or Chicago. In other words you go by the sound of the words and not by the correct spelling.



No. 1, then, is Chicago. No. 2 is a large city in the East not far from Washington, D. C. In No. 3 you see a young man holding in his hand the capital of one of the Southern states. No. 4 is another state capital, but this one is located in the far West. No. 5 is a city in the North noted for the manufacture of flour. No. 6 is a meat packing center in the Middle West.

First prize of \$50.00 will be given to the boy or girl who names the cities represented by the six pictures and makes up the best rebus for some other city, town or postoffice in the United States. If your rebus is good, it may be shown on this page soon. Any boy or girl in the United States under eighteen years of age may try for the prizes by sending in one set of answers. All answers to the puzzles must be mailed not later than April, 23—better be early than late. In case of a tie no prize will be divided, but the entire amount will be awarded to each person so tying. Send in your answer today.



How to Answer

Write the names of the six cities in the six blank spaces in the coupon. Then get your geography or some other handy list of cities and pick out the one you wish to use in your rebus. Tell on the lower lines of the coupon what objects are to be shown in your rebus.

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Magic in Movieland

(Continued from page 71)

The theater manager proved to be a young, beautiful, efficient and capable girl. When the play left Toledo Neil quit to be near the fair Elsa.

Money was scarce, but Neil entertained the fair lady with his sleight-of-hand-tricks and the amateur magician work that he was ardently practicing as a hobby. What magical trick won Elsa, we do not know; but she promised to marry Neil as soon as he found a job in New York that paid something, anything, a week.

Bursting with ambition Neil landed a leading role in a New York show. Wired for Elsa. She arrived the day before the big opening. They were married. Joy abounded. The show never opened. Eleven dollars remained in the Hamilton exchequer. Eleven dollars for a honeymoon!

Perhaps it's best to skip over the next three jobless months.

At the end of ninety desperate days D. W. Griffith waved his magic wand over this young couple and brought fame to Neil—and, what is more important, a regular pay envelope.

The Hamiltons share so many poignant memories. The day they bought their first car. Suffocating luxury! The day Paramount signed Neil to a contract and they decided to drive west to Hollywood. The joy of that westward trip! Their first Hollywood home—a modest bungalow, but there grew in the garden an orange tree, a lemon tree and a banana tree.

Not many invitations are issued from the Hamiltons, but those fortunate to receive one may leave their ennui at home. Neil has worked at his magic until his performance compares more than favorably with the professional variety. Every drawer, cabinet and closet in the Hamilton menage is bursting with Neil's black magic equipment.

There is a double brass bowl that annoyingly fills itself with water and rice with alternate precision. There is a pair of real police handcuffs, that one locks on Neil's wrists only to have him slip out of them in the most voodoo fashion. There is a coffin-like box into which Neil places his fair wife and proceeds to saw her in half before your horror-glazed eyes. With shuddering relief, Elsa emerges from the ordeal in one piece. There is a vase that tells your fortune. You ask it questions and an ethereal voice tells you how many times you will marry and the number of children that will bless your old age. There is a high hat that produces the most astounding variety of flora and fauna. There are baskets from which music filters; there are trick tables, glasses, cigars and cords.

The Hamiltons have no profound advice to offer on the matrimonial question. They emphatically state that no set of rules can bring happiness. Therefore, you must content yourself with a few vague observations from the writer. I select the mutual interests of this couple as the key to their success; their healthy interest in the same hobbies, pleasures, work and people. Then there is that combined stamina that withstands the tide of fortune, both good and bad, and the good variety requires the most stamina, according to Elsa and Neil.

Neil Hamilton has recently appeared in three pictures with Bebe Daniels. They were "Hot News," "Take Me Home," and "What a Night."

Who's Making Whoopee in Hollywood?

Continued from page 21

ple and spare. There were no bed hangings. There was a dresser, a chest of drawers, a desk, a night table, several comfortable chairs—and that was all. The rug matched the draperies with a heavenly shade of blue worked in. A large lounging chair contained five or six flapper dolls which Lupe dressed herself. Taking me out on her little balcony she pointed to the massive branches of a very beautiful sycamore tree in the patio.

"See, Helen! My moon!" And there in the top branches was a round, mellow radiance—a very good imitation of God's moon. "I adore a moon," said Lupe, "and sometimes when she do not shine I light my own. Down there," waving toward the patio beneath, "ees a fireplace. Ees too cold now, but so much fun to roast chestnuts and dance before that fire."

In her garage were two cars, a town car and a sport car, a beauty in cream with polished nickel trappings. "Cadillacs, both," said Lupe. "I crazy about Cadillacs. I love to drive thees one. Other day I was driving fifty miles an hour where I should go forty. A policeman run up to me and he say, 'I will arrest you, mees!' I say to him. 'All right, that will be just fine. Then I will see a lot of other handsome policemen like you.' And what you think he do? He smile at me!"

Few of the screen people are what one might imagine them to be. Does Greta Garbo, for an example, give the impression of being inordinately shy? They say she suffers mortal torment before an interview with a writer she has not met. She has few friends and visits few people. She is always languid in her movements. "I grew too fast," she once told Fred Niblo. "And I am still tired from the effort."

Clara Bow is another girl that everyone has ideas about. A lot of people think she is a regular red-hot mama. Others, that she is just a cute flapper who is always flapping. Clara's laughing eyes and sunny smile hide one of the most serious minds in Hollywood. Everything with Clara is a problem. When fans calls her up—only heaven knows how they get the number—instead of turning the wire over to someone else she worries with them over how they are going to get what they want without violating studio rules. Her story sense is excellent, and two of the best sequences in "The Fleet's In" were Clara's own ideas.

She treats her domestic staff like members of the family and they adore her. Sometimes they bring some relative's children for the day and these youngsters have the freedom of the house which seems not to annoy their little mistress in the least.

Her house is always open to friends who are lonely or hard up.

She rarely entertains but not long ago she gave a big dinner and complications arose. When the difficulties and conflicting personalities became more than she could cope with she went out on the front lawn and played football. I expect every hostess can sympathize with Clara in such a situation.

What she must never do is to let nerves get the upper hand. For nerves put lines in the face and grey in the hair, and not only that: they make one very unhappy and Clara is not made of the stuff that lets such things get the best of her. She throws herself into something that instantly takes her mind from her trouble.

Scattered about her house you will find

a striped kitten, several dogs, a parrot and an Australian teddy bear, which Clara declares is the dumbest thing she ever saw. The little animal wasn't feeling so well and clung to a cousin of Clara's in rather a pathetic fashion. "He seems affectionate," I said, though there was not a spark of any sort of feeling from the bright, buttony little eyes. "He seems to cling so."

"Well, I really think," said Clara hesitatingly as though she hated to hurt the feelings even of a teddy bear, "I really think he has an idea that he is clinging to a tree."

But to return to Lupe: she is the most intense little person I almost ever saw. She is heart and soul in the mood of the moment. There was a scar on her right wrist a trifle over an inch long, which I wanted to know about. One time her beloved mother was very ill. So ill that the doctors told Lupe her mother would not live till morning. "Then neither will I!" said Lupe and slashed open the veins in her wrist, which the doctor promptly took three stitches in.

She was a very big star in Mexico before she came to the states two years ago. She was, judging by the extravagant headlines in a book full of clippings she has, one of the most popular in her country.

"I do not show you these clippings because I am conceited, Helen, but it was said that I never did anything on the stage before I came to Hollywood and that is not true. Here you can see for yourself that I was in vogue."

Someone saw Lupe in Mexico City and engaged her to play in "The Dove" with Richard Bennett. She left with a blaze of publicity but what was her embarrassment to be stopped at the border because she was a minor and hadn't the proper papers. Lupe had never thought of supplying herself with credentials. She tried to slip back quietly to her home but a little newsboy recognized her, and her 'incog' was all off. She became the laughing stock of the town. She went to the President and tried to get her papers through quickly but it was weeks before she could arrange it, and in the meantime "The Dove" opened. She left Mexico quietly the second time for no one would believe that she was really going. She gave her mother all the money she had, enough to keep her for the summer until Lupe could make good in Hollywood. It never occurred to her that she might not make good. She took with her just twenty-one dollars and her little dog Meletone, which she kept in the coach with her. She had a little pasteboard box all punched with holes and woe betide any porter who tried to take it from her. No baggage car for Meletone. No, indeed!

It seemed to Lupe that the states were full of policemen and she fought roundly with anyone who tried to touch her baggage. Until she discovered that they were porters! In the meantime she had flirted with a boy on the train. "And what you think he do? He get my twenty dollars away from me. I have never trust a mans since then," she said laughing. "Then when I find that my policemen were porters and had to be tipped I looked at my one dollar and I wouldn't let them take anything. Well, I run back and forth with my bags until I get them all in the waiting room. Then I say to the porters, 'I did it all myself so I don't have to pay you nothings,' and they laugh. I could not speak much English then, just a few words."

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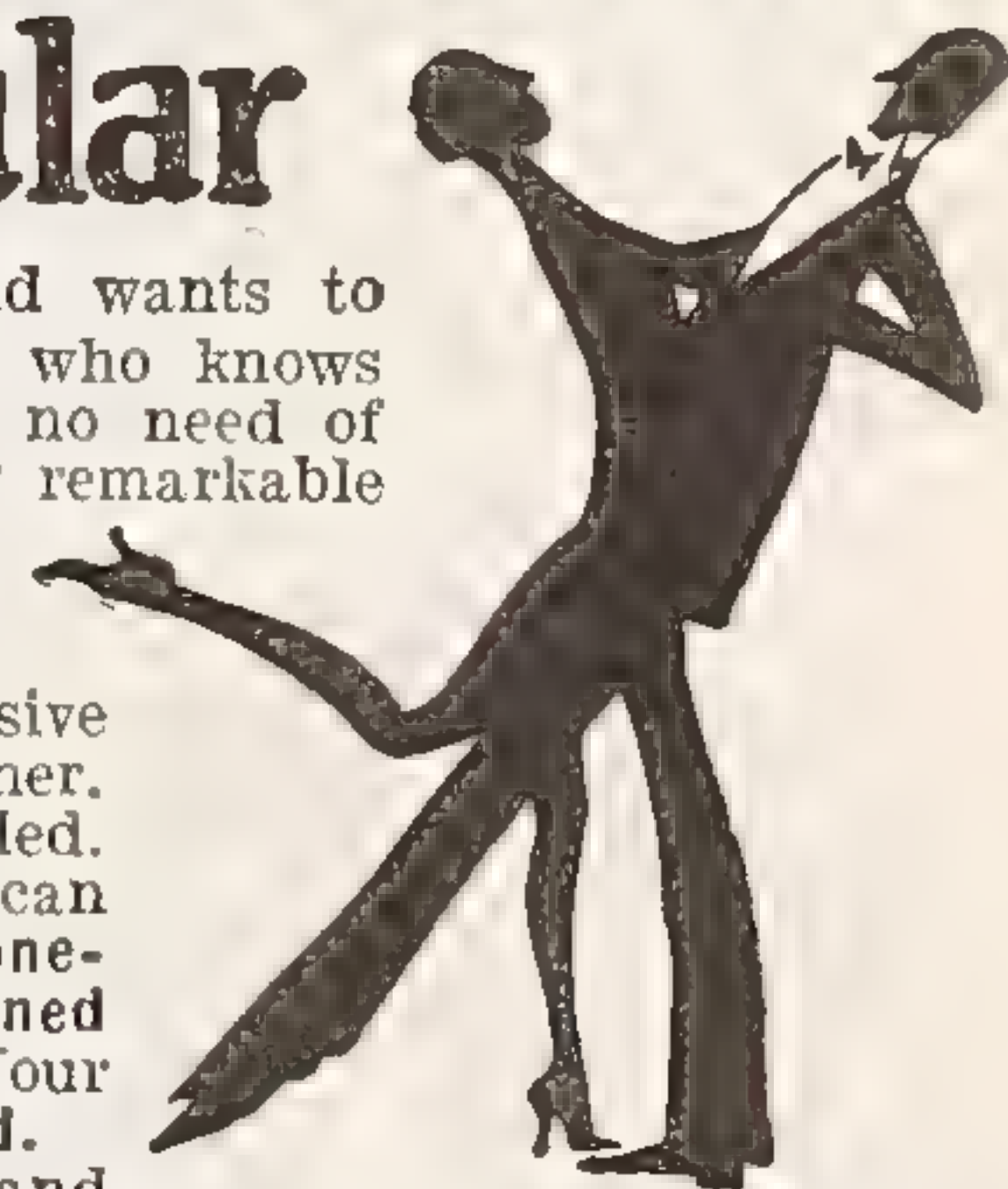
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"Then I sit down in the waiting room with Meletone, my bags and my one dollar, and I wonder why I come to thees country where I do not know anyone and where I am so hungry. Pretty soon I couldn't stand it and I bought some coffee and a hot dog. Meletone had half. Then I took my bags out and sat on the curb to wait for a taxi. 'I will ride seventy-five cents worth and see where I am,' I thought. Some boys come by and laugh and winkle at me. I laugh and winkle back. In my country it is only fun to winkle at a mans, but in thees country it means something. So they get fresh and then I get mad."

"I get in a taxi 'otel,' I say. 'What 'otel?' he say. I don't know any 'otel' so I just say again, 'otel!' 'What 'otel?' he say, and so we do like that, 'otel,' 'What 'otel?' 'otel,' 'What 'otel?' for half an hour almost. Then he drive me off and I watch the meter. Every time it go up ten cents I jump. Then we turned on Broadway and I forgot all about the meter. I thought I was in heaven. So many lights, so many people and so much traffic! Was wonderful. We stop and I remember the meter again. \$1.75. What am I to do for another dollar, I thought, and then I went into the hotel and there at the desk was a cookoo man."

"What on earth's a cookoo man?" I asked.

"You know, a mans with his two eyes looking at each other."

"Oh, a cross-eyed man," I said.

"Yes, in my country very bad luck. I run out and say to that driver, 'What you bring me to a 'otel where ees a cookoo man?' He say, 'Well, what 'otel then?' Se we begin that all over again. Then I think of Richard Bennett. I have never see him but he is the only name I know to ask. 'Richard Bennett,' I say, and the driver he understand after awhile and telephone to the theatre. Richard say for me to go to his 'otel and he tell them I am all right and that he will stand the bill until I get a job. Oh my, what I eat. Everything! And Meletone! What he eat that night!"

"Then I say to Richard, 'Well, I cannot play in your play but I can sing and dance. Can I not get a job in your nice country? So he help me and pretty soon I play with Fanchon and Marco. But what you think. The first night I am in thees country came a mans with a contract for me to sign and he say I can't stay

here unless I sign. What I know about thees country? And I want to stay, so I sign. It was not to get me a job but when I got one I had to pay him twenty-five per-cent of my salary. I free of him now but I have to pay him thousands of dollars."

"Well, I play with Fanchon and Marco only a little time and then Hal Roach want me to take a test for pictures. And I laugh hard at him. 'Me, in pictures! How can I be in pictures. I ogly. I not pretty!' But they made me do, and then I play and then they want me for 'The Gaucho.' Douglas Fairbanks is the sweetest thing, and Mary Pickford is the loveliest womans what you ever met in your whole life. She was so kind and showed me all my make-up and what I looked best in. She was all the time helping me to make good."

"And now I have this lovely house and my beautiful cars and my radiola and Amelio and Meletone here with me and the American peoples have give me all this. I am so happy—all day long. And I am so grateful. I don't care if I work all night like I have done on this last picture. My goodness, sometimes I think my eyes won't open. We work till one-thirty. It is past two before I can get to bed with an eight o'clock call. That means I have to get up at six fifteen. Was terrible. What I must look like in those close-ups! But now it is over and I can sleep all day."

She flicked the ash of her cigarette in the instep of her slipper and looked up at me with an elfish grin. "Am I not awful? I am very lazy. Over there," she waved to a small table of trays about ten feet away, "over there ees a long walk." She has the ability to conserve her strength for things she must do and save herself steps that she considers unimportant.

In a second she was on her feet again and showing me a new dance that she liked. I admired a black lacquer bench shaped in half a moon standing on short, golden legs. "I paint that," said Lupe, slapping a prideful chest with delight that her work had been noticed. "Ees not done yet, I have not enough gold paint for the hind legs."

Lupe, between pictures, is anything but a stay-at-home. As soon as she is rested up she goes everywhere and sees everything.

"But I will never marry," she told me. "Soon as I get a husband I would not like him. Not marry, then you always like your friends."

Richard Dix Tells the Truth

Continued from page 23

lifted my heart out of my bosom. But would they buy it for me? Not in a million years. And so I lost it. Dick Barthelmess is going to play it. I think they're calling it 'Scarlet Seas.' I'm glad he got it—even if I couldn't.

"But it's all different now," said Dix, more cheerfully. "Anybody with a lick of vision can see that sound pictures are here to stay—unquestionably. But mind you, I don't necessarily mean the all-talkie, I mean the film with some measure of sound in it. And I'm for them—heart, body and soul. And quite selfishly, too. I figured I was through when they came along. Now I have something to stick my teeth into. It's a fight. A fight to the death among movie stars, and like the fight of the human race, only the fit will survive, those whose voices and personalities will lend themselves to talking films. It's on the knees of the gods.

This is the greatest gamble we stars have ever taken! I may be rotten—the next man excellent. But whether I'm rotten or not, I've got another chance to try!

"You must remember while we're talking about this new invention that all our reactions today have been from the key cities — that is the largest cities — only. For the smaller cities and towns haven't been able to have their picture houses wired yet. But just wait until you get returns from them! It is my belief that the Star System, instead of being wiped out as so many claim it will, will grow into a bigger and more important regime than ever before. And the reason for it will be the same reason that built up the matinee idols of years ago! And that reason is that those artists were able to express many tremendous varying emotions by the sheer force of personality."

She Married Him to Reform Him

(Continued from page 56)

All of which goes to prove that in marrying Helen Lynch, Carroll Nye took unto himself an asset and not a liability.

Helen is anything but the clinging vine sort of wife. She is more interested in Carroll's work and success than she is in her own career, and many will recall that Helen Lynch's name was featured on the screen for several years before Carroll made his first flicker. In fact, she was a Wampas Baby Star not so long ago and has been going great ever since.

Carroll does not object to his wife's continuing her screen work—in fact encourages it, for he believes some interest outside of home affairs is a good thing. During the past season she has played in "The Show-down," "The Singing Fool," "Romance of the Underworld," and "Old Arizona," from which fact it is easy to surmise that Helen has had plenty to think about besides darning her husband's socks and preparing the evening meals.

Even while Carroll was one of the champion emoters in high school dramatics at Covina, California, and later at the State University, he had a secret hunch that he would like to be a real actor. But his first attempt to carry out this ambition after graduating from college was most discouraging. Several weeks were spent bucking the 'extra' game and warming the benches of the various studio casting offices before Carroll decided temporarily to follow the line of least resistance by becoming a reporter on a Los Angeles newspaper.

Here he covered police and dramatic stories and now and then a society item for his mother, who is club and social editor for the same daily. But the life did not appeal to him. Any real future in the newspaper game seemed too remote to hold much allurements. Carroll admits that whenever any of the screen stars, about whom he was continually writing, rode by in their Lincolns or Rolls Royces, he always made mental calculations as to how long it would be before he could buy one of these shiny, gold-trimmed road kings on a cub reporter's salary, and would arrive at the sad conclusion that such a luxury would be deferred unto the third or fourth generation.

Besides, acting was still uppermost in his mind. So, when he got a chance to be a super at the old Majestic Theater in Los Angeles, he considered it a great piece of luck. Here he was general Jack-of-all-trades, from rushing props and helping with the advertising to playing soldier and even a little speaking part now and then.

After a few months of this apprenticeship behind the scenes, Carroll got his first real break as an actor. He was signed to play the juvenile lead in "White Collars," a comedy which was enjoying a record-breaking run in the city.

He must have made a good impression here, for, even while the play was still running, he was picked to take a leading part in Corinne Griffith's "Classified." This meant a trip to New York and a role which, even now, Carroll considers one of the best he has ever had, so it was certainly under his lucky star that the young reporter-actor made his debut into motion pictures.

It has now been but slightly over three years since that debut and in this period Carroll has appeared in over forty pictures, a record which the young man may well be proud of.

In another year or two his wife expects to see Carroll playing leading roles of the Neil Hamilton or Lloyd Hughes type.



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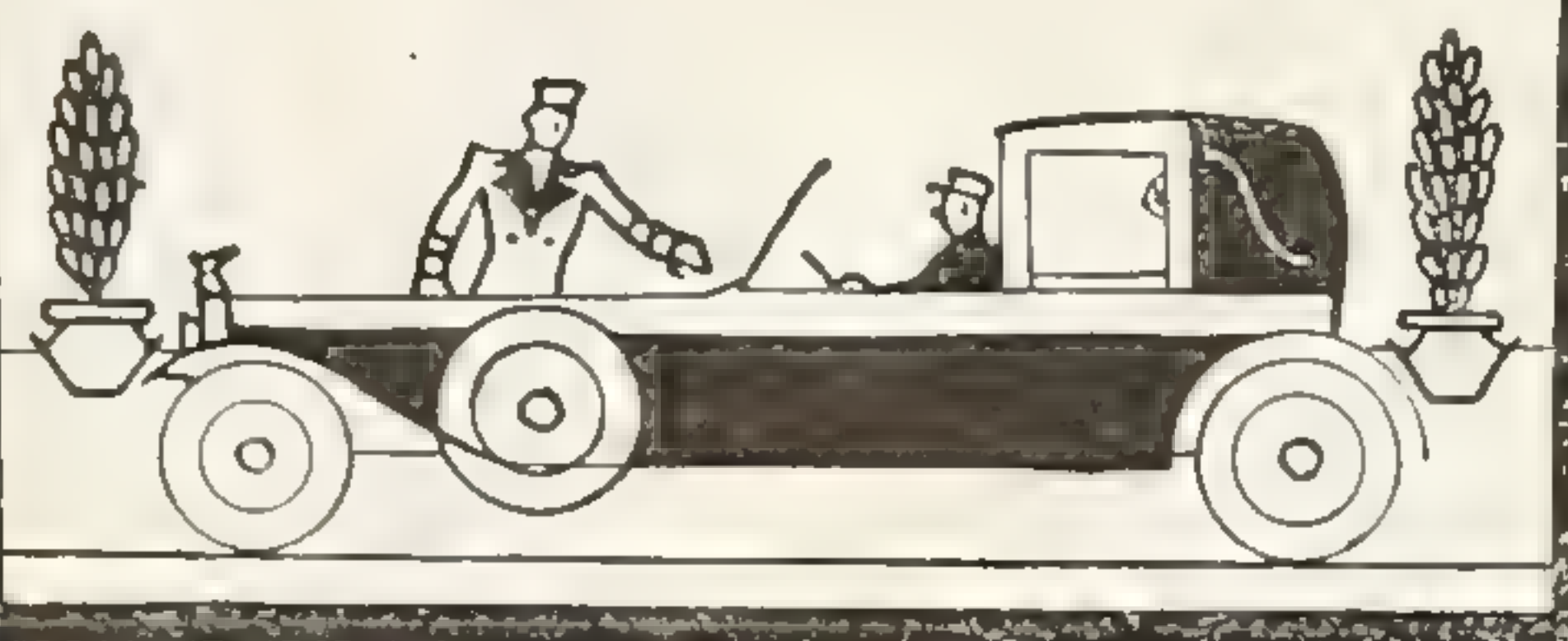
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A Real Life Romance of the Movies

Continued from page 25

Thalberg's eyes still mirrored a new sparkle. Romance was knocking at that big office door!

Norma knew it. But if Thalberg heard the rapping of Cupid he gave no sign of hearing. For warm discussions continued to brew. Miss Shearer felt at times that other girls were getting parts she should have played. She fought for them. But Thalberg yielded no ground. More tears. He was adamant. Here he was boss. His word was law. And there was no court of appeals.

For two years Miss Shearer worked hard, fought for better parts and stories on her road to success. At nights when she climbed the weary steps to her dressing-room after long days of arduous grinds before the camera, she would glance over to the executive building and look for a light in the general manager's office.

"It would cheer me up just to know that he was working hard, too," she said. "One Christmas Eve I had worked until almost midnight. It was raw and cold. I was tired and worn. When I reached my dressing-room the telephone rang. It was Mr. Thalberg. He very formally wished me a Merry Christmas. I hung up the receiver and cried."

The passing of years and the camaraderie of the big studio had not brought the young couple any closer together socially, although they met practically every day on a business plane. Whenever they met, on or off the lot, the greeting was always the same.

"How do you do, Miss Shearer?"

And—

"Very well, thank you, Mister Thalberg."

Miss Shearer laughs when she recalls it.

"I guess he never thought about it," she said. "But I knew it was love at first sight when I first saw that 'little office boy.' Somehow, we couldn't seem to get over the Mister and Miss stage. He was a business lion but a social lamb. We were never out together. All of our associations was cold business."

"One day somebody accused me of having a crush on him but I passed it by saying, 'Listen, there's nothing between us

but a desk and a very large one, too!'"

How was the ice broken?

Ah, this modern John Alden!

Did he whisper his message of devotion in a romantic studio setting? Did he reach for her dainty hand in the dimness of a projection room? Did he drop his business pose and take her into his arms in the midst of one of those heated story conferences? Let her tell you.

"My telephone rang one day more than a year after I became a star," Miss Shearer related. "I had been on the lot about three years then. When I answered, it was Mr. Thalberg's secretary on the line. She relayed an invitation from him to attend the opening of a picture that night."

The star smiled and sighed.

"I should have replied: 'Why don't you speak for yourself, Irving?' For he probably was listening in to find out what I would say."

"Perhaps he was afraid you might refuse and wanted to be able to blame his secretary if you did?" it was suggested.

"I didn't give him a chance," she replied. "I accepted right away. And if he didn't intend to marry me, asking me to that opening was his first big mistake!"

The rest of the story is well-known: the picturesque wedding, the romantic European honeymoon, the beautiful new home in Beverly Hills.

But what we wanted to know was how Thalberg happened to send to New York for Miss Shearer in the first place.

"That," she explained, "is something I have only recently discovered. He always kept a little notebook in which to jot down the names of 'hopefuls' he noticed when he attended picture shows. My name was in it twice!"

"But these story discussions—what has happened to them, now that you are married?"

"Other girls still get stories I want," she said. "I still argue and plead and try the sob act. But he is still hard-boiled at the studio. Otherwise—well—he's just a little boy about seven years old with big, sad brown eyes!"

The Mystery of the Stars' Salaries

Continued from page 27

that permits him to line up ten million people simultaneously all over the world to laugh at his films.

The same factors thus make possible the huge pay of actors also determines the salaries of directors. If a director has a record of successful pictures his success is the measure of his wage, but in no case is his earning power as great as that of the biggest star. It is again a matter of names—names determined by the fans. With the possible exception of Lubitsch and Cecil De Mille few fans go to see pictures because of the names of directors, producers or studios. Do you go to see an Alan Crosland Production or Al Jolson? Do you go to see Metro-Goldwyn pictures or Greta Garbo? Do you prefer Paramount Pictures or is it Clara Bow? I'll bet you don't even know who directed Janet Gaynor in "Seventh Heaven!" No, don't worry about the directors; none of them will earn one fifth of what Harold Lloyd does.

As to the immense salaries credited to

many of the big executives—that's for Wall Street to figure out. If the bankers who loan the money for production think the picture executives earn their wages you may be sure the executives will continue to vote themselves fortunes just so long as they 'dare dast.' Maybe a few of them actually earn half a million dollars a year. Without doubt some of them have a genius for knowing what the public wants.

But as for your favorite actors and actresses, they earn every cent they get, and their earnings are going to be perfectly ridiculous just as long as you love them so ridiculously. And why should you be jealous? You don't get het up over the huge earnings of big bankers and business men. Furthermore, as unworthy as are the laps into which some of these movie salaries are dropped, there is, as Chaplin says poetic justice in the fact that for the first time in the history of the world the artist is getting his. He has waited long enough; we can at least applaud the principle.

How the Deb Should Dress

(Continued from page 45)

lead fashion, but you can always make every man in the room wish you were his wife—because you are beautiful!

You can drape yourself in the slinkiest black satin—you can wear earrings that touch the floor—you can wear high heels that tilt you at an angle of forty-five degrees—you can roll your eyes—you can hurl yourself upon a thousand tiger skins—but it will be almost useless because you are not the type that fascinates in that way.

When the little package you are carrying is much too heavy for you; when the street is much too wet for you to cross; when the wind almost hurls you against the lamp post—in other words, when you are almost helpless—there is your strength. Yes, we might add, weakness is your greatest strength.

Where the interesting woman, because of her intangible beauty, must help herself by the proper clothes setting, where she must use exclamation points in her dress because of the rather obvious way it is necessary for her to point out her subtle allure, you can jump out of the Easter egg absolutely nude and, like all little rabbits, charm everyone. Your allure is the allure of the new-born. Freshness is your shield of acquisition. It is your coat-of-arms. Like Orpheus in his jungle you play on a flute and charm all of the wild animals about you. They come in like a lion and go out with a wedding ring. And the amusing part of it all is that nine times out of ten with your type, the wedding ring stays put.

And now getting back to clothes. You can wear almost any color in the world. You can wear soft things—fluttery things—but never with too much sophistication.

You will look well in the rain, and almost as well after a dive into the ocean—which after all is almost worth being alive at all for, because it is a real test, isn't it?

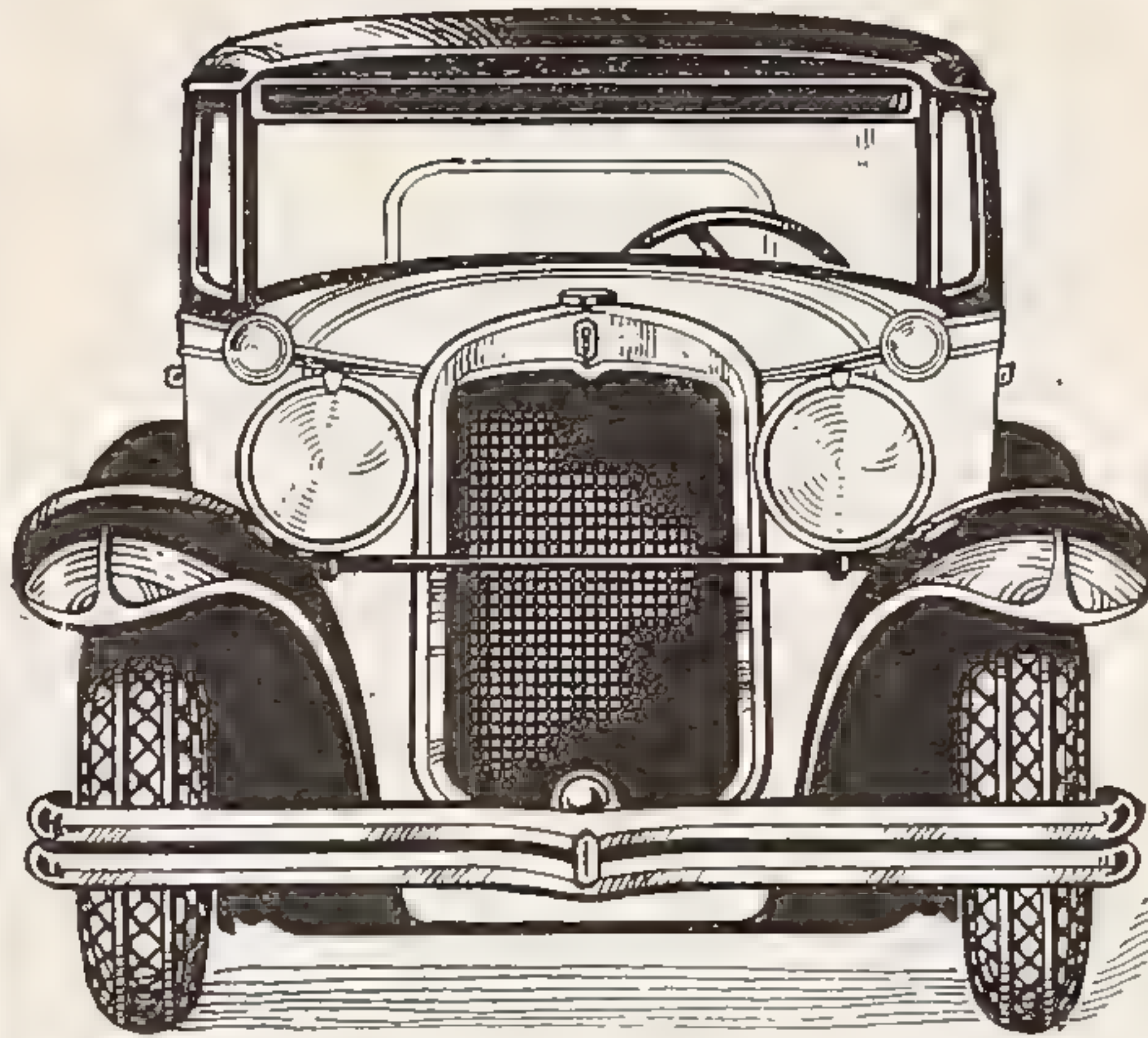
Men will always want to marry you but they won't wonder about you—they know you. You are never going to have difficulty with your clothes if you are very like Miss Page unless it be that you want to look too fluffy. Even the kitten we spoke about can be made to look silly with a bow, not only on its neck but on its tail and legs. So restraint must be uppermost in your mind and you are comparatively safe.

Tailored things will help submerge a bit of your enthusiasm for too much softness. Black is indeed a foil. Apple green was created for you. Jewelry was not. You do not need it and if you love it, love it wisely or you will look like a jewel set against a background of spangles instead of velvet.

Dress simply, even when you feel you would love a change. Then with all your beauty, and knowledge, too, your life will be almost as much of a joy to you as it most assuredly is to your dressmaker!

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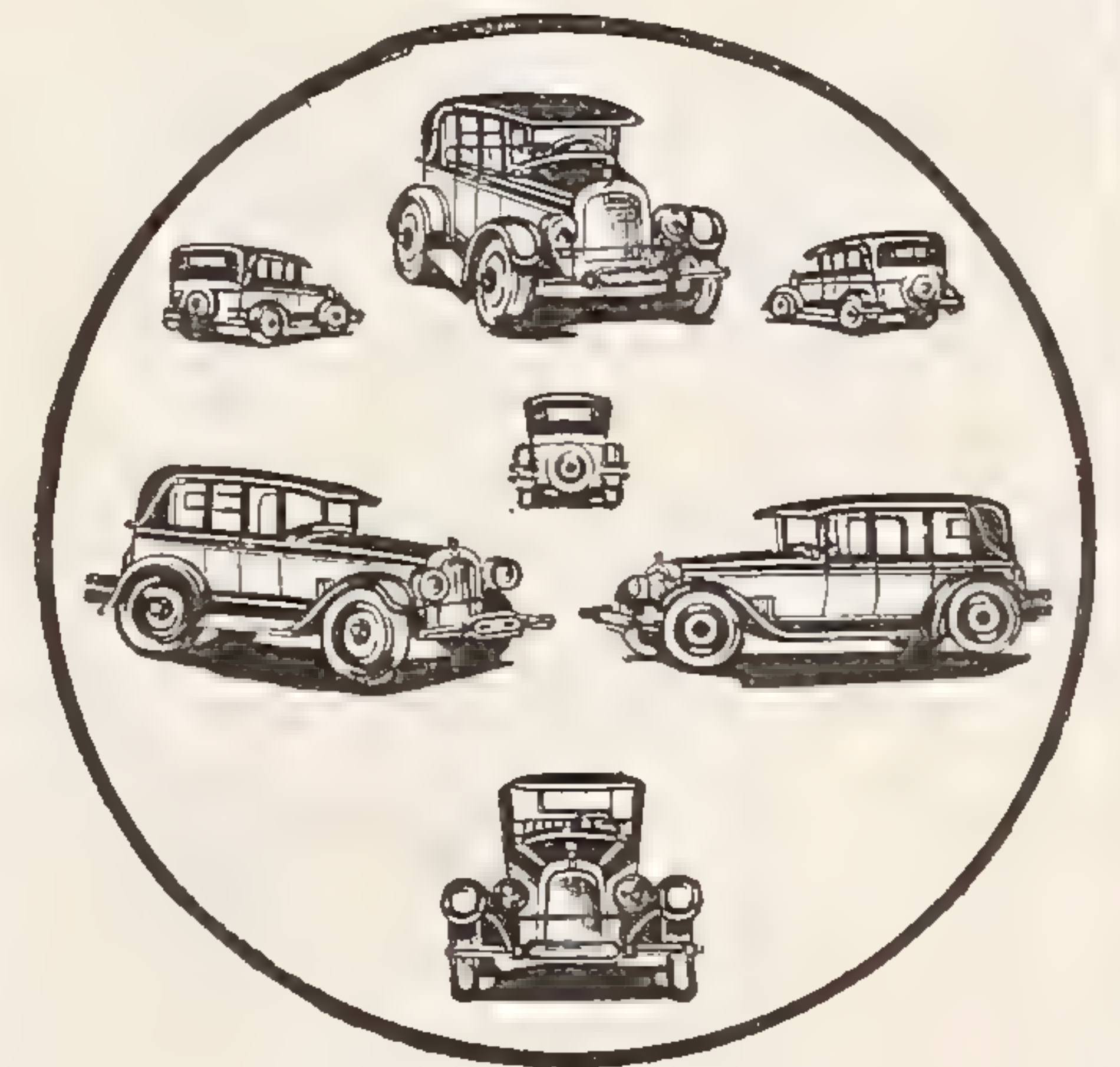


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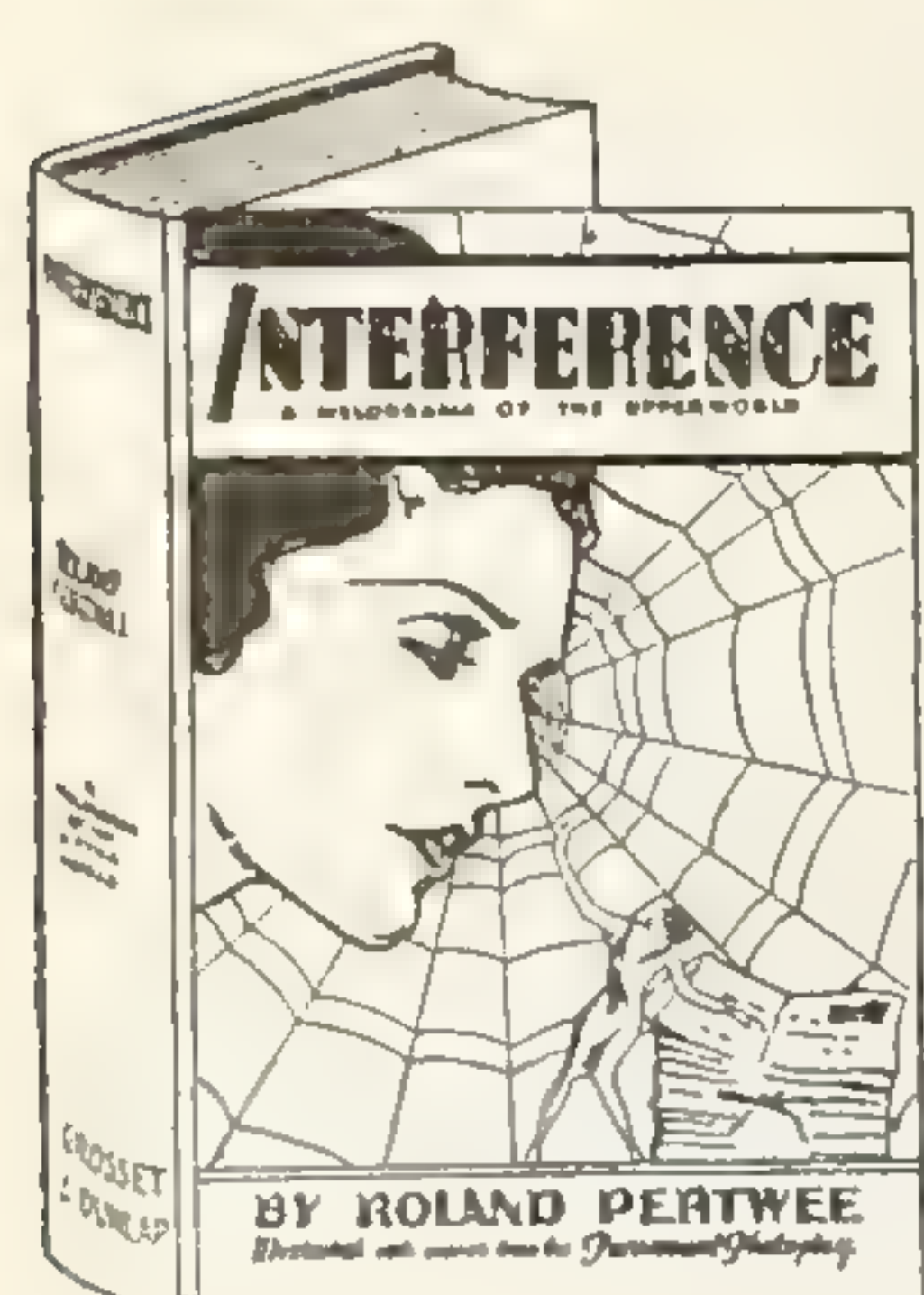
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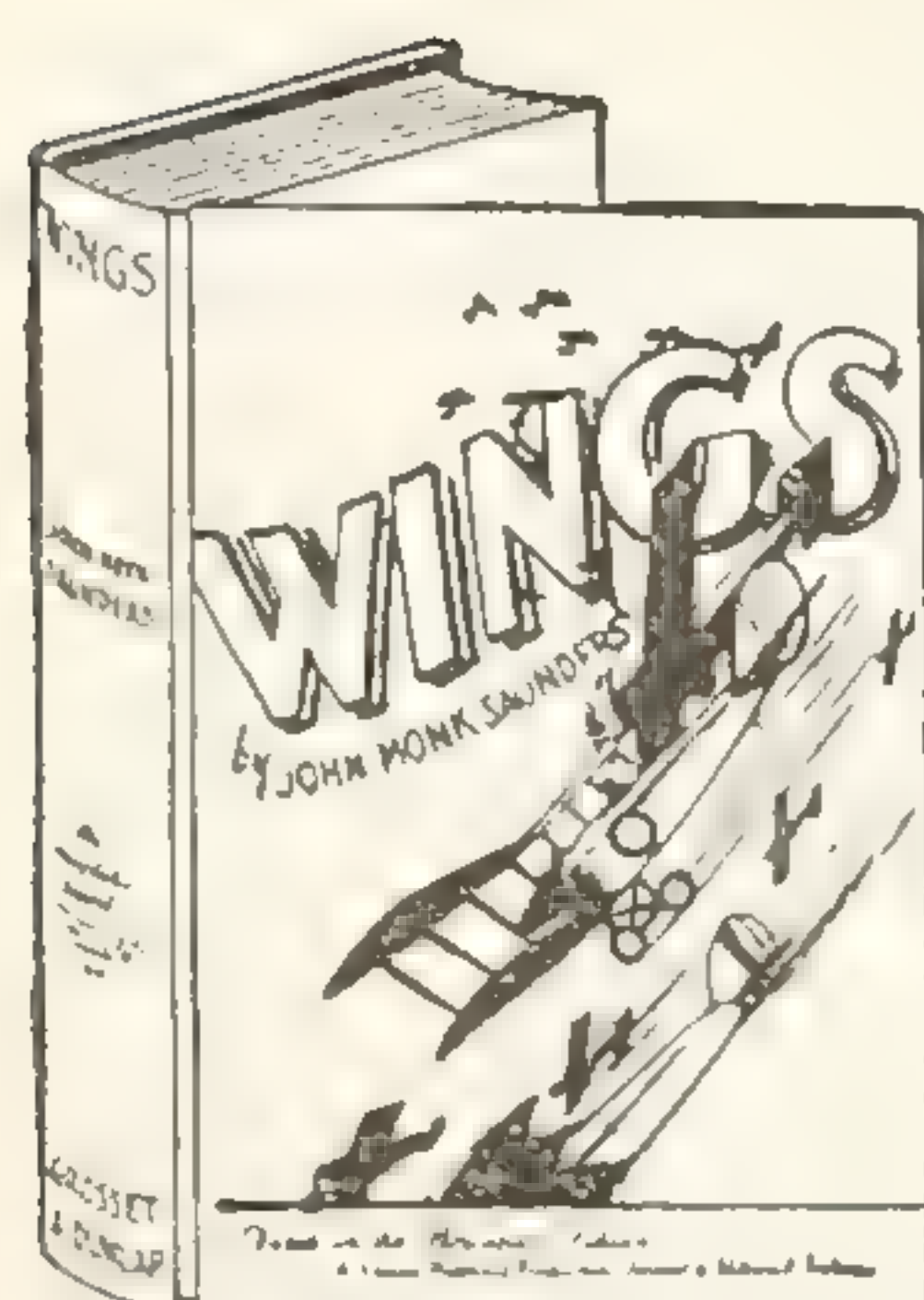


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The Stage Coach

(Continued from page 85)

evening at the theater, which is much more than Walter Hampden ever did for us with his "Hamlet." "One Way Street" is eminently not for the elite, but the general may find some caviar therein. And if that be a letting down of our critical bars, if that mark the disintegration of the finer things that were part of us, you can sue us.

The Marriage Bed

It is an unusually if not totally honest play that Ernest Pascal has contrived to make out of his novel, "The Marriage Bed." To our bigoted notion, that is. Maybe Mr. Pascal has been thoroughly honest. But to us the play, far above the average drama dealing with the vagaries of married life, is not totally satisfactory.

Which doesn't mean that we didn't have a nice evening. Indeed, what is totally satisfactory? We have heard some complaints recently about ourself, and there may be something to them. Yet we still feel confident that at times we provide a nice evening. That's our story, anyhow, and we stick to it.

The cast is excellent. Ann Davis as the wife, Allan Dinehart as the husband, Helen Flint as the vamp, Helen Chandler as the kid sister who almost changes the wife's attitude—the casting is uniformly good. And so is the cast, under the quietly effective direction of Robert Milton.

Cyrano de Bergerac

We made a nasty crack above about Walter Hampden's "Hamlet." We reiterate it. Hampden as *Hamlet* seems to us to be definitely of the Swift School of Acting. But Hampden as *Cyrano*, ladies and gents, is something else again. Indeed, it is one of the most glamorous things of the theater.

Now there must be a reason why a man who, though the School Teacher's Delight, can be so utterly hammy as Hampden can in most things and yet can rise to the heights of *Cyrano*. Our own private reason is Brian Hooker. We know, alas! no more than menu French; but we doubt that Rostand ever wrote anything half as grand as Hooker's translation.

We'll go, while this mood is on us, a little further. With the exception of Shakespeare, no one has ever written verse that came through in such dramatic terms upon the stage. We speak, of course, of English verse. Hooker has an ear for the cadences of English that is second to none. His lines shine and shimmer, they sparkle and scintillate, they float gracefully like the falling leaves in the last scene. But, you say, Rostand. Well, Omar is doubtless one of the immortals on Parnassus; but nobody can tell us that Fitzgerald has to sit in the second row.

And yet the Rubaiyat recited on a stage might be a boring thing. Hooker is more than a poet; he is the playwright, too. The right line comes in the right place; the pun (beloved of Shakespeare, too), comes at the unexpected moment; the lovely phrases men make to build their monuments against time and space come slowly and majestically.

Well, here we are trying to review Hampden as an actor and demonstrating only that Hooker is a great poet. Whether Hampden can act or not, or whether Hooker's lines, unlike "Hamlet's," are actor-proof, the fact remains that you cannot afford to miss this production. Hampden is superb in the piece, and any time Hampden gets any credit from us, he deserves it.

My Son—Jimmy Hall—Continued from page 47

amateur night performances. Jimmy tried to think up something a little different to do every week. But new or not new, Jimmy went on with his singing and dancing act.

"Once, advance billboards told of Otis Skinner in 'Kismet.' Jimmy figured that they would arrive at six in the morning. He was down at that early hour to meet the train. That night he didn't get home until after midnight. During his spanking, he said that he had helped the manager's wife carry her bags to the hotel that morning and she gave him a job selling programs in front of the theater.

"One night, a week later, Jimmy didn't come home at all. After midnight, I phoned the police. We went to all the homes of the boys with whom he travelled. The military academy knew nothing. Finally his sister told us that he had run away. I hired some detectives, they traced him to the 'Kismet' company in Richmond, Virginia, and brought him back.

"When he came home he said that he was an actor and Dallas didn't give him any opportunities. It seems that the manager had given him two jobs. He would sell the books before the show and then have the part of a Hindu beggar boy who sits through one whole act without saying a word. All he cared was that he wore make-up and was on the stage.

"He was about thirteen then. One night he came running all the way home. He told me that he was going with the show 'Everywoman.' He was to sell books and also have two roles this time. One, as I remember, was an off-stage voice. I told him that he could never come back home for money and that he was ruining his life. He cried a lot—but went.

"I know Jimmy has struggled to be where he is now. Perhaps not as much as some others do. He was fortunate enough to have persons show him many ways to success.

"Margaret Breen, a musical comedy revue girl of New York, helped Jimmy a great deal. His letters told how she was teaching him so that he could be her dancing partner in 'The Passing Show.'

"After Jimmy had climbed to leading roles in revues and musical comedies, he was just as enthusiastic about motion pictures as he was about the theater when he was a boy. He used to write and tell me about any film celebrity he ever saw in the audience during the revues. When the 1923 'Passing Show' came west and ended in Los Angeles, Jimmy saw that he was in it.

"When he played the Biltmore Theater in Los Angeles, it was the summer of 1924 and Hollywood was having its 'Greater Movie Season.' Jimmy sent me some pictures he took of the motion picture parade in which many of the stars rode. He got up early and waited on the street for the parade to come. When any film celebrity passed, Jimmy would slip out beyond the ropes and snap a picture of him. He sent me a picture of Bebe Daniels he took when she was riding in the parade. He snapped one of Theodore Roberts. He got one of Lew Cody and Charles Ray standing beside a machine talking when the parade

stopped. That's how interested he was in the movies.

"That time when he was west he had several film tests. It was a disappointing letter he sent me when two companies tested him and said that for the big risk, they couldn't pay him half of what he was getting on the stage. Universal agreed to take him at almost an extra's salary but Jimmy refused. He was very disheartened to return to New York and his contract with the Shuberts.

"The other night I met Nancy Carroll. She worked with Jimmy in the Shubert show when he returned to New York. Nancy is one of Jimmy's favorite screen players now. They were laughing the other day about their experiences in New York. After he had the tests in Hollywood and the poor offer, he confided to Nancy that he never thought he'd like to go on the screen, anyway. And she said she never thought she could learn to put those funny color grease paints on her face so she was willing to stay on the stage. Now they are both in Hollywood.

"When finally he did come to the Paramount studios in Hollywood, the letters Jimmy sent us were regular fan letters. He described everybody he met, his home, cars and animals. Bebe Daniels has always been a favorite of his. Jimmy worked in her picture immediately upon arrival in Hollywood. I met her the other day and we laughed over the picture he took of her during the parade."

Jimmy's father looked around the luxurious apartment of his son. He spent much of the time there listening to the new radio when Jimmy went for fittings and pictures.

"I see how foolish it is for anyone to try to stop a person with stage ambitions," says Jimmy's dad. "Of course, everyone with the craze will not succeed. I was sure Jimmy wouldn't. But those who stick to it, can in some measure. I guess if I had my way, Jimmy might be painting houses now. He had a determination which moved as the tide of the ocean. You couldn't keep it back.

"Jimmy took me to the opening of a play here the other night. The theme had to do with parents who interfered in children's careers. It was almost true when they said about children—'have 'em, love 'em and leave 'em.'"

After Jimmy left home to go on the stage, Billy 'Swede' Hall and his wife took care of the young boy. To them go the credit for a big percentage of Hall's success. This couple took the 14-year-old boy into their home when he came to New York, protected him and raised him to success.

Billy 'Swede' Hall still plays the Orpheum. He comes to Los Angeles every year to see his Jimmy.

Jimmy Hall calls both parents 'dad.' He loves them both. He entertains Billy Hall just as he does his father because it was he who taught the youngster all the initial ways of the game. Billy put him in his act. He got Jimmy places in other revues. He opened his home to him.

But these two fathers have never met. They never want to. And they never will.

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In New York

(Continued from page 75)

She came east to do talking sequences for the Tiffany-Stahl picture, "Molly and Me"—Alberta being the "Molly," while "Me" is—just me, I guess. But it turned out to be rather a hectic trip for Alberta. Besides having to work very hard, she heard soon after her arrival here that her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Preston, had been injured in an automobile accident. She wanted to dash right back to California but—"the picture must go on"—and besides her mother wired her not to worry, that their injuries were not serious enough to warrant bringing Alberta back. The next thing—well, it's a long story. The little star was the fiance of William Lait, Jr., a millionaire of Pittsburgh and Pasadena. The wedding was scheduled for an early date, to take place in Mr. Lait's home in Pasadena. The young man planned a gorgeous home for Alberta in Beverly Hills, gave her a ten-carat engagement ring and everything was all set.

Then came the trip to Manhattan for "Molly and Me." Mr. Lait kept the long distance wires busy telephoning his fiance every day.

He telephoned one day and found her out. He telephoned the next night and again Alberta was out. On the third evening, he found her in, and upon inquiring where she has been the other two evenings, she told him that she had gone to some of the night-clubs with some of her New York friends. He became angry because she had promised not to go anywhere with anyone, and the wires burned with the heated discussion that ensued between the two. Alberta became just as angry, and broke her engagement!

Before she left New York she intimated that she might surprise everybody by announcing her engagement to Charles Feldman, prominent attorney of Hollywood, immediately upon her return to the Coast. You just can't keep up with these cute movie kids!

* * *

Tim McCoy was in our midst—minus that sombrero and those chaps, but with all his western charm intact. Colonel Tim is a great guy. You'd like him. Handsome in a big, bronze, outdoor way; yet very well-groomed and tailored. He's a curious combination of naivete and worldliness: sometimes a sophisticate, often an enthusiastic small boy. (He'll hate me for that last crack)! What I mean is, he's interesting, quite apart from any claim to fame his western pictures have brought him.

He sailed for Europe to join his wife and the McCoy children, who are in school in France. Due to the seeming slump in the vogue of 'westerns,' he didn't know just what his future film plans would be. If you ask me—oh, go ahead and ask!—Colonel Tim McCoy could make a hit as a leading man even if he left his horse outside. That's how good I think he is!

* * *

Belle Bennett is a sweet woman. I know what you're going to say! But when I say 'sweet' I don't mean sticky. Miss Bennett is genuinely charming. Her sweetness is not staged. She's a real person—and one of our finest actresses.

She was in New York briefly for the first time in years to make, at the R.C.A. Sound Studio, dialogue scenes for "Molly and Me"—yes, the same picture Alberta Vaughn is in. Belle had just finished her

part, that of the Queen, in Doug Fairbanks' new film, "The Iron Mask," before she came east. She is one player who is always in demand. Ever since her great hit in "Stella Dallas" she has been every director's first choice for attractive matron and youthful-mother-roles.

* * *

Do you know Carlotta King? If you don't, you will soon. She is all set to make movie audiences sit up and beg. Wait until you see this lovely lady in "The Desert Song," Warner Brothers' first motion picture operetta. Carlotta sings—oh, how she sings! And she can act, too. As for looks, she is rather the Elsie Ferguson-Alice Joyce type—lady-like, you know—but human, too. And not too cold!

Miss King was in town and gave a tea

for her old friends and some new ones. Before she knew it her guests had turned the tea-party into a song-recital, featuring the hostess.

Carlotta is unique among motion picture actresses. Her very first part was a lead—the prima donna heroine of "The Desert Song." She starts as a star! And when you hear her sing you'll understand. It wasn't her voice alone, however, that won her the role. She has a particularly pretty smile—one of the infectious kind—the most ingratiating smile, in fact, I've seen for reels and reels!

Miss King is really Mrs. Sydney King Russell. Mr. Russell is a well-known poet—and a musician, too. May they continue to co-star with, or without Vitaphone accompaniment.

Crashing the Sound Gates

Continued from page 86

when an actress is being considered for a certain specific role. She learns that talkie tests are five times as expensive as the old-fashioned silent variety.

Did you know that silent tests average \$50 apiece, including studio overhead? \$250 is reasonable for one with talkie accompaniment. Studios must be run on a business basis, making talkie tests for unknown aspirants few and far between.

Paramount's casting office suggests a solution to our Mary. Fred Datig tells her to get a part in some legitimate play around town, where her voice can be heard as a commodity, and perhaps she will be invited by some casting office to make a test. Players with big names are doing exactly that, he informs her. Few silver-tongued orators are being picked from the ranks of inexperienced extras. Only those of established reputation on the vaudeville, musical comedy, and legitimate stage are approached usually with offers. Often these people are signed for short subjects or two-reel skits to prove their ability in front of the camera before being entrusted with greater responsibility.

Mary Jane Jones is stunned by the turn of events, but remembers hearing Betty Bronson to advantage in Warner films. Perhaps they'll sense her true value too. The casting office clerks are short and sweet in their statements, but equally positive. No casting of talkies for three months, everything filled at present, sincerely sorry, but they'll take the address and photo for file. Don't get discouraged, little girl.

Subsequent visits to still other casting offices arouse no change of heart. Mary Jane Jones realizes she isn't exactly destined to back the current favorites off the map. Being a practical individual, she finally maneuvers to get on with a Los Angeles stock company for stage plays. Like a sensible little lady, she may eventually arrive as a sound star after this experience, but remember the 2000 to one odds. Mary Jane is a sadder but wiser legitimate actress, but at least Saturday night takes on a rosier aspect than when she battled futilely at casting offices.

Did you ever stop to consider that your voice may not fit with the personality you would portray on the screen? Imagine the tragedy of a great he-man of the wide open spaces cursed with a lisp? Or the dainty heroine with a resonant bass voice that puts the hero to shame?

Audiences already imagine how their

favorites will speak, the actual pitch of their voices. General consensus of opinion decrees blondes to have high, clear voices; while brunettes should figuratively possess more vibrant low tones to match the depth of their natures.

Exceptions prove the rules, and several of my friends reverse the order of events. Greta Garbo is a blonde with a 'brunette voice.' When she sang 'La Tosca' on the set of our "Mysterious Lady," her notes were all in the lower register, deeper than most women's voices. By contrast, Dorothy Sebastian and Raquel Torres possess 'blonde voices,' soprano and flute-like, although they are raven-haired with olive complexions. So the old order changeth!

With sound success on the ascendancy, casting offices find their work increasingly difficult. They must locate actors to talk in character as well as look the part. Bayard Veiller, is directing Norma Shearer in his play, "The Trial of Mary Dugan." He tells me, "I'm at my wits' end to locate a district attorney who will look and speak like a professional lawyer. No sooner do I find an actor of satisfactory appearance than he turns out to have a broken accent, or a voice off-key, or is too tall for Miss Shearer."

For this reason, the sound and photographic tests are usually made at the same time, with the sound apparatus recording while the camera clicks in its little sound-proof camera room. This favorite type of test is the Movietone system. With the Vitaphone process, the two are separate and may be made at different times.

Tests which are usually a thousand feet in length are then averaged. An imperfect nose can be discounted by a perfectly modulated voice. Small defects are overlooked for big assets. The highest average, considering voice and photographic charm, determines the winner for a disputed role, although other contenders may have single superior features. Cheer up; don't let one defect discourage you.

I received a very human fan letter the other day from a professional singer who idolizes Raquel Torres. She asked me if it would be possible to double her voice for that of Miss Torres, if the little Mexican's accent didn't do her justice. This woman of grand opera training confided that her great ambition was to help out her film favorite by doubling her trained voice for the other's accent. Of course, the exchange isn't necessary, and I think you'll enjoy Raquel's unusual accent.

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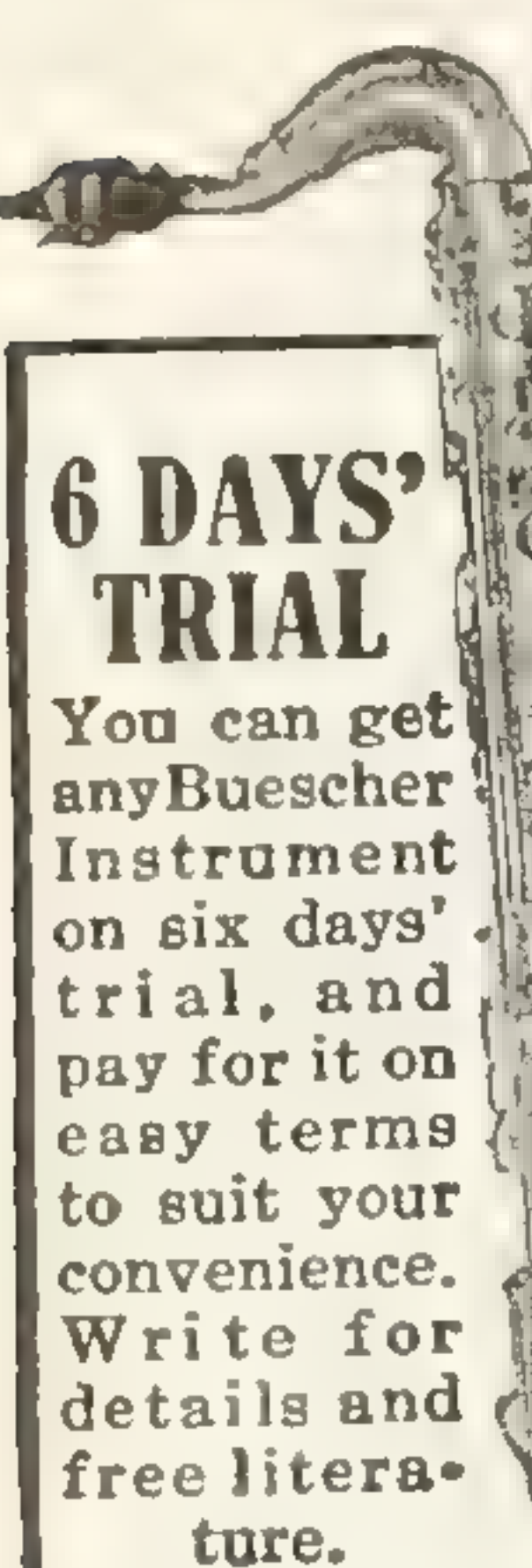
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Buster Keaton Location—Continued from page 43

this sequence; so she was not on board that day.

Ernest S. Pogano, who did the screen story, said the biggest laugh he ever had in his life was over a story he heard about Buster. Buster is a baseball enthusiast and every time he was wanted for work he would be tied up with some team. So his next contract had in it a clause forbidding him to play ball, for which you could hardly blame Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Buster didn't. But what do you think they did? They gave him a director who is as great an enthusiast as Buster—Edward Sedgwick, crack player on the University of Texas team. It is a joke in Hollywood that when anyone applies for a job with the Keaton-Sedgwick outfit the first question he is asked is whether he can play baseball. "He wasn't so much of a trouper, but boy! He was a great third base!" is the obituary earned by a few players. Of course Buster can play on the studio team which doesn't interfere with production.

"Say, when do I rate breakfast anyway?" I demanded, suddenly remembering and thoroughly aroused. And just then the launch appeared with Buster, Dorothy and Mr. Sedgwick.

Mr. Sedgwick spoke the magic words with such cheerfulness that the chef was glad to rustle an unordered meal. "If you've never been on a boat, come down backwards," said the genial chef, disappearing down a perpendicular ladder that led to the galley. "What will you have? Grapefruit, shredded wheat, grapenuts, oatmeal, pancakes, ham and eggs, bacon, corn bread, orange juice or clam chowder. Also put in your order for lunch: roast beef, sweet or white potatoes, lamb chops or eggs." I was quite numb after this recital. "Oh, I've cooked for the movies before. I've cooked for Buster several times and he's a great guy. They don't make 'em any finer!"

He was a likable lad, this chef, P. E. Paige by name, called 'Pep' by everyone. His initials probably suggested it, but his personality gave it meaning. He was more like a college athlete than an indoor man.

'Pep' told us that everyone had been seasick two days before when there had been a bad storm, and the boat stood on end most of the time. "First time it has gotten me since 1917, but boy, I gave up good and proper that day. If we go to sea today there will be a few victims, too!"

I felt very snappy by this time, having put myself on the outside of some crisp bacon and eggs and two cups of the most excellent coffee I ever drank, and I felt very independent about the weather.

When we got on deck again Buster was doing his first scene. To escape his wife's eye he had run along the boom and hidden behind a sail. But the wind was so strong he faced another dip in the briny. His antics to keep from falling were very amusing and no one but Buster could have gotten away with them unscathed.

I remembered a story Buster's father had told me about his son's early training. The whole Keaton family were Thespians and Mr. Keaton began training Buster before he could creep. When he was nine or ten his father introduced a new gag in his vaudeville act and wanted Buster to greet it with an unsmiling face. But Buster forgot; and besides, it was very funny, making it hard for the boy not to laugh.

The next night Mr. Keaton said he would throw Buster out in the wings, which means off-stage, if he laughed. This was not as

horrible as it sounds for Buster had been trained to land anyhow, anywhere, without hurting himself. Part of the act was throwing Buster at the scenery which was always good for a howl from the audience. He was never hurt but once, and that was on a night that the troupe got in late and hadn't had time to look about the theatre. When Buster was thrown that night—Bam! he went crashing into the back wall which was too near the back drop and he was nearly knocked senseless. As a rule the back drop just broke his fall and he slid quite easily to the stall. So when his dad mentioned throwing him into the wings he took it as a huge joke and laughed loud and long at the forbidden moment. Zang! He landed almost out at the stage entrance which he thought was a fine trip.

Next night his father said he would throw him into the audience if he didn't obey, but Buster was having too good a time to pay much attention. So when the gag came he stood off as usual and shouted, "Haw, haw, haw! Ain't my paw funny?" Wang! He spun through space and landed right in the aisle. He was so surprised he sat for a minute or two with no expression on his face at all. Then he picked himself up and said soberly, "Gee, I guess my paw means what he says," and climbed back on the stage while the house rocked with laughter. From then on Buster never smiled on the stage and soon was known as the little frozen-faced comedian. And he still is.

But to return to our location. Buster came up from his dip in the sea looking quite happy and as though he really liked it. It was terribly cold, too. "Oh, I always cover myself with goose-grease when I have water stuff to do," he said. "It keeps the heat in the body and prevents one from feeling cold."

The sun came out so there could be no more work for a while. "Isn't it the limit?" asked Buster. "Most companies have to wait around for the sun, but this sequence calls for a stormy sky so we have to wait for clouds! We were lucky to strike that storm the other day though the boat pitched so everyone was too seasick to work. We really had a close call. And if we hadn't made the harbor just when we did there would have been a few lives lost. As it was, we had to anchor because the sea was too heavy to land."

Edward Sedgwick wasn't wasting time. With Norman McNeil, the organist, he was working out the melody of his latest song, "Pretty Thing." Did you know that Edward Sedgwick is the composer of both music and lyrics of twenty popular songs? Ever hear of "You Told me to Go," "Just Remember," and "You Can't Fly Over Dixie?" Mr. Sedgwick sang a few of them for me, and I recognized the hits of their year on Broadway. And this is the way he does it. Between scenes or while waiting for one thing or another he sits down with his organist, who plays by ear what he sings until they have it straight. Mr. Sedgwick told me that when Harry Cohn was his organist he gave him "You Told Me To Go" over the telephone. "I don't take it seriously because it isn't my business, but it's a lot of fun," he said, and it has proved to be a very lucrative bit of "fun."

"When you get tired making pictures you can earn your living singing songs to people," I told him.

"I used to do that in vaudeville for many years," he smiled. He has a really beautiful tenor voice. So if pictures re-

quire people who are jacks of all trades Edward Sedgwick qualifies in dramatic experience surely. He has played Shakespeare, modern plays, vaudeville, musical comedy and minstrel shows. He went into pictures because he got tired of rehearsing and staying indoors so much.

"And now these sound pictures have come along and disorganized a profession that was just beginning to sit pretty!" said Sedgwick. "I'm not for sound pictures. Life won't be worth living if they go at those things one hundred percent. Imagine what it's going to be like with actors who don't enunciate properly, and there are plenty, don't make any mistake about that. Take the line, 'Charles, will you ask the Duke to step this way?' And the actor trumpets, 'Charles, will you ask the Dook to step this way?' 'No, no,' from the from the director, 'not Dook, but Duke.' Once more the actor tries: 'Charles, will you tell the Dewke to step this way?' 'No, no, no! Not Dook, not Dewke, but—Duke.' Holy mackerel! Right back to what I got out of! Not for me. I'd rather hunt up a good baseball team and umpire that!"

Just then an assistant ran up very much upset. The last rope holding the tug had broken and they would have to put to sea instead of shooting from the swinging crane as they had planned. "This will delay us an hour," said the perturbed assistant.

"Well it can't be helped," said Mr. Sedgwick. "Those ropes were bound to break in this sea, and if you used steel cables it would tear the boat apart. There isn't a better water man in the business than Bill Collins. When you and he get things set I'll shoot the picture if the sky is right. Don't forget the clouds. We can't any of us do anything about the clouds." The assistant hurried off, very relieved that his chief had been so sensible.

"After directing sixty-six pictures I have learned to take things philosophically. I simply can't get excited over obstacles any longer," smiled Sedgwick. "Never mind," I tell my assistants, 'Get through it the best you can. In a month this picture will be over and we'll be starting another, and there'll be plenty of grief over that yarn, too. So keep your heads above water and save some worry for our next!'"

"Where were you fellows for lunch?" asked Buster. "Pep said he called you half an hour ago."

Lunch! That sounded good.

"Have some clam chowder," advised Buster, "and the vegetables are fine."

Dorothy Sebastian had just finished a bit of toast. She was feeling the motion of the boat, slight as it had been during the morning. "My poor stomach still holds day before yesterday against me," said Dorothy. "You should have been out here then. Even some of the crew laid down."

"I didn't mind it standing on end, but when we got down in that trough and started to wallow it certainly was hard to make moving pictures," said Mr. Sedgwick.

After lunch everyone sort of disappeared. Buster had already succumbed to a nap, and so had a good many others. I went down to Dorothy's stateroom to see how she was getting on. She had a very spacious cabin and bath. I never saw such space

and luxury on a small yacht—well, not so very small either—135 feet long.

Dorothy was re-enforcing her make-up because the sky was clouding and they were getting ready to shoot.

According to the action, Buster was supposed to be polishing the brasses when he sees his wife coming down the deck. He ducks so she won't see his face and is about to come out for air when Edward Earle appears. Back he goes again until the coast is clear.

It was very cold and Dorothy had on summer clothes. The chill wind blew about her until her teeth fairly chattered. Also the boat began to roll! So badly that none of us could keep our feet. "It's a swell day for the still man," said Art Marion who used to be a news cameraman and one of the best in California. Not only was Art seasick but his camera wouldn't stay put the way the boat was behaving.

"Eddie," wailed Dorothy, wringing her hands while Buster threw an overcoat around her shoulders. "Eddie, I want to go back. Look how far out we are, Eddie!"

But Mr. Sedgwick didn't seem to hear her and went right on taking pictures now that the weather had given him a break.

"Hold everything!" yelled a grip as a sudden lurch catapulted him off the cabin top and he miraculously escaped a dip by catching on to some of the rigging. "You never know your luck out here," someone laughed.

Enthusiasm marks everything Buster Keaton does. He enjoys every bit of his work, and how do you think he plans his gags? By music! Each one has to be timed and he works them out mathematically, and to the music of the radio. Then he knows whether they are the right tempo or not.

There was one scene taken of him sliding down the rigging. The boat was pitching so badly then that he was whirled clear of the range of the cameras. "Say, where are you anyway, Buster?" said Reggie Lanning. "I only got one leg that time."

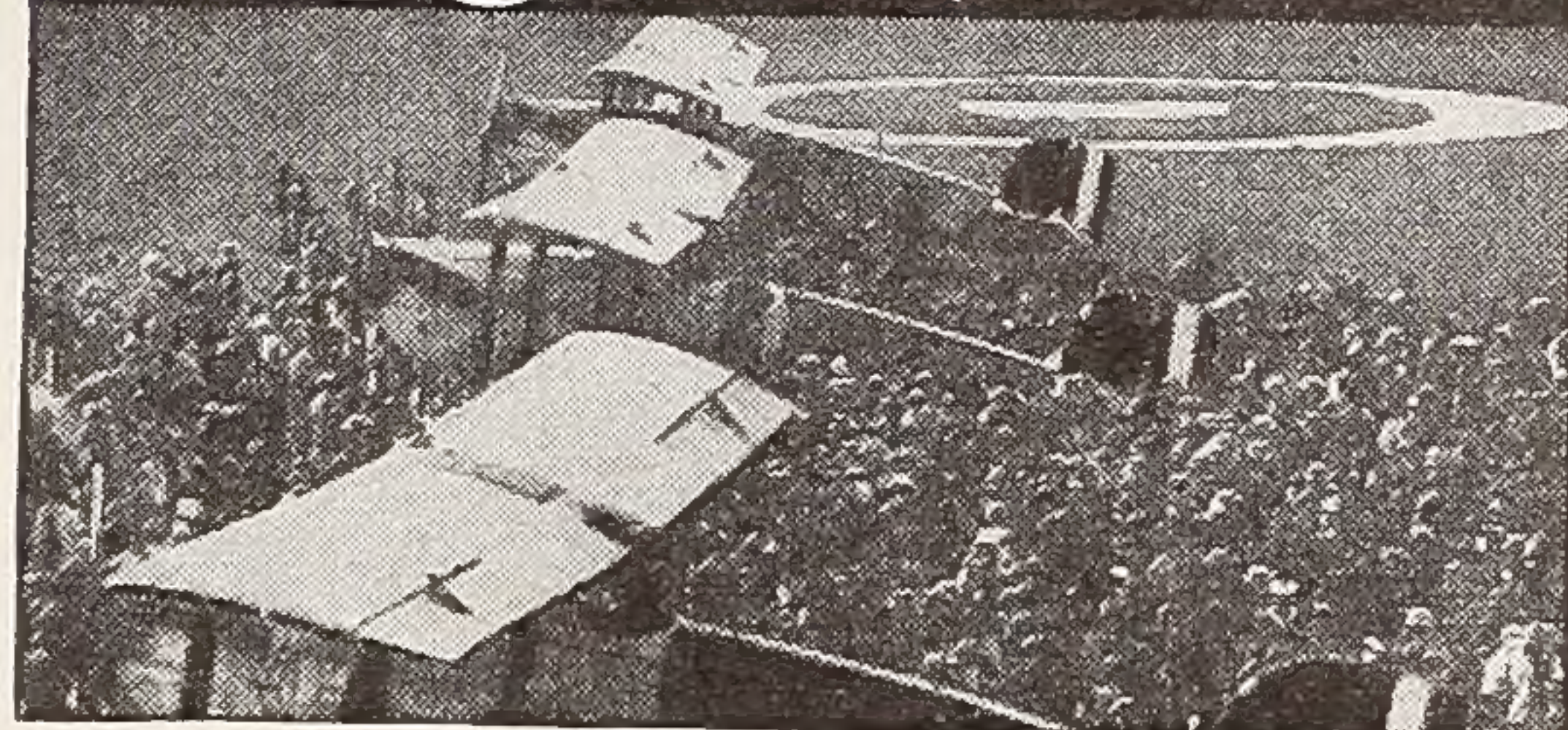
On the way back some of the gang teased an assistant cameraman who was seasick by eating bananas in front of him. The boy looked at them bravely though it cost him plenty. "Of all the mean tricks I ever saw—say, I hope to be around when you get yours," said one young man to Charlie Rogers, the chief tormentor. "There isn't a thing on board the boat that I won't parade before your eyes."

Charlie, it seems, was about the only one who got through the storm untouched. "And yet," he said, "I was once on an old tanker bound for China, and had no more than cleared Los Angeles Harbor than I began to turn green."

Dave Howard, chief assistant, after a strenuous day was able to be himself and amused the gang with a fund of stories he keeps up his sleeve for these occasions.

And then we pulled into the dock. Everyone went ashore for dinner except Buster, Mr. Sedgwick, Ernie Pogano, and Ernie Orsatti, yes, the very same who played in the World Series. He's an actor now. These remained for dinner for night scenes were to be taken and the company expected to work until midnight. Don't ever let anyone tell you that motion picture people don't earn their salaries!

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Making Up With Marion Davies

Continued from page 73



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cold cream! It was easy to figure why Anna Held took milk baths. For I had discovered, unintentionally, perhaps, one of Max Factor's psychological secrets—his discriminating uses of scents in his various beauty concoctions.

Have you ever stopped to analyze this thing, vulgarly termed 'it'? You have been taught that some girls have 'it' and other girls haven't—this intangible influence that reaches into that least-understood part of you—the subconscious self. But don't allow Madame Glyn to fool you; there ain't no 'it.' For 'it,' by any other name, is merely perfume. And perfume is imagination. The appreciation of perfume is mental reaction. Adam and Eve smelt things. Apple blossoms, for instance—but they had no sense of fragrance. Since, long years have refined the mental processes and developed the sense of fragrance. Scents can tantalize, entreat, repel or caress, and—whoa, old typewriter! you're running away.

Outside the Factor building were grouped a number of curious people—tourists, I was told, waiting there to glimpse the movie stars as they scuttled from limousines to the make-up salon of the establishment. One little spectator seriously informed me that one could see more stars here in an hour than could be seen on the boulevard in a week's time. Imagine hanging around just to look at movie stars. Besides, the stars hated to have the mob look at them. Yes, they did!

This establishment must not be confused with beauty parlors, which are legion. The Factor laboratories are essentially beauty laboratories where new beauty effects are developed and tested, rather than a manufactory producing a variety of cosmetics. Beauty, such enviable beauty that the vast motion picture audience adores, is Max Factor's life work. He gains it through study, science, experiment and art.

He found that the customary three or four shades of rouge and powder were unsatisfactory, because there were more than that number of complexions. So he perfected eight different shades in powder and seven in rouge to give every type of woman the make-up that would harmonize perfectly with her own complexion. All of which is only one of the reasons why so many movie stars pass through his doors. He concocted the special make-up that first started Valentino to fame in "The Four Horsemen." He created a make-up that wouldn't rub off for Douglas Fairbanks. His name is on the roll of honor in the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

And, confidentially, just between us, several stars, slipping to screen oblivion, are doing a come-back, because of the cosmetic magic he worked on them. But why should I laboriously dig out facts about

this remarkable man? Let's make him do it, himself.

"Beauty aids cost the American people about \$300,000,000 this year," began Mr. Factor, somewhat peevishly. I had interrupted his work in the experimental laboratory. "In 1927 beauty preparations ran to \$177,000,000. The women used most of them, although men spent millions this year in attempts to improve their looks.

"To us in Hollywood, make-up is the enhancement of natural beauty through the use of cosmetics in perfect color harmony, individualized to the complexion. The cosmetics used to gain this effect are never noticed, for each essential of make-up blends into the harmony of color and becomes a natural part.

"To accomplish this effect is easy if you know what constitutes make-up; if you learn the correct method of make-up; and if you select the correct color harmony to blend with your natural complexion.

"The first thing to remember is that make-up requires that each feature which adds to beauty must be considered individually and as a part of the harmonious whole. The hair, the face, the eyes, the lips, the neck, the arms—each should be beautified.

"The second thing to remember is not to use make-up in a haphazard fashion. It should be applied according to well-defined principles of art and cosmetic law.

"Third, all cosmetics used must be in perfect color harmony with the individual complexion, or else they clash.

"These facts I learned here in Hollywood over a period of twenty years, and I know that beauty can be actually doubled through the art of scientific make-up, for I have proved it time and time again with the various movie stars and with the thousands of women I have worked on."

"Doubled?" I doubted that last statement. "Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Factor, that any woman, no matter how unlovely she is, can actually be made attractive by merely applying the correct coloring to her complexion?"

"Absolutely!" Max was certainly emphatic. "Bring me an ugly woman and I'll make her attractive. Or, set any ordinary-looking woman down to one of those tables"—he pointed to the magnificently-appointed make-up tables of the salon—"and she will leave this place doubly attractive, by merely discovering the color harmony adapted to her individuality. She can do this all by herself, too. Why, there are hundreds of women, all over the United States, who are daily doing that very thing—finding the combination of make-up best suited to their type. Naturally, it makes them more attractive."

Max Factor should know!

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For Harold Lloyd's Silverware, Miss Mabel Millsbaugh, 120 West Fourth Street, Anderson, Indiana.

For John Gilbert's Wristwatch, Mr. Harvey H. Attridge, Coffman-Dobson Bank Building, Chehalis, Washington.

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